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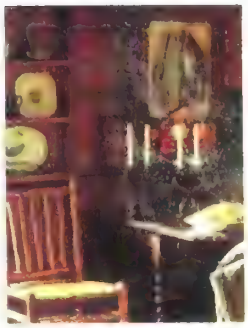
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The Drawing Room, the Benjamin Dulaney House, 1783. Property from The Collection of May and Howard Joynt, Alexandria, Virginia.

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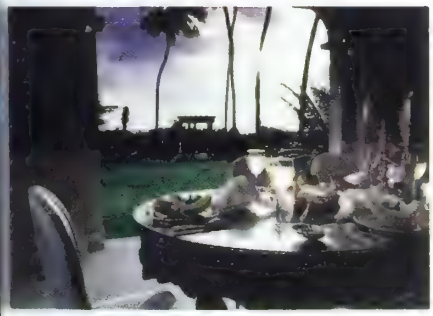
HG

HOUSE & GARDEN
JANUARY 1990
Volume 162, Number 1



COVER *A piecrust table and a hickory chair in Leonard and Evelyn Lauder's country retreat. Page 88. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*





Lynn von Kersting and her daughter, India, top, at home in Hollywood. Page 60. Above: A Caribbean pavilion decorated by Nicholas Haslam. Page 112.

The Legend Lives On The redecoration of George Cukor's house evokes a golden era of the silver screen. By Leo Lerman **60**

Paris Moderne In his Left Bank apartment, Thomas Maier reveals the style that makes him a leading light at Hermès. By Charles Gandee **70**

Fasanerie A German castle preserves the rich history of an ancient dynasty. By Marton Radkai **78**

Into the Woods For Leonard and Evelyn Lauder, a fishing camp decorated by Thad Hayes is a counterpoint to city life. By Charles Gandee **88**

The Eye Has It The loft of New York gallery director John Cheim reflects his wide-ranging vision. By Celia McGee **96**

Green Voyage A centuries-old Spanish garden encloses a watery dominion. By John Dobkin **102**

Fran-de-Siècle HG talks to Fran Lebowitz about design trends in the nineties and what the end of the century might look like **110**

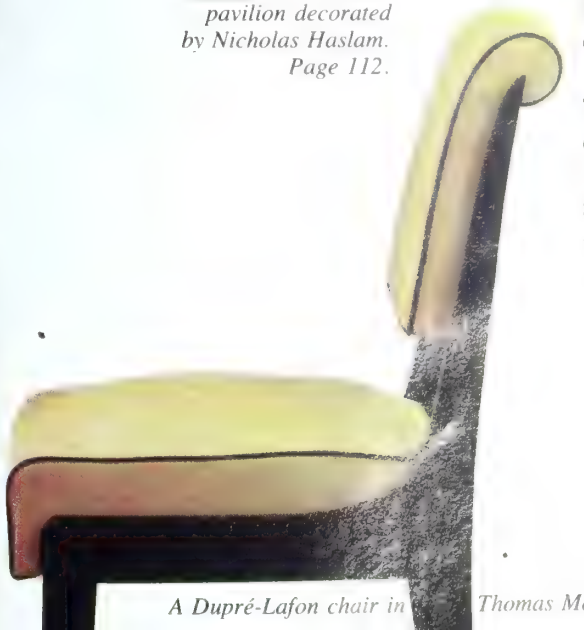
Playing with the Past Nicholas Haslam reinterprets a classic Caribbean pavilion by Oliver Messel. By John Richardson **112**

Russian Reverie Yves Saint Laurent retreats to a dacha on his Norman estate. By Edmund White **118**

Local Colors A venerable Charleston house is restored with an eighteenth-century palette. By Nancy Lemann **124**

Texas Taj Architects Charles Moore and Arthur Andersson create a hybrid of local and exotic traditions. By Martin Filler **130**

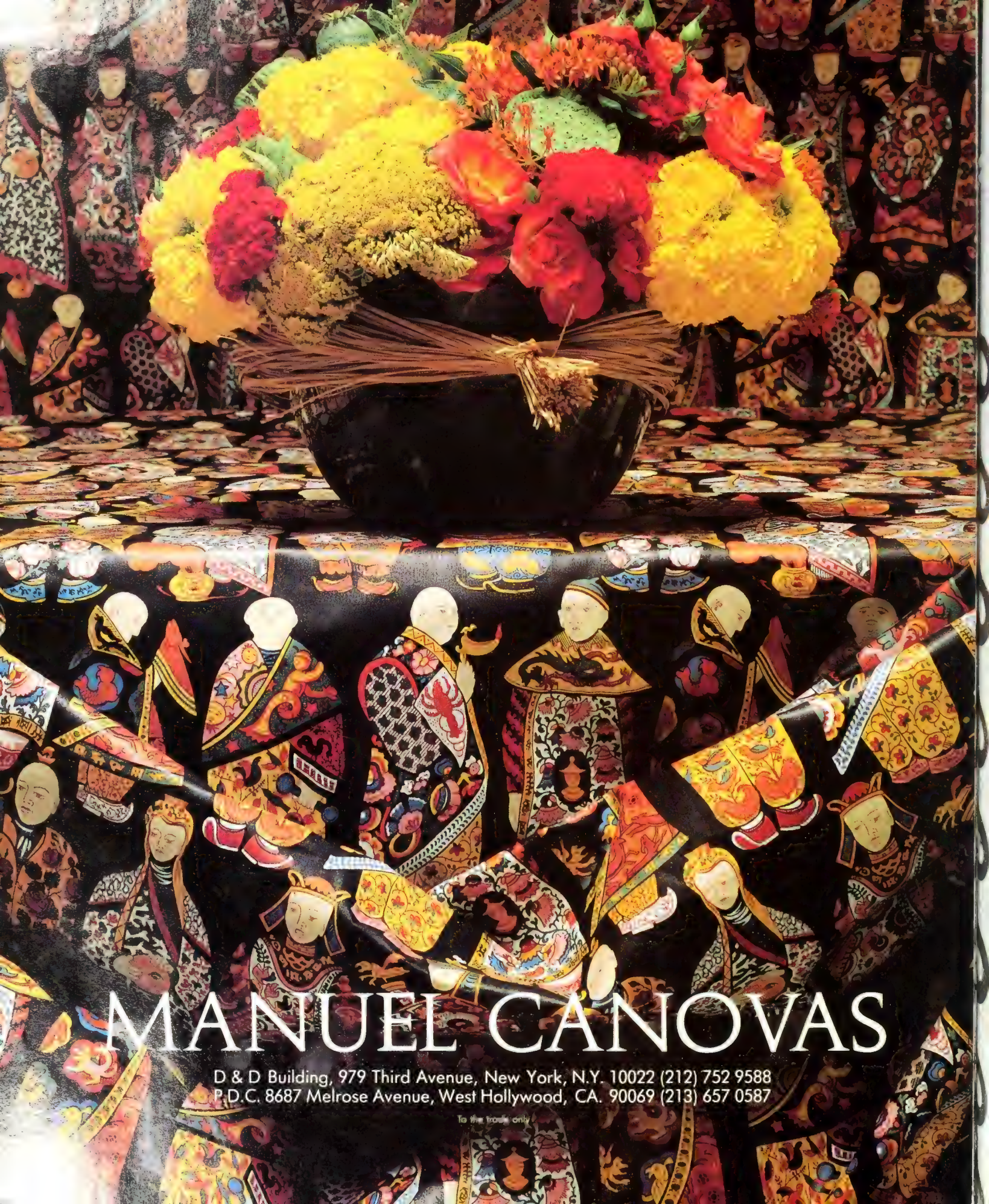
Silver Futures HG casts an eye on the unalloyed appeal of a perpetually precious metal. By Margot Guralnick **136**



A Dupré-Lafon chair in Thomas Maier's Paris apartment. Page 70.



An embroidery-covered sofa in Yves Saint Laurent's Normandy dacha. Page 118.


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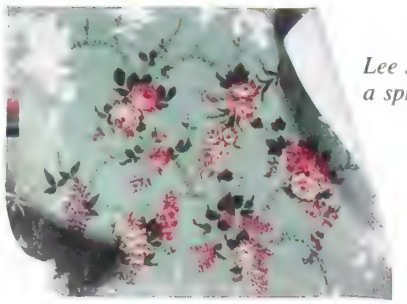
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Kinloch Castle on the Isle of Rhum off Scotland's west coast. Page 44.



Lee Jofa's Sydney chintz, a spring fabric forecast. Page 140.



Spirals abound in an Alexis Lahellec chaise longue. Page 27.



Cleaning closets is like reading an old diary. Page 55.

HG



Architect Robert A. M. Stern with his designer sheets, left. Page 150. Far left: Precolumbian ornamentation. Page 30.


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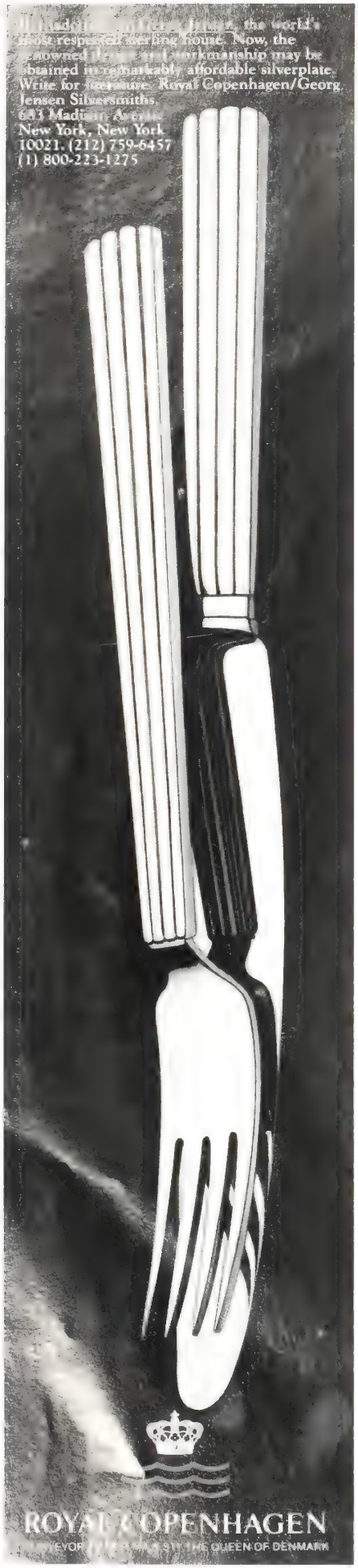
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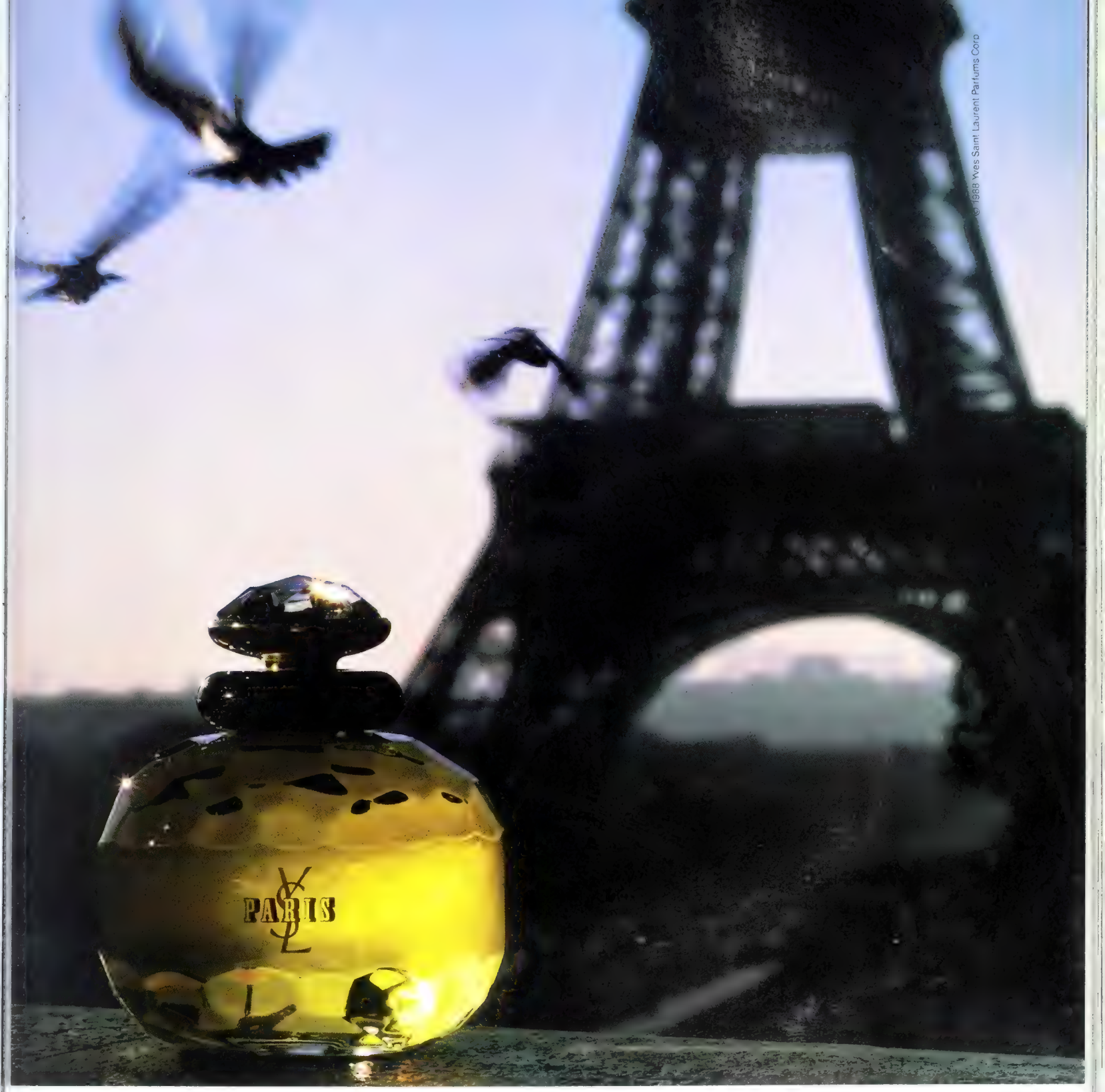
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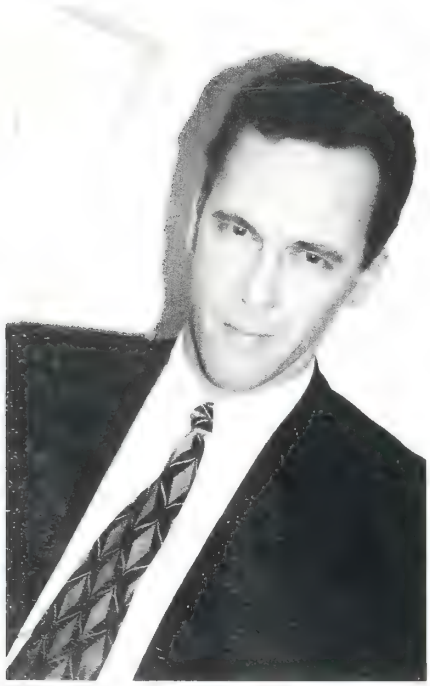
CONTRIBUTORS NOTES


KAZ TSUCHIKAWA

Celia McGee edits the movies, art, television, and books columns at *New York* magazine. McGee, who wrote this month's feature on art gallery director John Cheim's Manhattan loft, is at work on a book about 19th-century American art and culture, approaching the period through the idea of the interior. "That's when people really started connecting the architectural and the psychological. A well-furnished original interior goes with a full heart and an interesting mind."

John Dobkin is director of the National Academy of Design in New York. For this issue, he explores the 17th-century gardens at the Pazo de Oca in Spain. "Many people think of the Iberian peninsula as a brown, arid land," says Dobkin. "Not so. In Galicia, it is all green and wet and rich, an ordered garden paradise."


CHRISTOPHER MAKOS


BRUCE PALMER

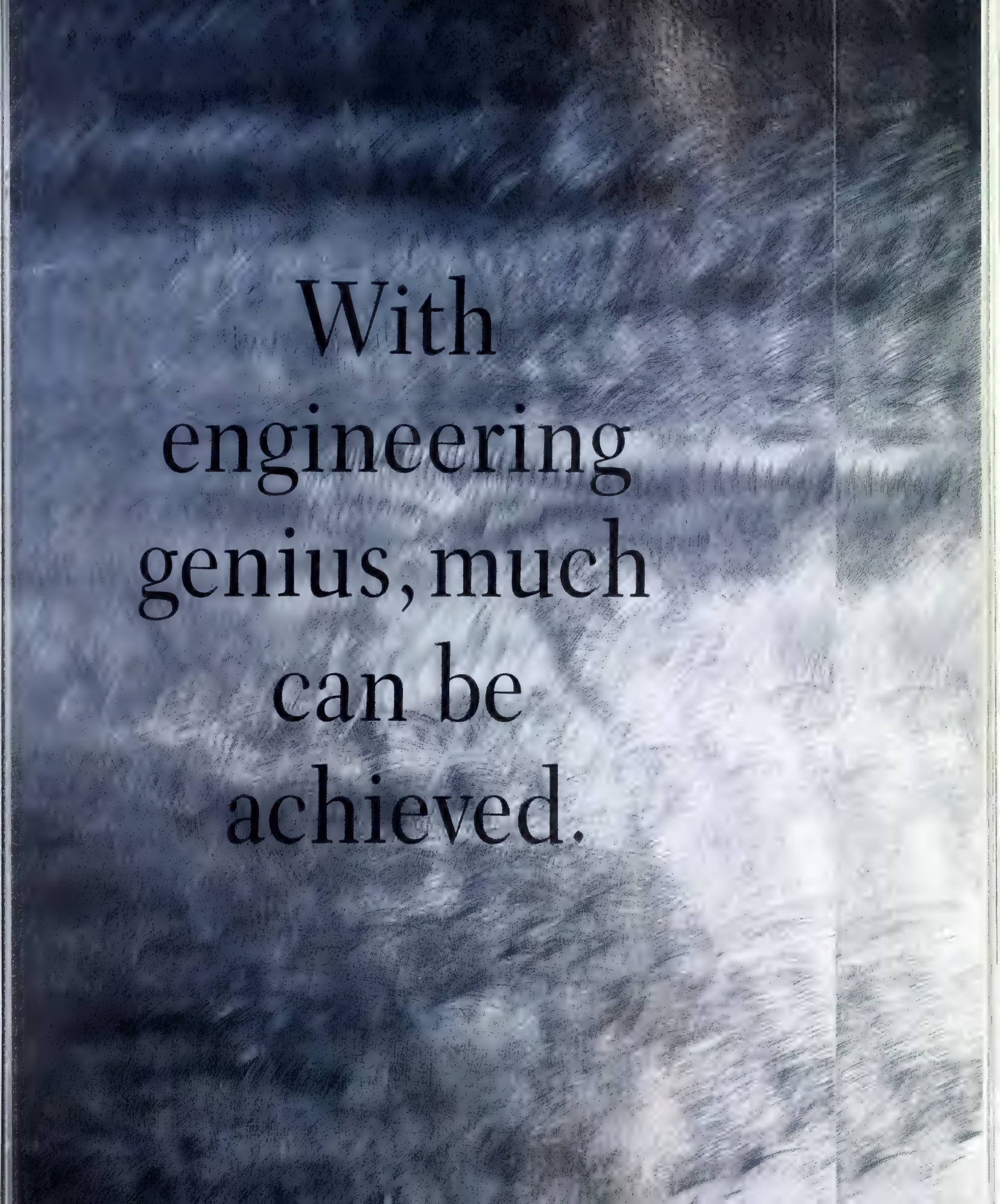
Charles Gandee, HG's newly appointed creative director, is "intrigued by strong-willed, unapologetic people who have a clear idea about who they are." From Ivana Trump in Palm Beach to Julia Child in the kitchen, from Edwin Schlossberg in his loft to Giorgio Armani in his palazzo, Gandee's specialty is developing stories on "anything but boring" individuals and places. "My personal aesthetic is not the point," he reports. "HG is best when it shows a wide range of styles, attitudes, and perspectives." This month, in addition to interviewing architect Robert A. M. Stern for "Gandee at Large," Gandee talks to fashion designer Thomas Maier in his Paris apartment, visits Leonard and Evelyn Lauder at their Adirondack-style fishing camp, and looks at Esprit's Amish quilt collection.


ROLLIE McKENNA

Jane O'Reilly is a contributing editor of *Lear's* magazine. In the "Writer in Residence" column she reveals how cleaning her closets was an important psychic task: "I just couldn't throw anything out. I'm a writer—my closets are my archives." O'Reilly's forthcoming book, *No Turning Back*—with former nuns Patricia Hussey and Barbara Ferraro, about their struggle with the Vatican over abortion—will be published this spring by Poseidon Press.

Alison Cook, a writer living in Houston, reports on the growing popularity of Precolumbian motifs in Texas. "Mayan Revival designs, which might look out of place elsewhere, are right at home in the urban Texas landscape," says Cook. "Having grown up in New England, I'm delighted to be living in a city where the mayor attends church in a golden pyramid and one of the major structures on the busiest freeway is a full-scale Egyptian temple topped off with a sphinx."


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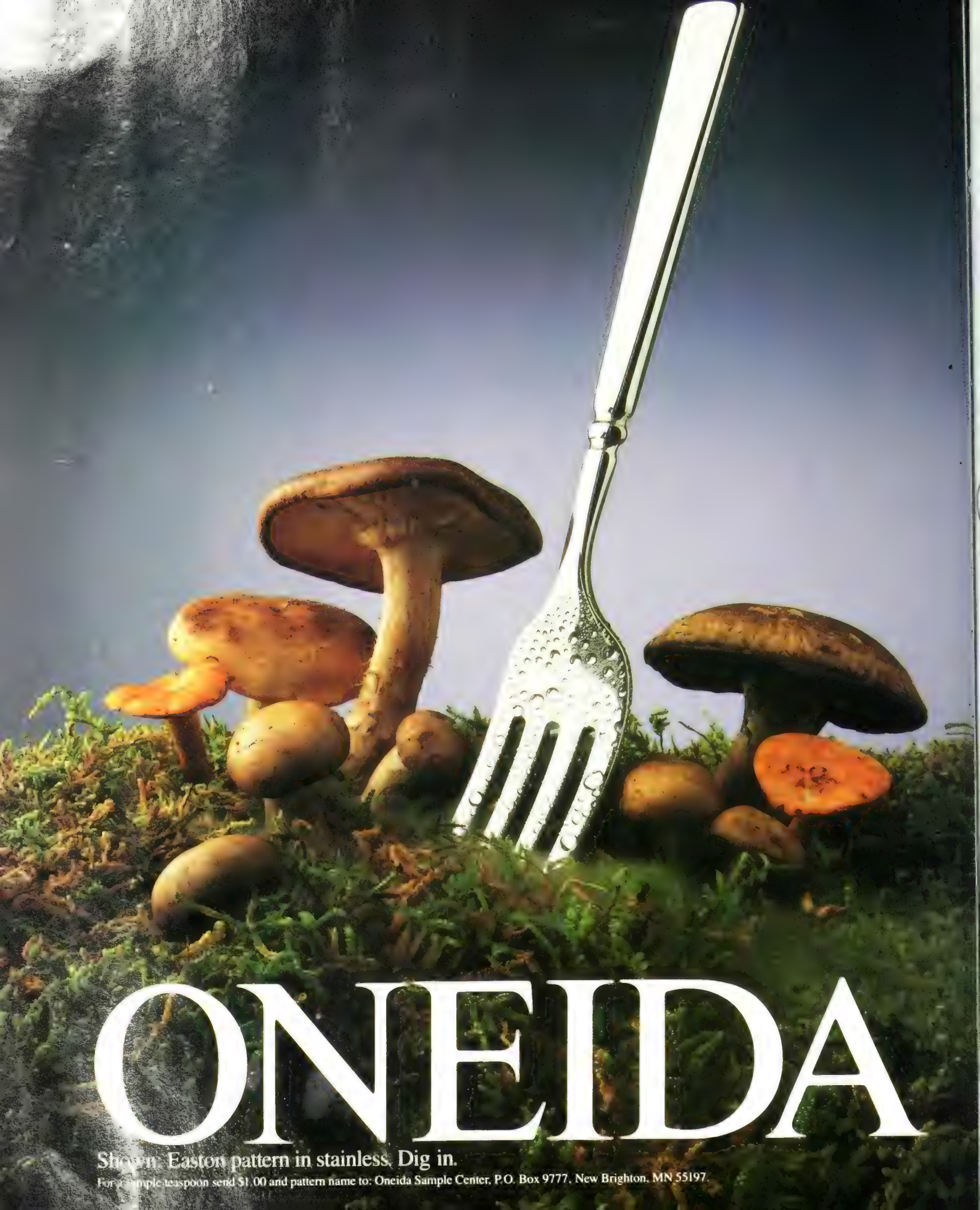


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NOTES

HG reports on the new and the noteworthy.

Edited by Heather Smith MacIsaac





SPIRALS are sending the end of the 1980s into a tailspin. All aswirl are designs with graphic coils and luscious curves, like those of the red velvet Tatlin sofa (*below*) by Cananzi and Semprini for Edra. Metal curls figure in (*clockwise, from below left*) a candlesnuffer from "The Intimate World of Alexander Calder" exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum (through Mar. 11), a chair of lead by Pucci de Rossi, a sculptural étagère by Richard Snyder, a candleholder by Borek Sipek for Driade, a wrought-iron stool by Alexis Lahellec, and a steel indoor-outdoor chair by Lyle & Umbach. Details see Resources.







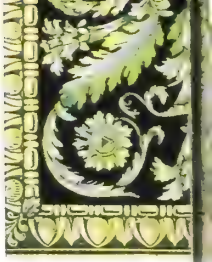


FOR THE RECORD
Get organized for the New Year with The Decorating Record Book, Garden Journal, *or* The Household Record Book (above), *$13.95 each. Distributed by Putnam Gift Products. Available from Wolfman Gold & Good, NYC.*

VISIONS IN CLAY
Mary Lou Deal (below) *hand-builds her vessels at her studio deep in the Virginia woods. Each piece is decorated with whimsical animal figures, flowers, and fruit in pastel colors. Call (804) 537-5539.*



STERLING SERVICE
Lenox revived the technique of silver overlay for a coffeepot (below), *in the limited-edition Centennial Sterling Silver Collection, $2,900, including tray, cream pitcher, and sugar bowl. Call (800) 635-3669.*



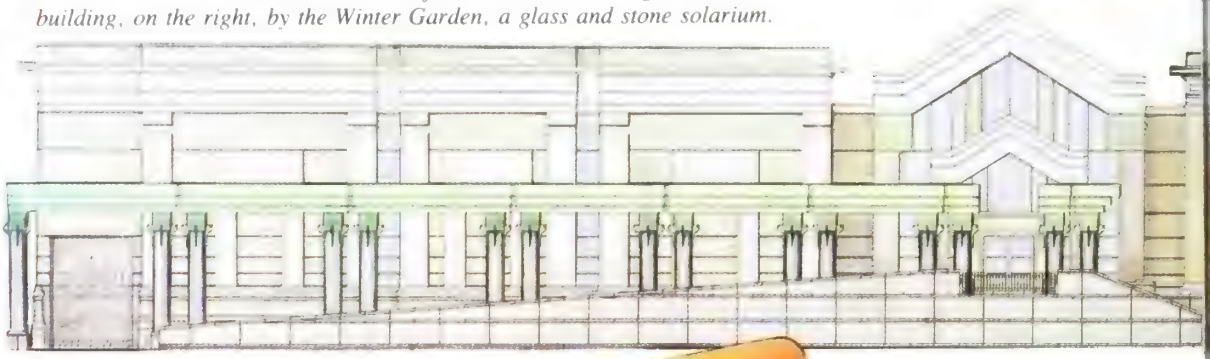


NOTES

BRANCHING OUT
Known for knockout flower arrangements and creative landscaping, Madderlake has expanded its focus and changed location. In its new SoHo digs (below), *Pure Mädderlake at 478 Broadway now boasts a choice selection of home furnishings and accessories.*



FROM THE HEARTLAND
The Cedar Rapids Museum of Art has opened a new wing (below) *by architect Charles Moore and Centerbrook to house its Regionalist collection. The new addition, on the left, is linked to the original building, on the right, by the Winter Garden, a glass and stone solarium.*



REFASHIONING FENDI
Working from the precept that "you can dress furniture the same way you dress people," the fashion house of Fendi, working with Milanese architect Claudio Lazzarini, has developed a line of finely crafted furniture, which includes the Paolina chaise longue (right), *$3,000. Call (212) 593-7181.*



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MONICA STEVENSON; LINDY RODMAN; COURTESY LENOX CHINA; FRENCH STUDIOS; COURTESY FENDI CASA; DAVID PHELPS



THE AGE OF ORNAMENT

One of the most prolific periods in British design history is being reexamined in "Victorian Ornament," an exhibition at the New York Public Library (through Mar. 10), which includes the acanthus (left) *from I. Page's* Guide to Drawing the Acanthus.



NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT

Adalberto Pironi's quirky maple and briarwood pepper grinder (right), *$110, is one in the series of Twergi pepper mills by various architects—each using a distinctive wood—for Alessi in Italy. At the Museum of Modern Art's new Design Store, 44 West 53rd Street, NYC.*



JPERIOR COLLECTION

anz Marc's The Dream (above), *c. 1912, is one 34 Expressionist and modern German paintings from Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection at the National llery, Washington, D.C. (through Jan. 14). The show ll travel to the Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth n. 27–Mar. 25) and San Francisco's California lace of the Legion of Honor (Apr. 18–July 1).*



THE FINNISH LINE

The fiber art tradition in Finland gathers new strength with a collection of Ryijy tapestries, $3,000–$9,500, by artists and architects such as Eliel Saarinen whose Ruusu tapestry (above) *was woven by Ulla Tervo. Through Anthony Desnick (612) 870-7077.*



SHOW STOPPER

The Winter Antiques Show (Jan. 20–28), organized by Mario Buatta, gained its reputation by showcasing outstanding dealers like newcomer Leigh Keno, whose fan-carved maple lowboy (above), *c. 1750–55, exemplifies the quality everyone can look forward to at the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. and 67th St. Call (212) 665-5250.*



DREAM HOUSE

The Moroccan retreat of heiress Barbara Hutton, America's original "poor little rich girl" (right), *is up for sale. The miniature palace, complete with a Moroccan saint buried beneath a casbah wall, was the site of many legendary parties. Contact Sotheby's International Realty, London 408-5196*



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DESIGN

Mayan Revival Revival

On the plains of Texas,
Precolumbian motifs rise again
By Alison Cook

Somewhere Robert Stacy-Judd is smiling. His beloved Mayan Revival style—that rambunctious Art Deco pastiche of Mayan, Aztec, Toltec, Mixtec, and miscellaneous Precolumbian motifs—is alive and well in Texas. And the late great Stacy-Judd, the British architect and bon vivant adventurer who became the style's most impassioned promoter throughout its giddy 1920s and '30s heyday, would surely be supremely gratified to hear it. A Mayan Revival revival—what an intoxicating notion it would be to the flamboyant soul who would don priestly Mayan garb as quickly as you could say "photo opportunity" and who left his adopted southern California landscape studded with Precolumbian fantasies.

I like to think of Stacy-Judd climbing into Houston artist Abraham Royster's rust-bucket Pontiac Ventura, its exterior spray-painted with a tapestry of Precolumbianesque graffiti: Aztec borders, spirals and key forms, stylized lizards, dogs, and fishes, and pseudoglyphs. Together the pair would hit the freeway, Stacy-Judd gawking at the Toltec temple poised eerily atop a 53-story column of mirrored glass on the city's westerly skyline, a surreal apparition straight from the land of dreams. Oh, how Houston's tasteful set shudders over architect Moe Nasr's Heritage Plaza, its granite-clad, stepped-pyramidical topknot a tribute to some Toltec Mayan ruins he sketched on a Yucatecan vacation.

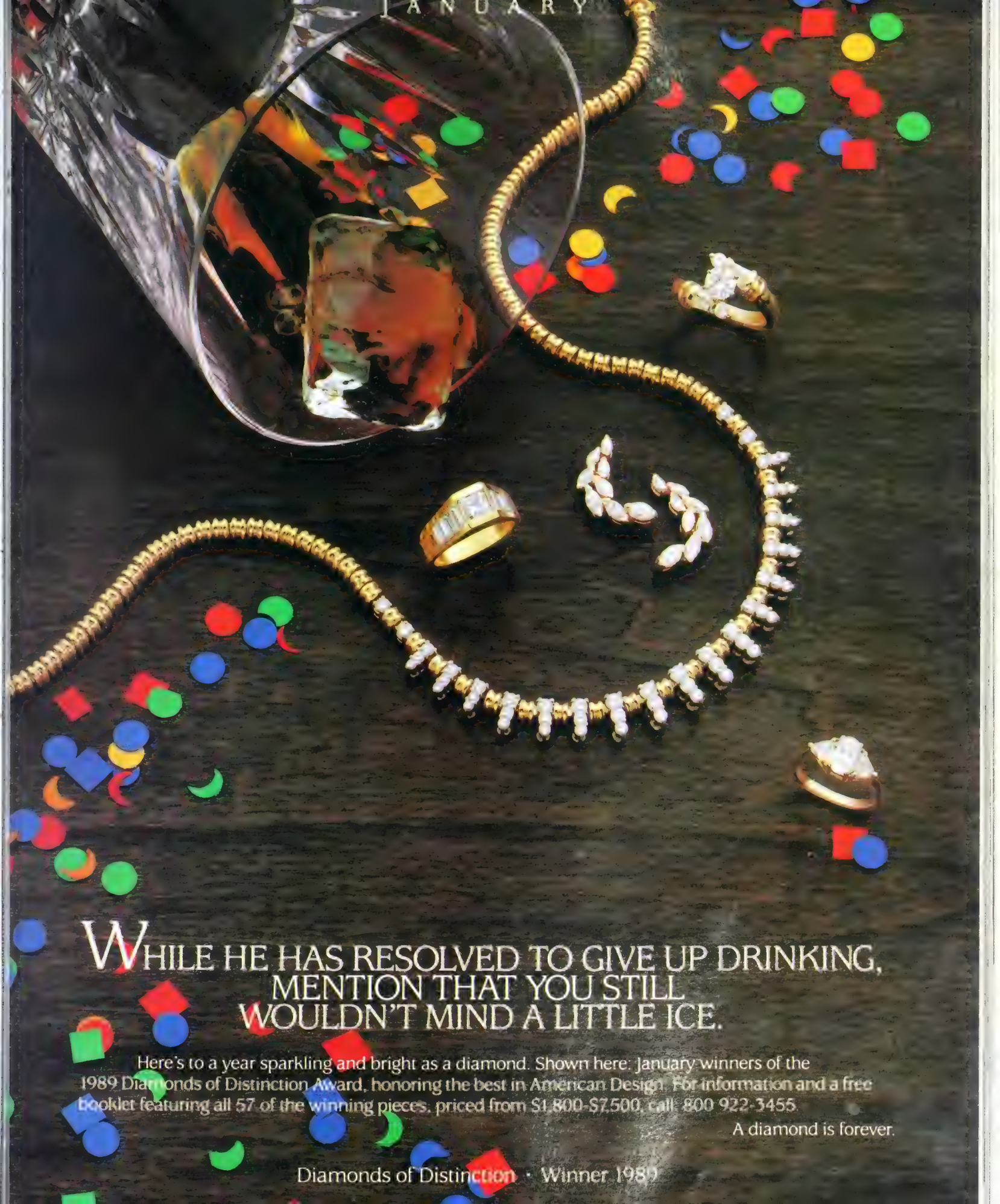
Then the two Precolumbian buffs would do lunch. No question where they'd dine: Palacio Tzintzuntzan. A self-possessed little Art Deco box, the Palacio sports a façade crawling with key and spiral fretwork patterns lifted from the Mixtec ruins at Mitla. The restaurant's auteur, George O. Jackson, a man with a boundless and slightly manic enthusiasm for things Mexican, recruited a wild-eyed Hungarian muralist named Rodolphe Zarka to adorn the walls with antic stylized critters borrowed from a book of ancient Mexican seals and to anchor the space with an enormous tableau of Mayan lords and ladies. Downstairs a low-ceilinged, otherworldly private room glows with murals based on the famous series at Bonampak. The 52 figures in fantastical costumes and headgear celebrate the presentation of a male heir to the court. In what is surely the quintessential Houston manifestation of Mayan Revival revival, a [illegible] glyphs describing who's who runs along an air conditioning [illegible] effect is that of a subterranean and strangely festive tomb. Mercifully, most of the gruesome stuff from the Bonampak battle and sacrifice scenes has been omitted, but those gals who look like they're eating taquitos are actually preparing for a bloodletting ceremony. Zarka just couldn't resist sneaking them in.

As a crazy cultural salad of motifs, Palacio Tzintzuntzan is Mayan Revival to the core. The style was never about literalism; it was always about reinterpretation and fantasy. And impresario Jackson in many ways personifies the breed of Texan that is giving the style new life. The state is full of ruin rats and old Mexico hands whose libraries, art collections, and vacations are informed by that compelling psychological landscape, full of myth and ritual, that lies south of the Rio Grande. Add to their number a growing horde of Mayan hieroglyphic aficionados—glyphies for short—and you reach Mayan Revival critical mass. At the heart of glyphomania is Linda Schele, the groundbreaking University of Texas Mayan scholar whose hieroglyphic workshops have turned Austin into glyphie central. In 1986, Fort Worth's Kimbell Art Museum staged "The Blood of Kings: A New Interpretation of Maya Art" for which Schele cowrote a revolutionary text. Not only did the show profoundly alter the popular conception of the Maya as exclusively peaceable, contemplative sorts, it also galvanized Texans' interest in Mayan art.



Houston's Palacio Tzintzuntzan restaurant, above, is decorated with murals based on the famous series at Bonampak. Left: Rendering of the city's Heritage Plaza by architect Moe Nasr.

Glyphies' passion for the mysteries of the Mayan code has a way of filtering right down into their design lives. For one thing, the glyphs themselves exert a powerful visual attraction. An intricate hieroglyphic poster drawn by Schele—an artist before she became a code cracker—is a cult item in glyphie homes. Royal blue "Jaguar Tours" T-shirts vibrating with hot pink glyphs and the likeness of Lady Xoc signify that the wearer has undertaken a Yucatecan or Chiapan glyphie expedition with Austin linguists Nick Hopkins and Kathryn Josserand. During the Jaguar Tours traveling workshops, participants devise the ultimate glyphie status symbol: their own personal name glyphs.

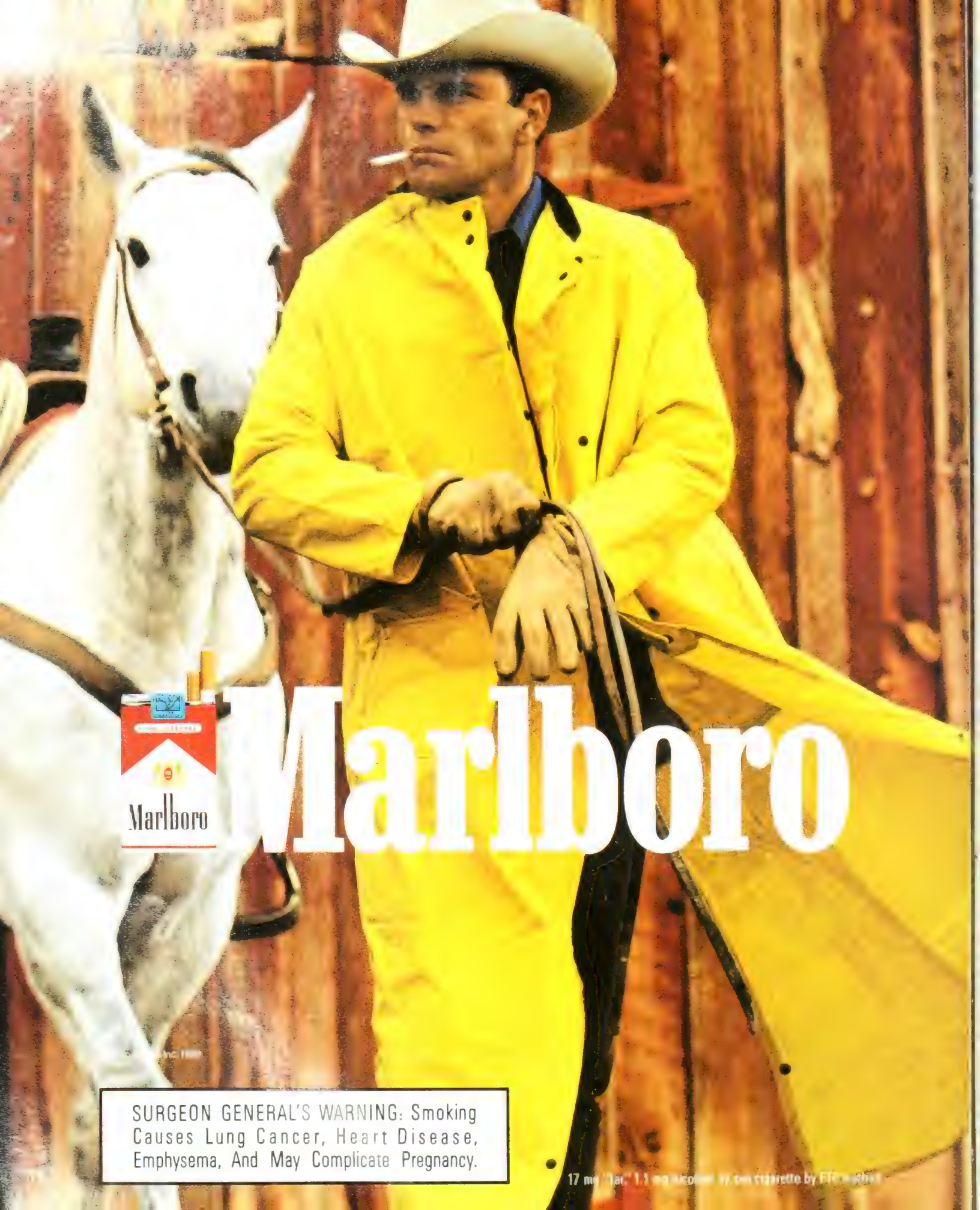


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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Houston publicist Joe Bacon, whose name glyph visually puns on sizzling strips of you-know-what, has gone so far as to do up his high-rise apartment in glyphie style. Bordering his bedroom ceiling are stylized Mayan birds painted by local artists Joanne Brigham and Jeff DeLude, who turned Bacon's bath into a Peruvian bestiary of phantasmagoric creatures copied from Precolumbian textiles. The blue denim shower curtain features a hand-painted deity sprouting monkey limbs and a scorpion tail. Even the living room's bolster pillows, stitched by fanatical needlepointer Bacon, boast Chiapan village textile designs that hark back to Mayaland before the fall.



Phantasmagoric creatures copied from Precolumbian textiles embellish publicist Joe Bacon's bathroom.

What must be the first stela (a carved commemorative stone) erected in many a century now presides over a cottage garden at Austin's St. Hilarion Old Catholic Monastery. Father Robert Williams, the glyphie priest of the adjoining Sarum-rite Old Catholic Church, fashioned the slender four-foot stela from the same limestone he uses to make sundials. With the help of scholar Barbara MacLeod, Williams incised the stone with a graceful hieroglyphic text describing with Precolumbian exactitude the date May 3, 1988. Tucked into the stela inscription are four latter-day glyphs: two incorporating a bishop's miter to designate "Robert the Bishop of Austin," the other two denoting MacLeod as "Barbara the Scribe of Texas."

Elsewhere in Texas, Mayan Revival revivalism may be as casual as the simple key fretwork tracing the wainscoting of Austin's distinguished Las Manitas Avenue café; as cryptic as the quadrangle layout at the University of Texas at San Antonio which architect O'Neil Ford based on the Nunnery at Uxmal; or as exuberantly Postmodern as the La Quinta Motor Inns' corporate headquarters lobby in San Antonio where blocky forms stair-step ceilingward into an abstract corbeled vault. Far to the west near El Paso, Akumal resort developer and archaeology buff Pablo Bush—known as the Jacques Cousteau of Mexico for his many shipwreck dives—has installed a massive Olmec head on his raked-gravel front lawn. It reigns over Bush's xeriscaped domain, which covers all the big Precolumbian bases with its fiberglass Aztec calendar stone inset over the garage, and its fiberglass Palenque tablet suspended right on the house.

Various Texas entrepreneurs have begun nosing around the Mayan Revival style as well. Fifty years ago there were Mayan Revival prints aplenty in the fabric world. Now Houston art consultant Suzanne Dungan is launching a line of hand-screened fabrics—executed by San Antonio's Guadalupe Hand Prints and available to the trade only—based on Precolumbian, folk art, and Spanish Colonial motifs. Dungan's Serpentine print bears a feathered Mayan snake coiled over a mottled jade ground meant to suggest the Mayans' favored serpentine stone. And across Houston, art dealer Robin Bonner is in the planning stages for a line of clothing incorporating Precolumbian motifs.

One project remains to be undertaken before the Mayan Revival revival fully blossoms. San Antonio's Aztec Theater, a landmark 1926 structure that predates L.A.'s famous Mayan Theater by a year, is on the market for a paltry $2 million. Its owner, the San Antonio Conservation Society, is holding out for a buyer who will restore its interior, liberating the theater from its fate as a neglected multiscreen kung fu palace. As solemn and ecclesiastical in its way as the cathedral at Chartres, the Aztec's grandiose lobby seems lost in some mystical Mesoamerican twilight, its massively articulated faux stone walls groaning with ornament and sighing under a dusky patina meant to suggest the smoke from a thousand sacrificial fires. Potential saviors, please step forward: a grateful populace of glyphies, Mexicophiles, and hopeless romantics will salute you. ♠



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PEOPLE

Domestic Rebel

Sara Vass surrounds herself with the friendly clutter her mother warned her against

By James Servin



Publicist Sara Vass, left, pedals everywhere, including to black-tie affairs. Below left: Her dresser display of rosy Victoriana.

With a mass of crinkly blond hair framing her cherubic face, Sara Vass looks like the sunflowers she displays in her Chelsea apartment in Manhattan. But sunflowers aren't Vass's only botanical preoccupation; roses, hyacinths, geraniums, and other flowers, blooming and dried, printed and decoupaged, take her fancy. Why the floral fetish? Perhaps the answer can be traced back to her childhood. Growing up in hip Postmodern austerity as the daughter of noted fashion designer Joan Vass and the artist Gene Vass prompted its own unique adolescent traumas: "My parents were pioneers," says Vass. "We were the first to move into a SoHo loft. I was the envy of all my friends. But my mother had a rigid Jane Austen attitude toward living. You didn't sit on a bed once it was made. Chairs were supposed to be hard. She'd continually say, 'Restrain yourself.'" So Vass rebelled, although not in the conventional way. "When I was sixteen, I had a dream right out of a Gidget movie: I dreamed of having a shag carpet in my room, a pink Princess phone, and my feet up on the wall."





Vass and her brother Richard Mauro painted the late 19th century hutch, right, that holds her collection of pitchers.

Walk into the spacious 1,900-square-foot loft Vass shares today with her brother Richard Mauro, her bichon frise Sassafrass, and Himalayan cat Saki, and you catch glimpses of one little girl's comfort revenge, matured, distilled, and fermented to an adult understanding of and appreciation for elegant furnishings and materials.

Needlepoint pillows, fringed lampshades, sumptuously patterned shawls, small porcelain boxes, and ivory netsukes inhabit but don't overwhelm the loft, which is divided into three distinctly cozy areas: there's a dining room with an English pine extension table and a hutch she and Richard painted with roses and bows, and a long living room sectioned into two spaces, each bordered by richly cushioned couches.

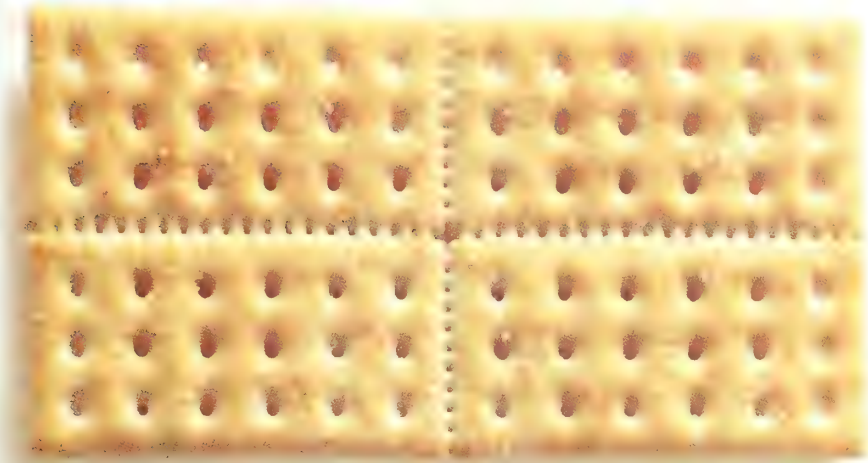
Vass's eclectic taste reflects her liberal outlook on life. A radical in the sixties, she was once fired from an anchorwoman's position on a Washington radio talk show for being politically dangerous. Today she's outspoken as the director of a public relations firm that represents her mother and a host of other blue-chip names, including fashion leader Peter Duchin.

Living Vass grew accustomed to in childhood which remains with her today: lofty space. Five years ago, when she and her brother took over the entire fifth floor of an industrial building, they immediately installed two rear bedrooms—hers a rose-patterned chintz haven complete with brass bed stacked high with antique linen pillows, his a more somber retreat in which dark paisley predominates. With a few modifications—sanding and varnishing the wood floor and installing ceiling-high bookshelves and a kitchen—they let the space stand on its own and concentrated instead on filling it with country-style comforts. She painted over the redbrick fireplace herself. "I stood up in my underwear all night, used a fat paintbrush, and smushed it on." The result: the slightly mottled look of genteel neglect.

Other evidence of a more brooding underside to Vass's decidedly sugary decorating persona appears in the tapestry above the fire-

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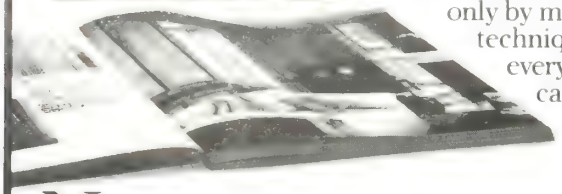


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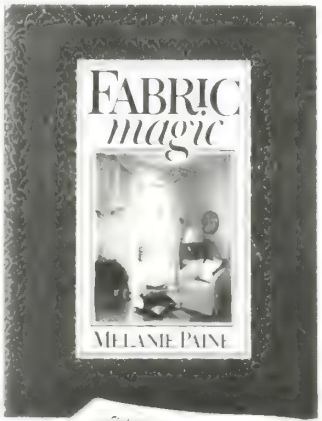
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NOTES

place. A melancholic sojourn through an enchanted forest, it is rich in deep browns and greens offset by a yellow butterfly and an amber squirrel. "The longer you look into it, the more you see," says Richard. The tapestry has a tale of its own: Vass bid the minimum $300 for it at a Sotheby's auction, claimed it at that price, and later learned it was made by Schumacher for the 1925 Paris Exposition. "It was like winning the lottery," she says.

When business or social obligation calls, Vass brings a rural touch to her city life by traveling virtually everywhere on her



Sara Vass lounges with her loft mate and brother Richard Mauro, who is merchandising director of their mother's company, Joan Vass, USA.

three-speed fire-red Italian bicycle, which, when not in use, stands at ease in a corner of the living room, a Chanel handbag in the basket and Vuarnet sunglasses dangling off the handlebars. "I've gone to Met openings on my bike. You can get away from parties at any time, and you don't have to wait for a cab." Bicycling also gives her the edge on window-shoppers: recently, while pedaling past a used-furniture shop on Ninth Avenue, Vass spotted two men sitting outside with their feet up on a cocktail table. She immediately saw possibilities in the elegant 1920s piece and haggled the dealer down to $80. It now sits ever so fittingly with its hand-painted foil top and fancifully carved-wood legs on a pink floral Oriental carpet that, Vass admits, she paid much more for at Christie's.

"I'm always looking out for home and comfort, and the more overstuffed, the better," she says. "If things are calm and ordered at home and you know where everything is, you can be as insane, frayed, and imaginative as you like in your head." ♠



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The Fashionable Quilt

Esprit CEO Doug Tompkins dresses up the company's walls with Amish stitchery

By Charles Gandee



Should you happen to find yourself one weekday between nine and four thirty on the south side of San Francisco's Market Street with nothing to do for an hour or two, you might consider stopping by the corporate headquarters of Esprit, the hip multinational clothing concern located at 900 Minnesota. The company doesn't offer any special discounts on its festive fashions or sprightly sheets, and the employee café is strictly for employees, but for a meager $4 a smiling receptionist will sell you a 40-page color catalogue complete with a floor plan and send you off on a tour of the 180 quilts deployed throughout Esprit's multilevel office and design studio. Provided you telephone ahead and bring along at least 24 friends, you will even get a special tour with running commentary by Julie Silber, Esprit's in-house quilt curator.



Doug Tompkins and his quilt curator Julie Silber, right, in front of a c. 1920 Amish Sunshine & Shadow quilt at the company's headquarters. Below: A c. 1900 wool Double Ninepatch quilt, also Amish, from Esprit's collection.



Although it's rare for a billion dollar clothing empire to open its corporate doors to the general public, it's rarer still for such a company to have a quilt collection. "Our interest in quilts really emerged quite naturally," explains Doug Tompkins, Esprit's 46-year-old cofounder and CEO. "Fabrics, color, texture, and shape are ingredients found in both our products and our quilts."

When Tompkins began his collection two decades ago, he bought with an eye toward quilts that simply packed the strongest graphic punch. "The less homey, the more painterly, the better," according to Silber. As time went by, however, Tompkins has come to focus almost exclusively on the virtually minimalist quilts made by the Amish between 1870 and 1950.

Although Amish quilts were produced in twenty states, Tompkins favors those from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. They are distinguished by their large fields of color, their wholesale rejection of printed fabrics, and the relatively few pieces used in their assembly. Also Lancaster County quilts tend to be symmetrical, square, and full size, and their palette tends toward jewel tones. To the untrained eye, they border on the austere. On closer inspection, however, they turn out to contain elaborate design flourishes in the form of intricate quilting stitches—always in a noncontrasting thread because, as Silber is quick to note, "humility is the cornerstone of the Amish faith. Pride is a sin." Could Doug Tompkins be sending corporate America a message in a blanket? ▲



Visitors are welcome to tour Esprit's San Francisco headquarters, left, where 180 quilts are on display. Top: A c. 1945 Lancaster County cotton H quilt.

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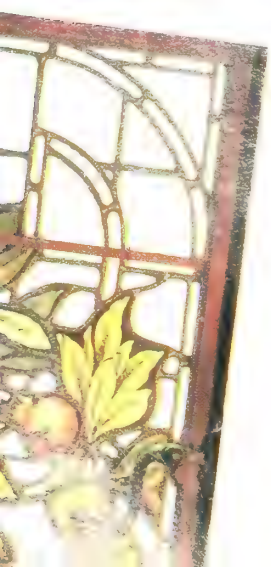

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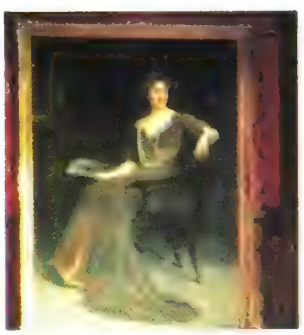
A castle on the Isle of Rhum
is Scotland's most eccentric hotel
By Charles Maclean



Little has changed at Kinloch Castle, above, since it was built in 1901 as Sir George Bullough's private hunting lodge.



As the ferryboat *Lochmor*, hugging the gaunt coast of Rhum, turned at last into the island's only harbor, a pair of cormorants stood up in the water and shook the sea from their wings. Seals watching from lichen-covered rocks slithered one by one into the calm blue bay that mirrored a ragged amphitheater of hills. At the head of the loch lowered the squat pink battlements of Kinloch Castle—"a vision," the poet John Betjeman commented in his Hebridean journal, "of Saint Pancras station in the middle of the Crossroads."



Lady Monica Bullough, chatelaine of Kinloch, above right, in 1909. Left: Stained-glass boughs enhance the castle's baronial effect.

An Edwardian country house that time abandoned, Kinloch Castle was built in 1901 by Sir George Bullough, a Lancashire textile baron. As a child, I was taken on an expedition to view this monument to English folly, extravagant show, and, it was darkly hinted, every other kind of excess. Stories I'd heard, growing up on the west coast of Scotland, had fixed Rhum in my imagination as a place of exotic, slightly sinister allure: the Forbidden Island it had been dubbed by the local press. This was when old Lady Bullough was still alive and ran the island as an obsessively private estate. After a long stormy crossing, I remember my disappointment on being told that permission for our party to come ashore had been refused.

Last summer I went back to Rhum to satisfy a curiosity kept on hold 35 years. Joining the other passengers on the deck of *Lochmor* for a midsea transfer—along with the mail, cases of wine, and gasoline—to the island tender, I gave my destination as Kinloch Castle. This time I'd taken the precaution of reserving a room at what is now Britain's least accessible and most eccentric hotel.

Sir George dreamed up Kinloch as a shooting lodge to crown the 64-square-mile island his father had bought as a sporting estate in 1887. Eager to establish himself as laird of Rhum, he was inhibited neither by taste nor expense, shipping in red sandstone from Arran and paying his imported Lancashire workmen a shilling a day extra—the midges on Rhum being particularly fierce—to wear kilts on site. The result bears as much resemblance to a Highland castle as a department store. But the magnificent absurdity of the undertaking—Kinloch was to be used only a few weeks a year—kindles its own Rhum romance.

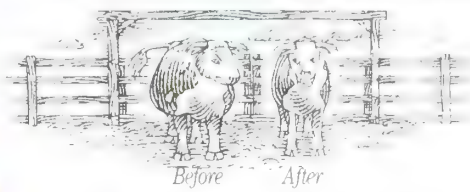
The ornamental gardens, where fountains and orchestras once played, where fourteen gardeners toiled, where turtles and alligators were kept in heated ponds (for Sir George's favorite après-stalking soup), have long since been reclaimed by wilderness. The turtles escaped across the sea to Skye, I was told, and established a short-lived colony there. But inside the house nothing—literally nothing—has changed.

It's as if the Bulloughs had just gone out for a trudge in the rain. In the double-height mullion-windowed great hall, thickets of antlers and glassy-eyed trophies trim the Jacobean-style paneling, and the fire blazes merrily. Outsize portraits of Sir George and his handsome French wife, Lady Monica Bullough, gaze down on the plush furniture and Oriental bric-a-brac brought back from around-the-world cruises in their steam yacht, *Rhouma*.

On top of the Steinway a gold-monogrammed songbook lies open at an annotated page. There are notes scribbled on the telegraph pads and the imprint of Sir George's signature on the morocco-bound blotters. His boots still stand in the fireplace in the master bedroom, and in the smoking room his game books tell who shot or caught what on which hillside or burn and how the weather and gillies be-

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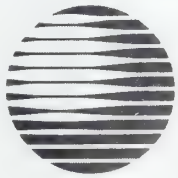
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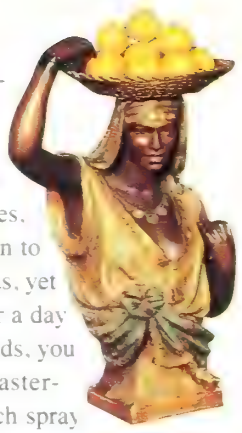


Kinloch's clubland atmosphere is softened by Lady Bullough's chintz parlor, above. Left: The bathrooms are still outfitted with mahogany shower cabinets that are the last word in Edwardian plumbing. Below: Hotel guests can sleep in the master bedroom where Sir George Bullough's boots still stand in the fireplace. Trophies trim the Jacobean-style paneling in the great hall, bottom, furnished with souvenirs from the Bulloughs' world travels, such as the blackamoor, above right.





haved a hundred years ago today.



It is the completeness of period detail at Kinloch that fascinates and gives pleasure. There is none of that embalmed feeling that sabotages most "living museums." The chintzes, curtains, and bedspreads have begun to fade, may even crumble in your hands, yet everything is there to be used. After a day spent exploring Rhum's majestic wilds, you shower in mahogany cabinets, masterpieces of Edwardian plumbing which spray needle-sharp jets from every direction with the sudden embrace of a watery iron maiden. Then you sink into a velvet saddlebag chair, grateful for the single-malt whisky served up in Sir George's finest crystal by a kilted steward.

Beneath the stairs, the orchestrion, a sophisticated barrel organ that wheezes out operatic medleys and forgotten dance tunes, summons guests to a dinner worthy of the Prince of Wales, just as it did in the Bulloughs' day. For Kinloch is still very much their house. A paying intruder, I had the uneasy feeling that at any moment our absent host and hostess might walk in from the gloaming.

After the First World War, of course, nothing was quite the same again at Kinloch. As the gap-stringed banjos I found gathering dust in a closet behind the ballroom bear melancholy witness, the endless Edwardian house party was over. Sir George died on a golf course in France and, alone, Lady Bullough gradually lost interest in coming to Rhum. Locking up the castle and its contents, she sold her pleasure island to the Nature Conservancy in 1957 on condition that along with the deer and golden eagles it take care of Kinloch. All she retained was the Grecian-style mausoleum at Harris Bay where the Bulloughs now lie in megalithic state, lording it still over Rhum's bleak Atlantic coast.

If its remoteness accounts for Kinloch's time-stopped state of preservation, turning it into a hotel has kept alive the house's sense of fun and enjoyment. There is little danger, however, of Kinloch Castle becoming a popular get-away-from-it-all destination. The rain and midges are a good deterrent, and the island, a nature reserve of spectacular wildness and beauty, remains a distinctly awkward place to travel to and from. If the weather closes in on Rhum or the neighboring islands of Eigg, Muck, and Canna, you may find yourself forced to spend an extra day or two in schedule-free paradise.

"When God made time, he made plenty of it," goes a Hebridean saying that catches the spirit of the Western Isles. It's all the advice anyone needs to enjoy them. ♠

Kinloch Castle is open year-round. For reservations contact Iain and Kathleen MacArthur, Kinloch Castle, Isle of Rhum, Inverness PH 434RR, Scotland; 0687-2037. £50 night includes meals.

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Closet Encounters

One pack rat tells how cleaning house liberates more than just space

By Jane O'Reilly



A few years ago, when I was still young enough to consider such questions entirely hypothetical, I asked one of my dearest friends how she would pass the time if she discovered she had only six months to live.

The question was meant to be revealing, to force the respondent to pare down to first priorities, to clear away extraneous compulsions. But my friend seemed to take the prompt all too literally. "I would go on a diet and tidy my apartment," she answered.

"Good grief, what for?" I asked.

"Well, really, Jane," she said scornfully, "Would you want to die fat? And messy?"

"I couldn't care less at that point," I retorted. "I would take my son and go around the world."

We stared at each other, appalled, our deep differences unrecoverably exposed. She was a person who would spend her last months doing all the things she had never wanted to do. I was a person who would spend my time doing all the things I had always wanted to do.

It has since occurred to me that if such a need for final planning ever arose, it would, alas, be necessary for me to clean my closets before I set off around the world. I could not, in all good conscience, leave such chaos and accumulation for anyone else to face. This unwelcome thought came to me when I found in the back of a drawer a small box containing a folder of matches from the Candlelight House in St. Louis. Written inside in pencil was: "First date with Joe, February, 1952." How sweet. The Candlelight House is now a beauty parlor, Joe is grandfather to some other woman's grandchildren, and the blue sprigged dress I wore has long since been reduced to dust. A quick hot flood of memory swept through me, and I started to put the matches back in the drawer. "Why?" I asked myself. "Is this a memory worth keeping forever?" I had a vision of my son beside an enormous bonfire, burning everything because he was unable to decide what was important enough to keep. How would he know what might be important if I couldn't decide myself? And if I couldn't decide, maybe, in fact, none of it was important.

We are not talking about folio manuscripts or lost concertos here. We are not even talking about baby pictures and silver teething rings. Nor is the topic tidiness, that state of being cozily midrange between gleaming and condemned. We are talking about accumulation.

We are talking, for example, about a yellow and white striped sweatshirt with a hood that I bought for my first honeymoon, never wore then, and never wore for the next thirty years while it lived in my day-at-the-beach drawer. The honeymoon was important, but the sweatshirt probably is not. On the other hand, the sweatshirt lasted ten times longer than the marriage. If I throw it out, will I finally be letting go of failure? Or will I be saying good-bye to a young girl who wanted to be happy ever after on the Truro sand dunes? Or both? It's not so simple, is it? The problem is: if I throw it out, who will I be?

We are not talking about things but about identity. I am my stuff. This is who I am: a brown carton of my college notebooks, my great-grandfather's four-volume set of *The Cabinet of Irish Literature* published in 1893, my son's honor roll certificates from the second grade forward, 317 World War II–vintage computer boards.

How awful. How weird. It gets worse. Every closet, drawer, shelf, and cubbyhole is a midden, a time capsule of who I was, who I hoped to be, who I thought I should be. I don't understand how this stuff accumulated. I live in an apartment—no basement and no attic. Once a year I scrupulously throw things out. I seem to have given away the typewriter I used to write my first book and kept the shards of the Tiffany lampshade the movers stepped on fifteen years ago. It might be useful to reflect on the meaning of such choices, but frankly I would rather get on with life.

At one point in what turned out to be a year of self-inspection, I

small place at the beach for a month. It had turquoise floors, white walls, one bed, one chair, one cooking pot, and no curtains. I felt reborn. From my suitcase I took out three Kandinsky postcards and pinned them up, threw a beach pareu over the bed, and made curtains out of crumpled tissue paper. Every single day I spent there was flawless, work and play perfectly balanced, meditation and action in finely tuned flow. "Why don't I feel like this at home?" I wondered, sitting peacefully in the one chair and reading.

The book I was reading happened to be *Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboo* by anthropologist Mary Douglas. In her introduction she writes that separating, tidying, and purifying, in both primitive and modern societies, "is a creative movement, an attempt to relate form to function, to make unity of experience." Clearing out is a search for structure. The reason I do not feel as free and happy and real at home is that my structure, such as it is, has been buried under the environmental and spiritual equivalent of cholesterol.

To make unity of my experience, a ritual is necessary, some personal version of a kosher kitchen or a menstrual hut. Even the thought of purging my closets leaves me feeling so bereft that I cannot do it without consciously acknowledging my fear. I found a way to ceremonialize my confrontation with stored ghosts in another book. *Clutter's Last Stand*, by a professional housecleaner named Don Aslett, is written in a vocabulary I can grasp. Clutter chokes our spirits, says Aslett, blocks renewal, self-mastery, and serenity. Everything must go, from the four dozen plastic takeout food containers under the sink to unrewarding friendships. If the idea of breaking such emotional ties is too overwhelming, he suggests taking a picture of the object before throwing it out.

A great idea! Condense the memories. I will ritually write down what I am folding into the thrift shop bag, and as I write, I will pause and think about what it means to me.

My son's blue grade school blazer. In the pocket is a ticket stub from the Volksoper in Vienna. We had hot chocolate *mit Schlag* in our hotel room afterwards. Proof that he had an acceptably happy childhood. Proof that I loved being his mother.

The flowered Laura Ashley dress I wore the day I reported on the failure of the Equal Rights Amendment to be passed. Proof that I tried my best. Proof that I am not considered equal under the Constitution.

Two men's polo shirts. Proof that I once loved everything about a man, the way he looked and smelled and dressed. Proof that once we spent lovely weekends together, and it went wrong.

Four yards of purple gingham, saved in case I ever had a country house. Proof that I always wanted the country house I now have. Proof that I am no longer someone who would consider purple gingham.

There. That is a start. Off it goes. Memory, possibility, and nostalgia reduced to one page of notes, an orderly record of the past. It would have been simpler to prove my own existence to myself if I had kept a diary. But I can do that now if I want to. I can do a lot of things in this new space. Throwing out seems to be not a final, but a first, act. As soon as I finish, I am going to go around the world. Now I know what has been holding me up. As the ancient Chinese saying goes: "Now that my house has burned down, I have a better view of the rising moon." ♠



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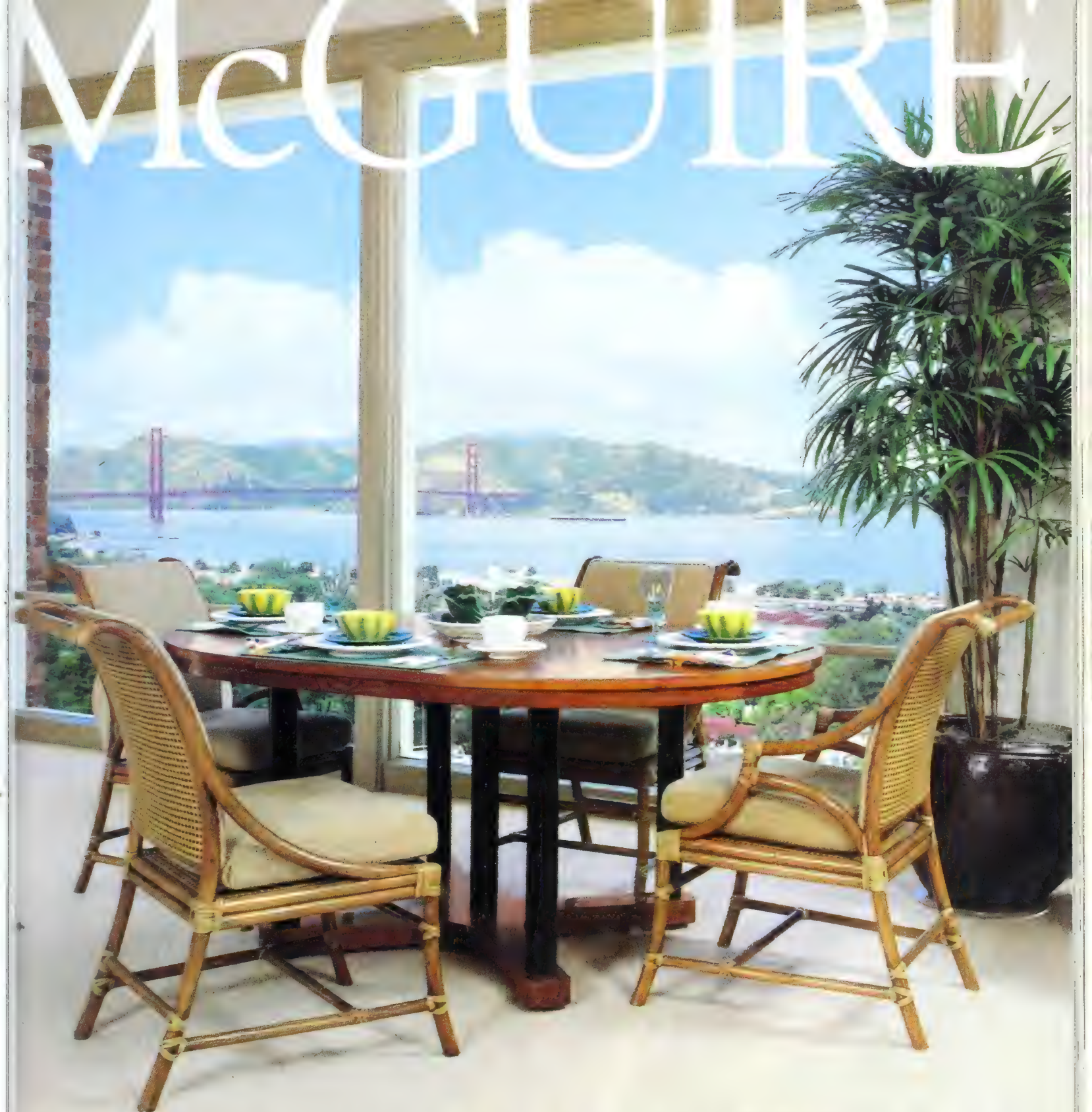
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EDITOR'S PAGE

JANUARY 1990

A house for dreaming'' is Edmund White's description of the exotic dacha on Yves Saint Laurent's estate in Normandy. Inspired by traditional Russian country retreats, the Orientalist fantasy orchestrated by decorator Jacques Grange is not everyone's idea of escape. An all-American fishing camp is the refuge chosen by cosmetics magnates Leonard and Evelyn Lauder. In place of Saint Laurent's embroidered velvets, stained glass, and samovar, there are simple cotton plaids, comfortable sofas, and a collection of twig chairs. One should not conclude, though, that if dreams there be at the Lauders', they are only of reeling in fish: there is luxe, calme, and volupté in every corner of this finely cultivated and burnished-wood compound decorated by Thad Hayes. The renowned English stage designer Oliver Messel was the original inspiration, architect, and decorator for the garden pavilion on Barbados Nicholas Haslam has restored for an English couple. Here the fantasy is of the marine sort—one might easily imagine Neptune emerging from one of the dining room's shell-encrusted niches—but with the glamour of a Messel stage set. No one can accuse the landgrave of Hesse's Fasanerie Castle in Germany or the duke of Segorbe's Pazo de Oca garden in Spain of being steeped in the mundane. Then, too, Lynn von Kersting's Hollywood Hills house is hardly earthbound, filled as it is with the spirit of its previous owner, legendary filmmaker George Cukor, and informed by Lynn's sophisticated sense of style. Houses *are* for dreaming—but also food for thought as Fran Lebowitz takes a clearheaded look this month at decorating and finds trends she'd love to leave behind with the 1980s.



Nicholas Haslam placed seashells on the edges of a niche to create a tropical Rococo effect in a Caribbean house.

Editor in Chief





The Legend Lives On

The redecoration of George Cukor's house evokes a golden era of the silver screen

By Leo Lerman Photographs by François Halard

This is the saga of two people—Lynn von Kersting and Richard Irving—a legend, and a house. Legend and house are inseparable. They, along with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks's Pickfair and Marion Davies's Santa Monica beach house, helped make the ongoing mythic happy-time public private high life of Hollywood's golden twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. The house, secret and luxuriously modest, sits high above Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles on a rocky shelf adroitly carved and terraced out of a protective hillside. William Haines, erstwhile young smart alecky screen star become masterly arbiter of Hollywood taste and interior decoration, contrived this delicious nest, finally completing it in 1937 for masterly film director George Cukor—*Dinner at Eight, Little Women, Camille, The Women, A Star Is Born* (Judy Garland's), *My Fair Lady*, even Marilyn Monroe's unfinished *Something's Got to Give*. Haines told *Vogue* readers in November 1941, "The house was born a simple California bungalow that grew with George Cukor's career and bank account . . . it has developed into one of the most unusual houses in the movie community. The architecture is modern with just the right flavour of Regency." Thirties Regency, a style rampantly fashionable at the time. Edith Sitwell wrote of the Cukor nest, "His house, one of the most beautiful in Hollywood, is full of gaiety, charm, and originality. It is quite unlike any other house I know."

Venetian red walls and a Ushak carpet in the living room, right, create a backdrop for exotic finds such as the Dutch painted-leather chinoiserie screen beside a Chinese lacquer chest. The 18th-century daybed by the fireplace is Italian, as are the painted and silver-leaf armchairs that flank a mother-of-pearl inlaid tea table near the bay window. Below: The house retains much of its original 1930s Regency detail.



"It's so comfortable now, like som



f the sets from Mr. Cukor's *The Philadelphia Story*, bu with a twist of the exotic"



In the oval room, tablecloth linen covers armchairs and the sofa designed by Syrie Maugham for actress Ina Claire in the 1930s. A watercolor portrait of Claire by Cecil Beaton is above the 19th-century japanned highboy. Other painted pieces include a miniature Kashmiri summer palace, a 19th-century Italian daybed, and a Moroccan-style octagonal table.









A Victorian samovar on the Irish sideboard in the kitchen, above, echoes the blues of wall-hung Staffordshire plates. Rush chairs are pulled up to an English farm table. Right: Orientalist prints behind a Regency table in the entrance hall. An English officer's hat is displayed on a French stool [illegible] for stage scenery. right: The dining roc table is set with Englis Imari and Derbyshire plates, Venetian glasses, and 19th-century Russian sapphire candelabras.

It teemed, especially on Sundays, for that was Cukor's day to lunch Barrymores, Ina Claire, Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn (Cukor had launched her movie career), Cary Grant, Garbo, Vivien Leigh, Claudette Colbert, Somerset Maugham (he worked on his filmscript of *The Razor's Edge* at Cukor's poolside), Noël Coward, Aldous Huxley, and Christopher Isherwood. They all came to Hollywood, and if they were among the elect or Cukor sensed future election, they all came to Cukor's Sundays. Kate Hepburn stayed for years. She occupied a cottage in this paradise and swam her laps daily in the unheated pool. During a gala for Lady Mendl, Tallulah Bankhead tore her clothes off beside that pool. Cukor was not amused. In his last years, the young Lily Tomlin came: "I hardly said a word, I was so awed." George lived fabulously in his legendary house for 48 years, that is until he died, and then—but I will tell you about that later.

Lynn von Kersting is a presence. She is a vividly dark, marvelously disciplined theatrical woman. Lee Strasberg was her Actor's Studio guru, and Anna, his widow, is one of her closest friends. When I first met Lynn, she told me, "I want to play Lady Macbeth." She did. Southwestern by birth (Arizona), she seems mysteriously European, Continental. When she met Richard Irving, a local Los Angeles man, he was quietly, determinedly baking and concocting his way to culinary fame with his L.A. Desserts. Lynn and Richard became a couple. And that is how the now internationally famed restaurants the Ivy (Los Angeles) and the Ivy at the Shore (Santa Monica) were born. There is also Indigo Seas, a splendiferous memorabilia shop adjacent to the Ivy, and an interior decoration firm, von Kersting/Smith—both shop and firm in partnership with decorator Michael Smith.

Lynn and Richard wanted a house. It



A piano serves as a buffet in the dining room. The 19th-century Italian daybed arrayed with cushions in antique fabrics came from the estate of opera diva Ganna Walska. Indian miniatures are grouped beside a Rococo mirror.

"Our bedroom has all the romance of a bedroom from *Camille*." Act 2, of course

had to be that exception to the current Hollywood rule: if it's "old," tear it down, build it new. They wanted it old, even legendary. They belong to a young new breed of Angelenos who respect the domestic architectural achievements of the community's past. So Lynn and Richard's house ideally had to have, inherently, some of that old Hollywood glamour. It had to have room for a family: possibly grandparents and Lynn's mother, Patou; possibly a baby (this is India); a big lolloping dog (this is sheepdog Macbeth); helpers; ample garden areas (Patou, a sorceress gardener, is responsible for the floral glory of the Ivy). Richard craved growing grounds for herbs, vegetables, even lime trees—all produce to be Ivy-bound—and a capacious kitchen for his special artistry. Lynn desired a haven in which she could exercise her passion for beautiful, evocative, even dramatic things, colors, textures, where she could create an allusive atmosphere in which Richard would be comfortable.

So one glittering day Lynn and Richard were led through an almost imperceptible door in an enormously high wall. They climbed steps onto a terrace, and there was Sleeping Beauty. She had waited some four years, midst her gardens going jungle wild, her pool deep in fallen leaves—a golden green thought in a golden green shade. Lynn and Richard took one look, fell in love with Sleeping Beauty, and kissed her passionately into life. It was one of those pre–Hays Office, post–Hays Office Hollywood movie kisses. It lasted some two years.

For when Lynn and Richard finally went to work on *(Text continued on page 146)*



Walls and ceiling in the master bedroom are papered in a toile pattern, and the bedhangings are a 19th-century French print. A silk slipcovered sofa and a Regency chair face a Chinese table inlaid with semiprecious stones. Chinese reverse paintings on glass are clustered near an Anglo-Indian chest of drawers.





Paris Moderne

In his Left Bank apartment, fashion designer Thomas Maier reveals the classic modern style that makes him a leading light at Hermès. By Charles Gandee Photographs by Thibault Jeanson





The many faces of Thomas Maier are proudly exhibited in his Rive Gauche apartment. Left: In the study, where the young fashion designer sketches his various womenswear collections, a tubular steel Le Corbusier sofa confronts an exotic horned table and two shaggy Royère chairs, one with an altogether American needlepoint pillow. "It's a private joke," explains Maier of his Ludwig II of Bavaria pose in a portrait by his friend Arnold van Geuns. Details see Resources.



"When I moved in I didn't know what I wanted this place to look like.
so I just kept buying things and this is what it became"



The spoils of Maier's ongoing assault on the antiques shops and flea markets of Paris range from a Sezession chandelier and chairs by Dupré-Lafon in the dining room, above, to a hobnail Eiffel Tower and four 19th-century African busts in the faux paneled entry gallery, right.

Although English is not his first language, Thomas Maier had no trouble articulating his complete lack of interest when I invited him to join me for dinner at Maison Blanche, Paris's culinary hot spot of the moment. "Too trendy," said the German-born fashion designer in a voice reminiscent of Helmut Berger's. "I won't go there."

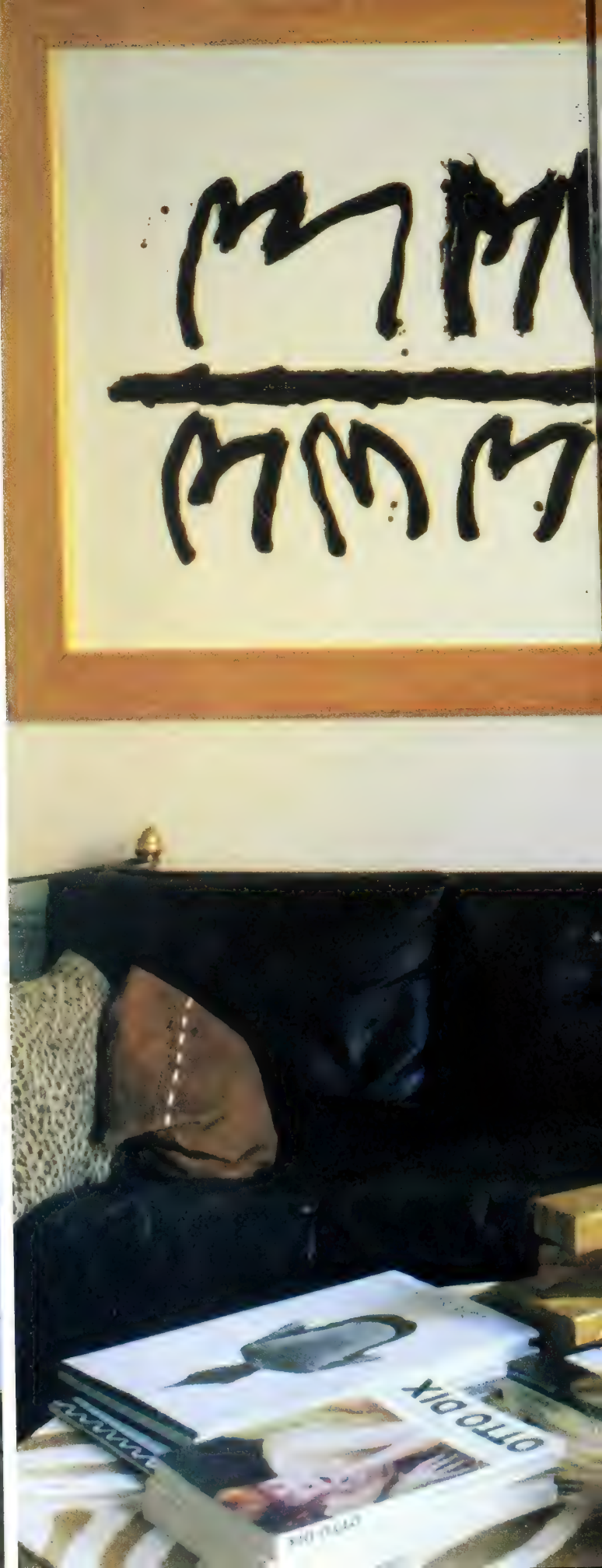
At first I thought it was a bit haughty, if not downright rude, of Maier to turn up his nose at my invitation. But then, after dinner at a chic little restaurant of *his* choice, I realized that's just the way he is: strong-willed, opinionated, and not shy about expressing his personal preferences. The latter point was made abundantly clear when my discerning dinner companion rolled his eyes at some innocent but overdressed victim of haute couture—who was unlucky enough to be seated nearby—and muttered the damning verdict: "Ooh la la."

Maier's very precise code of aesthetics has served him well over the years since he left the Black Forest for the City of Light. His efforts in the design studios of Guy Laroche and George Rech, among others, have even earned him the somewhat dubious sobriquet "darling of French debutantes." More impressively, Maier's measured flair for reinterpreting the classics recently caught the eye of the powers that be at the venerable house of Hermès who enlisted the 32-year-old designer to help reshape its womenswear collection.

Considering the scope of his stake in the visual world, it is not surprising that Maier chose to go it alone when it came time to outfit the Left Bank apartment he bought on the top floor of an 1860 building one




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OTTO DIX



In the living room a contemporary Dutch painting entitled *3D "M"* echoes the calligraphy on a hand-embroidered silk screen from the 1930s, opposite, adjacent to a 1902 Gerrit Rietveld chair. The black leather sofa, c. 1963, is from Galerie Maison & Jardin. An African animal-skin drum serves as a primitive coffee table, surrounded by, among other things, a trio of glossy mid-century boxes by Jean-Michel Frank. The wood and metal Neoclassical armchair is by Arnold van Geuns and Clemens Rameckers.



block from the Luxembourg Gardens. "I would never have my apartment done by a decorator—ever," he declares, which is understandable in a man with Maier's unerring eye. After all, if you can spot a Jean-Michel Frank cigarette box at thirty paces why enlist the assistance of a guide?

Although Maier brought almost nothing to his new rooms—his former apartment was a "pensionlike place" that suited his former life as a footloose bon vivant—he felt no particular urgency about filling them. "Why is everyone in such a hurry to 'get it done'? It's better to take your time." Nonetheless, Maier's maxim is "Big rooms are nice when they're empty, small rooms are nice when they're stuffed," so it was nothing so much as practical wisdom coincidental with his change of address, the young designer surrendered completely to his hopeless addiction to Paris flea markets.

At the Marché aux Puces, arguably the most amazing flea market in Paris, you can buy everything from an ivory-inlaid Ruhlmann desk to a black leather Perfecto motorcycle jacket. Although it takes radarlike instincts to sort through the offerings of the compound's 3,000 sellers, Maier is more than up to that daunting task. At 8:00 A.M. sharp each Saturday, he hops in his VW Rabbit convertible and heads to Saint-Ouen. And more often than not, he doesn't return home empty-handed.

"When I moved in, I didn't know what I wanted this place to look like," he recalls. "So I just kept buying things and this is what it became." What the apartment became, of course, is more than the sum of the owner's acquisitions. It became a reflection of le style Thomas Maier, a detailed portrait of the designer's highly cultivated sensibility. He has assembled a personal and idiosyncratic collection of furniture and objects that veers between the classic and the quirky, that refuses to choose between the conventional and the exotic. For each Biedermeier chest there's a hairy and hoofed tabouret, for each Josef Hoffmann side table there's a hobnail replica of the Eiffel Tower, for each Bugatti chair there's a Brobdingnagian plaster toadstool, and for each Le Corbusier chaise longue there's a needlepoint pillow that reads, "Toto, I have a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore." The tack Maier chose is not advised for the indecisive or the faint of heart. It is a risky school of decorating best left to the intrepid and the self-confident, to those who, like Thomas Maier, have not merely taste but style. ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

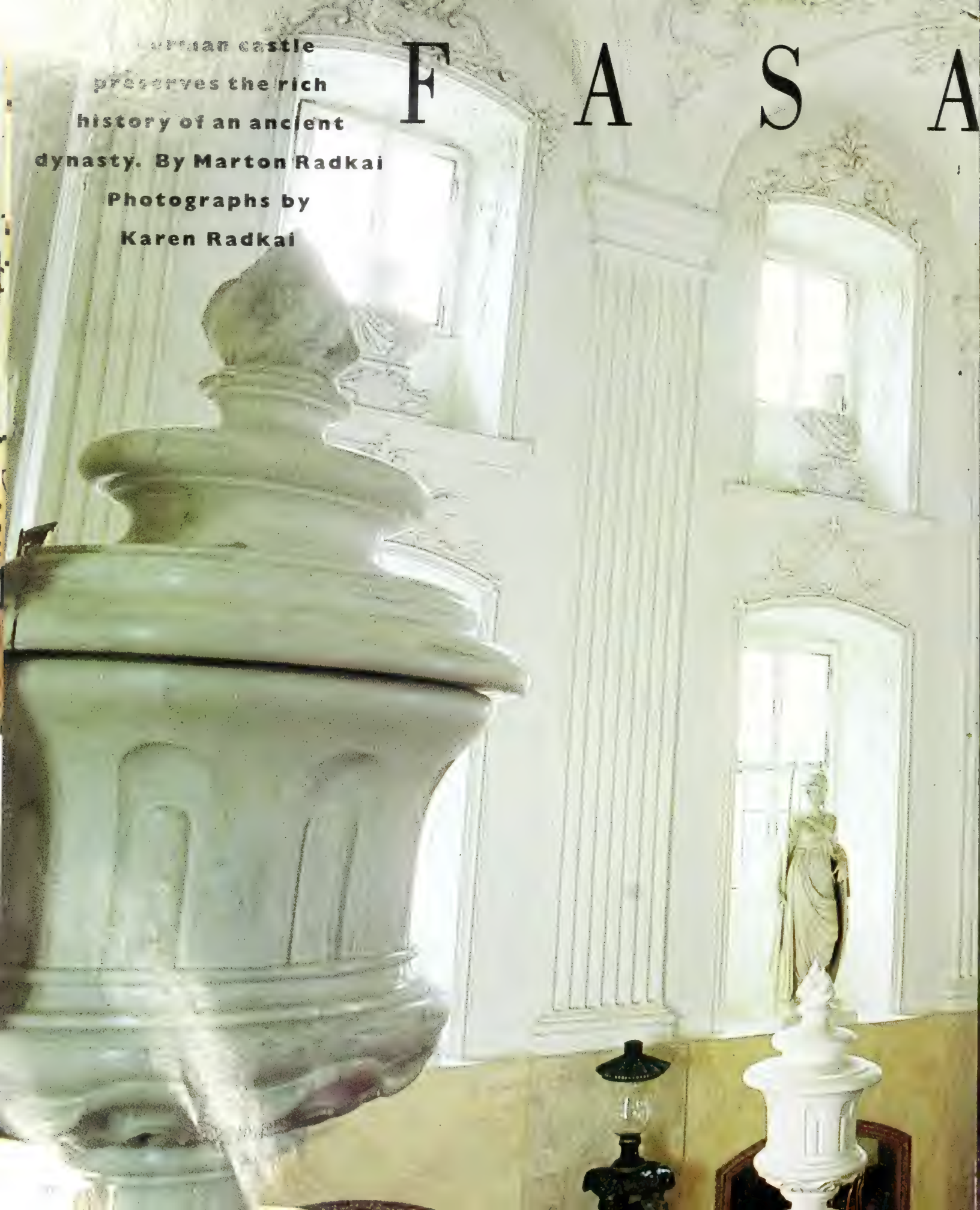


An Otto Wagner table holds two Koloman Moser glasses and a c. 1925 perforated-brass lamp by Desny. The candelabras are by Serrurier-Bovy. The framed fashion illustration was a gift from a friend. Opposite: Maier's father designed the night tables that flank his son's bed and support twin telephones. *What did you do last night?* is by Spanish artist Joan Rabascall.

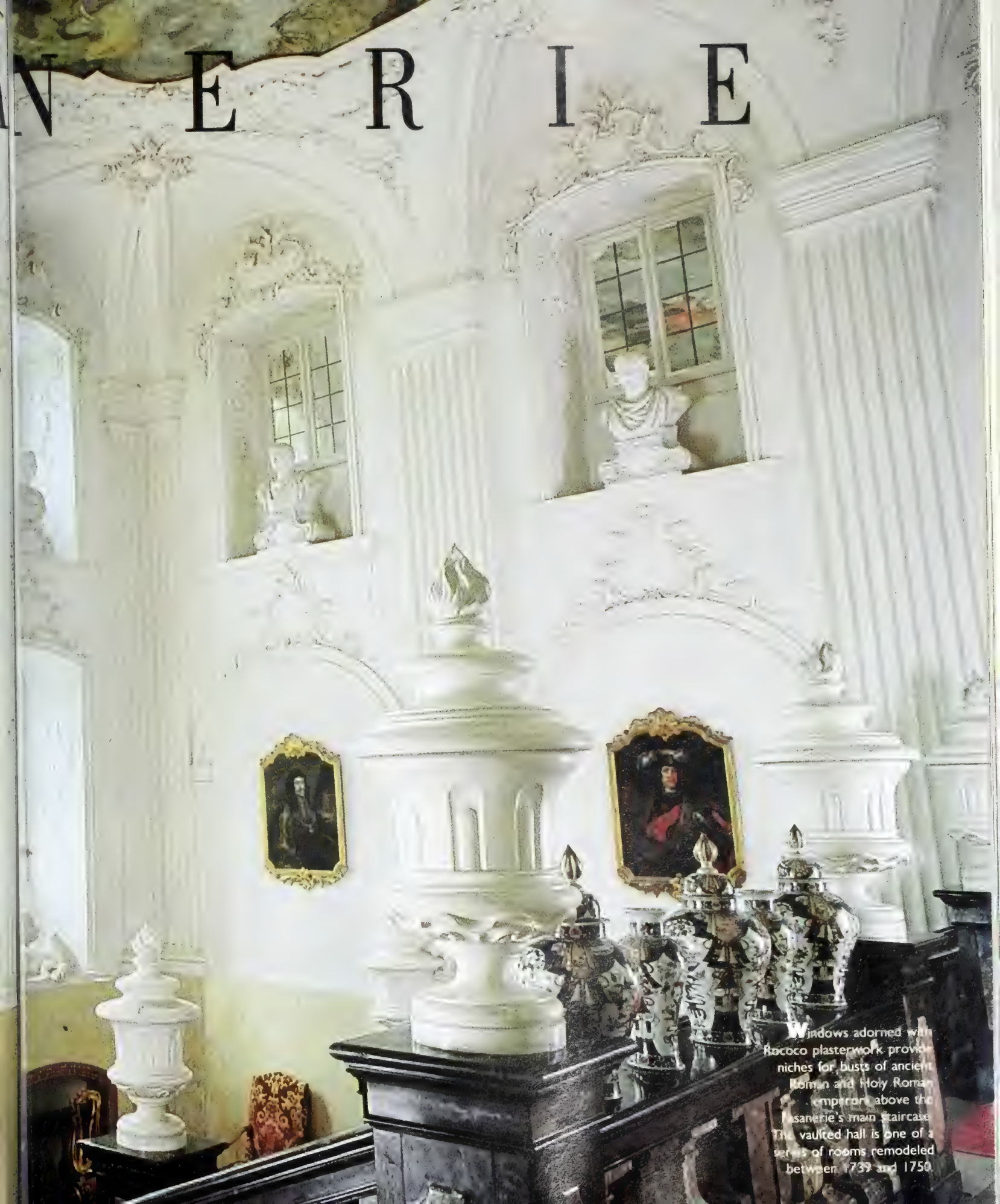
FASA

A Hungarian castle preserves the rich history of an ancient dynasty. By Marton Radkai

Photographs by Karen Radkai



N E R I E



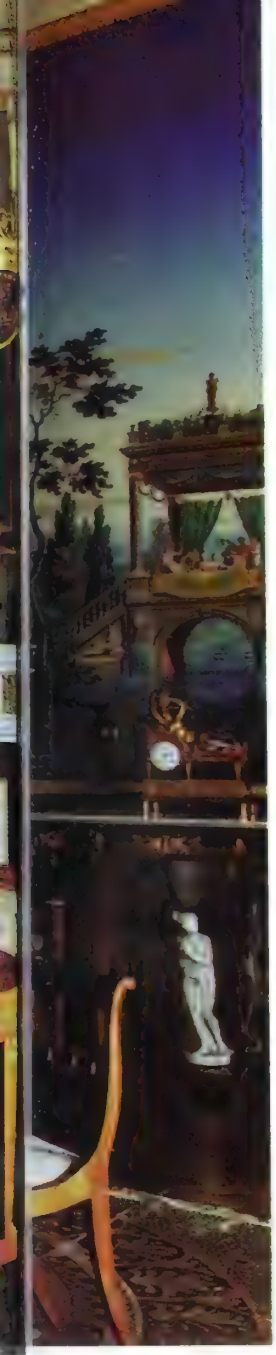
Windows adorned with Rococo plasterwork provide niches for busts of ancient Roman and Holy Roman emperors above the Hasanerie's main staircase. The vaulted hall is one of a series of rooms remodeled between 1739 and 1750.





In the foothills of the Rhön mountains south of Fulda, West Germany, lies a pretty Baroque castle called the Fasanerie, which has belonged for almost 175 years—since 1928 by way of a nonprofit foundation—to the Hesses, one of Europe's oldest noble dynasties. In a corner of the living quarters is a little boudoir, bathed in muted silver and hues of violet, which tells part of the rich history of the castle and the Hesse family. Sunlight filtering through the lace curtains catches the florid curves of silver objects neatly filling a trunk on the floor—perfume bottles, jewel boxes, brushes and combs, bowls and candleholders—all made by French silversmiths working in nineteenth-century Saint Petersburg. Atop the dressing table stand portraits of the grand duchess Olga and the czarevich Alexander, the sister and brother of the grand duchess Alexandra Nikolaievna, the doe-eyed beauty for whose dowry all these ornate objects were made. Although most of her dowry remained in her husband's house, the princess was not to follow her belongings to the Fasanerie; Alexandra Nikolaievna's brief romantic union with Friedrich Wilhelm of Hesse ended abruptly in Saint Petersburg in 1844 with a case of childbed fever when she was nineteen years old.

Actually, few people have ever lived at the Fasanerie for any length of time. In spite of its impressive cast-iron stoves and



Scenic wallpaper in the music room, above, printed by Dufour in 1820, depicts the mythical travels of Antenor. An Empire center table, settee, and chairs are placed near an English mantelpiece, c. 1800, above which hangs a self-portrait of Augusta of Prussia. Left: The entrance pavilion designed by Andrea Gallasini. Right: A Neoclassical gallery displays a collection of Greek and Roman antiquities.







Under the dining room ceiling, left, painted by Emanuel Wohlhaupter, 1740–50, a gilt-bronze centerpiece made in Berlin in 1818 presents an array of candelabra and epergnes. Above: Wall moldings frame vast scenes of a heron hunt by Johann Heinrich Tischbein the Elder, 1766, in the former bedroom of the landgrave Friedrich Wilhelm of Hesse. Giltwood furniture made in Kassel, c. 1800, harks back to 18th-century French court styles.

Baroque *Kachelöfen,* the castle, because of harsh weather conditions in the Rhön and its remote location, seldom served any other purpose than that of a summer residence, to be used for relaxation and hunting a few weeks out of the year.

The original owner, Amand von Buseck (1685–1756), prince-abbot and later prince-bishop of Fulda, had conceived of the Fasanerie as a castle appropriate to his rank but not ostentatious, with large rooms to entertain fellow dignitaries and a chapel for religious rites. By the time the Hesses acquired the castle in 1816 as a reward for their staunch conservatism during the French Revolution, it had been used as a field hospital, among other things, and subsequently was plundered by Napoleon's decimated Grande Armée on its retreat from Russia. But the Fasanerie still possessed enough charm to enchant Wilhelm II, elector of Hesse, who acceded to the throne in 1821. He commissioned one of Germany's finest architects, Johann Conrad Bromeis, to redesign the interior.

The vaulted entrance hall, the lofty stairwell with its double staircase and busts of Roman and Holy Roman emperors, and the light-filled rooms that connect the two wings remained by and large intact. Here and there faux marbre and simple trompe l'oeil replaced the Baroque stucco laced with vine motifs and plump angels.

For his wife, Augusta of Prussia, Wilhelm II had gardens laid out near the castle with long peaceful paths so that she could indulge in her favorite sport, a kind of nineteenth-century power walking. (It is said she died from an ague caught in the brisk Rhön air.) Wilhelm II eventually turned the Fasanerie and a small residence in Fulda over to Augusta, a seemingly generous gesture with an ulterior motive: he felt far more at home in his brand-new Kassel residence in the romantic company of the countess Reichenbach, née Emilie Ortlöpp, daughter of a Berlin goldsmith.

In 1866 the Hesses chose the wrong side in the war between Prussia and Austria and temporarily lost all their possessions to the victorious Prussians. A few years later they were granted a generous settlement, including the return of the Fasanerie, which was then periodically inhabited by Friedrich Wilhelm, Alexandra Nikolaievna's husband, and his second wife, Anna



of Prussia. A fine pianist, Anna traveled throughout Europe taking in cultural events and generously supporting budding musicians. She entertained friendships with the Schumanns, Anton Rubinstein, Joseph Joachim, as well as Brahms, who was sufficiently impressed by her charms to dedicate the score of his Piano Quintet in F Minor to her. After Friedrich Wilhelm's death in 1884, Anna moved permanently to the seclusion of the Fasanerie.

In 1949, the landgrave Philipp, Anna's grandson, selected the Fasanerie as a repository for his family's scattered possessions. Once again the castle was in desperate need of restoration, having been an inadvertent target of Allied bombers. With perseverance verging on obsession, Philipp combed Hessian castles and attics and came up with truckloads of cabinets, chests, beds, sofas, chairs, tables, paintings, tapestries, vases, mirrors, and trunk loads of small articles. Then, with a Teutonic sense of perfection and a great deal of good taste, he transformed the lot into an exquisite organic entity.

No detail was too small to merit his attention, no item too insignificant to find some place at the foot of a bed, on a dressing table, or on a desk. Hundreds of miniatures depict generation upon generation of Hesses and their spouses, lovers, and friends. In one glass case are Chinese snuff bottles made of various precious materials which once provided some noble Hessian noses with a postprandial sniff and sneeze. Table services from some of the world's finest porcelain manufacturers—Sèvres, Dresden, Copenhagen, Berlin, and even a short-lived local one sponsored by the bishop of Fulda—had to be sorted and displayed. Places had to be





In the boudoir of the grand duchess Alexandra Nikolaievna, wife of the landgrave Friedrich Wilhelm, ght, portraits of the young bride's sister and brother, Grand Duchess Olga and :zarevich Alexander, ank the mirror on a Renaissance Revival essing table, c. 1840. he slipper chairs are Russian, of the same period. Left: The rincess's fitted trunk silver toilet articles was sent from Saint Petersburg as part of her dowry. Far left: Neoclassical gilt borders and painted clusters of fruit and flowers decorate a 1,500-piece dinner service from the royal porcelain factory in Berlin.

found or made for all the silver and gold.

To this date, almost ten years after the landgrave Philipp's death, those who remember his sudden appearances at the castle drop their voices in respect when speaking of him. Hardly any object he touched has changed places, possibly for fear that the landgrave's ghost might emerge from a vase to exact retribution.

A visitor to the Fasanerie is greeted by Philipp's pride and joy, one of Germany's finest private collections of antiquities. The entrance hall is filled with ancient Roman busts on columns, from unknown soldiers to Agrippa, Constantine the Great, and Nero. An octagonal annex houses more sculpture from ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Complementing the chaste view of the castle lawn and Rhön fields out of the real windows are landscape views of the gardens at Wilhelmshöhe, a Hesse residence near Kassel—panoramas that were salvaged from yet another Hesse residence near Frankfurt. Philipp's *Drang nach Süden*, that mysterious German affliction known as a "thirst *(Text continued on page 147)*

The walls of a chamber in the north wing, right, are lined in antique toile from Lorraine printed with figures of Diana and Apollo. An early 19th century German painted cabinet stands below a grouping of family portraits. The doorway beyond the writing table set with an Empire clock and urns opens onto a bedroom in the Louis XVI style. Above: An anonymous court artist painted the landgrave Ernst of Hesse-Rheinfels in 1625.

The landgrave juggled with as many decorative movem



d fashions as there are leitmotifs in Wagner's Der Ring des Nibelungen



A sylvan 70-acre compound with a lake and two houses—one for summer and for winter—is a retreat for nature to Leonard and Evelyn Lauder, both of whom have fond memories of long summers at camp counselors and ... ryth. The CEO of E... Lauder, Inc., and his ... vice president take an ... tour of their rustic retreat. Opposite: The summer hou...

Into the Woods

For Leonard and Evelyn Lauder, a lakeside fishing camp decorated by Thad Hayes is a serene counterpoint to life in Manhattan

By Charles Gandee Photographs by Oberto Gili





Designer Thad Hayes, above, mixed vintage Adirondack and stick furniture with contemporary variations on the vernacular theme by woodworker David Robinson. The summer house's galley kitchen is adjacent to the screened porch, below, which enables the Lauders to enjoy mosquito-free dining and views of the lake, opposite below. Right: A Big Sur–style burl maple coffee table is the centerpiece of the living room where a massive stone fireplace keeps the chill out of the uninsulated house. The armchair is covered in a woven cotton plaid from Brunschwig. Details see Resources.



It's a long long way from the Fifth Avenue penthouse duplex that Leonard and Evelyn Lauder call home in Manhattan to the lakeside retreat they call home in—well, in a place they prefer to keep a secret. In fact, the distance between the Lauders' accommodations in the city and the Lauders' accommodations in the country is so great that it cannot be measured in mere miles. After all, how can you gauge how far it is between unabashedly out of this world and unapologetically down to earth?

Up in the Lauders' penthouse, eighteenth-century French furniture and a twentieth-century art collection guaranteed to make a curator covetous fill a seemingly endless succession of elegantly scaled, proportioned, and detailed rooms. Over the years, Barbara Schwartz, Mark Hampton, and Naomi Leff have each contributed their respective design talents to the urbane splendor, and their labors show. But on Friday afternoons, when the business of overseeing the family cosmetics empire has ended for the week, the CEO of Estée Lauder, Inc., and his favorite corporate vice president turn their backs to Fifth Avenue and escape to a place where domestic grandeur is but a memory.

The only luxuries to be found at the Lauders' fishing camp are a lake, a stream, a waterfall, and seventy acres of trees. True, there are also two houses, but they don't qualify. One is a modest one-bedroom log cabin. The other is an even more modest one-bedroom board-and-batten cottage.

When the Lauders bought their idyllic escape two years ago, they flirted with the idea of razing the humble houses and starting again. Even now, there's a faintly wistful tone in Evelyn's voice when she describes the house that might have been: "I can just envision it, a proper copy of an old Adirondack camp with deerheads and Indian blankets and Stickley furniture." But Leonard decided that they should "keep it simple," that they should discipline themselves by accepting what was existing. And Evelyn, who is a good sport, agreed.

"Our objective was not to turn something simple into something grand," explains Leonard, "but to bring something simple to its ultimate level of simplicity." And for that they needed professional assistance from someone other than Barbara Schwartz, Mark Hampton, or Naomi Leff.

Thad Hayes is a 34-year-old designer with a small downtown office. Although he moved to New York from Baton Rouge eleven years ago and his first job in the big



"If you think of the little cabin as a house,
then it's a bit mean. But if you think of it
as a tent, then it's huge and luxurious"





city was a walled-in roof garden for actor Robert De Niro, he has not lost either his aw-shucks southern charm or his easy Louisiana drawl. Four years in the highly polished office of Bray-Schaible Design may have taught Hayes the upscale ways of Manhattan's upwardly mobile, though he still seems to prefer Levi's to double-breasted suits. All of which seemed just right to Leonard and Evelyn Lauder.

To Hayes the Lauders' domestic brief was a familiar one. After all, on Friday afternoons the young designer locks the door on his white-walled concrete-floored Tribeca loft and heads off in a jeep to his upstate New York farmhouse filled with pie safes, cow portraits, quilts, and Mission bookcases. But before Hayes could do for the Lauders what he had already done for himself, he had to attend to the nondecorative agenda presented by the cabin and the cottage, which were, in Evelyn's words, "falling apart."

The first order of business was to return the two houses to working order. So Hayes replaced leaking roofs and inadequate electrical systems, refinished floors and restained walls. "We wanted to restore the houses as if we were building them new fifty years ago," explains Leonard, adding that it never even occurred to him to insulate the summer cottage. (In the fall and early spring the Lauders simply don long underwear and pile on blankets.) Leonard does confess, however, that telltale signs of gentrification can be glimpsed here and there. "We're not embarrassed by our washer and dryer," he claims with a laugh.

Once the unromantic task of making the houses livable was completed, Hayes took off for Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village, where his favorite purveyors of American furniture and crafts hang out their shingles. At Kelter-Malcé he found a



A 19th-century Irish piecrust table flanked by Indiana hickory chairs, above, offers visual support for a collection of porcelain fish plates that Thad Hayes found in a flea market. Right: Because storage space was at a premium, the designer inserted a Shaker-style chest of drawers into the wall between bedroom and porch.









Designer Hayes provided for lazy days on the lake with, clockwise from top left, a painted rocking chair from Cynthia Beneduce, NYC; an overstuffed sofa covered in a Brunschwig plaid; a bedside table from Kelter-Malcé, NYC; and a blue-painted worktable Evelyn Lauder found in Santa Fe.

bedside table with a heart carved out of the base and a child's twig chair with an eagle motif on the seat. At Susan Parrish he found a white linen bedspread, and at Cynthia Beneduce he found lawn furniture from the twenties and thirties painted in brilliant shades of blue, yellow, and red. On trips uptown Hayes uncovered eight hickory dining chairs at Newel and a drop-leaf table at America Hurrah. Although Evelyn was traveling much of the time Hayes was shopping, she nonetheless took part in the hunt. On a visit to Santa Fe, for example, she found a blue-painted worktable. It was also Evelyn who suggested that Hayes might like working with David Robinson, whom she knew from her work on the board of the Central Park Conservancy: when not restoring gazebos in the park, Robinson designs and builds furniture inspired by the Adirondacks and traditional stick pieces. Impressed with Robinson's craftsmanship, Hayes collaborated with him on a series of variations on the vernacular theme, from tables to bookshelves to a new front porch with decorative fretwork for the log cabin.

But decorative fretwork notwithstanding, don't the Lauders miss the, shall we say, domestic amenities they enjoy back in the city? Not at all. "It's wonderful to get away from civilization to a place where the only sounds are the sounds of the birds and the rustling leaves," explains Evelyn. "This place restores us to nature. It brings us back to the simple things." To which Leonard adds: "For us this is luxury." ▲

A rough-hewn footbridge along the path that encircles the lake, left, was built by the Lauders' Portuguese gardener. Below: Somewhat more refined is the sycamore bookshelf that David Robinson crafted, complete with a decorative laurelwood wishbone.







"Our objective was to bring something simple to its ultimate level of simplicity"



An insulated alternative to the uninsulated summer house is a one-bedroom log cabin, top, furnished with the same mix of twig, bark, and Adirondack pieces. The library-dining table was built by David Robinson. Hickory chairs are from Newel Art Galleries, NYC. Above: A portico with stripped cedar railings and fretwork was added to the cabin for an ornamental flourish. Right: The Lauders take it easy in the hammock.



A portrait of John Cheim, left, by Alex Katz. Right: In the main living area of the loft an Empire daybed upholstered in mohair is the habitual napping spot for cats Jeff and Scott. Surrounding it is a set of modular chairs—dressed up with pale yellow polished-cotton slipcovers —which Cheim discovered on one of his frequent thrift shop forays. Floors were covered in poured acrylic for a highly reflective, seamless effect.

COURTESY ROBERT MILLER GALLERY,

The Eye Has It

The loft of New York gallery director John Cheim reflects his wide-ranging vision

By Celia McGee

Photographs by Eric Boman





There are those who would seat art and style at separate tables. John Cheim isn't one of them. The young director of the Robert Miller Gallery is known not only for his brilliant eye but also for the look and image he has given the gallery, making it one of the most highly regarded—and star-studded—in New York. He designs and oversees the printing of its elegant catalogues, designs its ads and publicity materials, and hangs the shows. Cheim designed the gallery itself—the cool white walls and bleached wood floors, the intimate exhibition space, the amalgam of attitude, intelligence, and gentility. "It's unusual for a dealer to be so talented artistically," says the painter Robert Greene, who showed at Miller recently. "Style," says Alex Katz, another Miller artist, "is almost a code for him of what's right and what's wrong."

Cheim maintains that code in his loft, 4,000 light-filled square feet on a high floor of a building in the Flatiron district. As in the gallery, he aims for a kind of rich simplicity. He is constantly editing and refining, arranging rather than placing, turning furniture into objects and objects into art. The loft was originally a glove and purse factory. "When I first walked in, before the factory had moved," Cheim remembers, "there were a lot of older women sitting bent over sewing machines." He gutted and reconfigured the immense space, stripping off layers of fake paneling and old paint. Onto the walls went white, and onto the ceiling, and even the floor, which Cheim covered with a shiny poured acrylic popular during the synthetics-crazy years following World War II. Against this background, furniture and paintings seem to float, not in space but on it. Cheim has made the loft's large scale grand. The views contribute. Out his bedroom window looms the Italianate clock tower of the Metropolitan Life Insur-

Behind a plywood and leather chair by Thonet, a 1956 canvas by Al Held, left, is tilted against one wall of the uncluttered sitting room where Cheim and friends gather "to talk and look at paintings." The curvaceous silhouette of a tall lamp—one of three found at flea markets—echoes the contours of a Gilbert Rohde biomorphic table. Opposite: Colorful ceramic oil jars on the kitchen counter and a pink vinyl 1950s diner stool offset the brilliant hues of David Salle's *Salesgirls*, hung above an African bench in the hall.





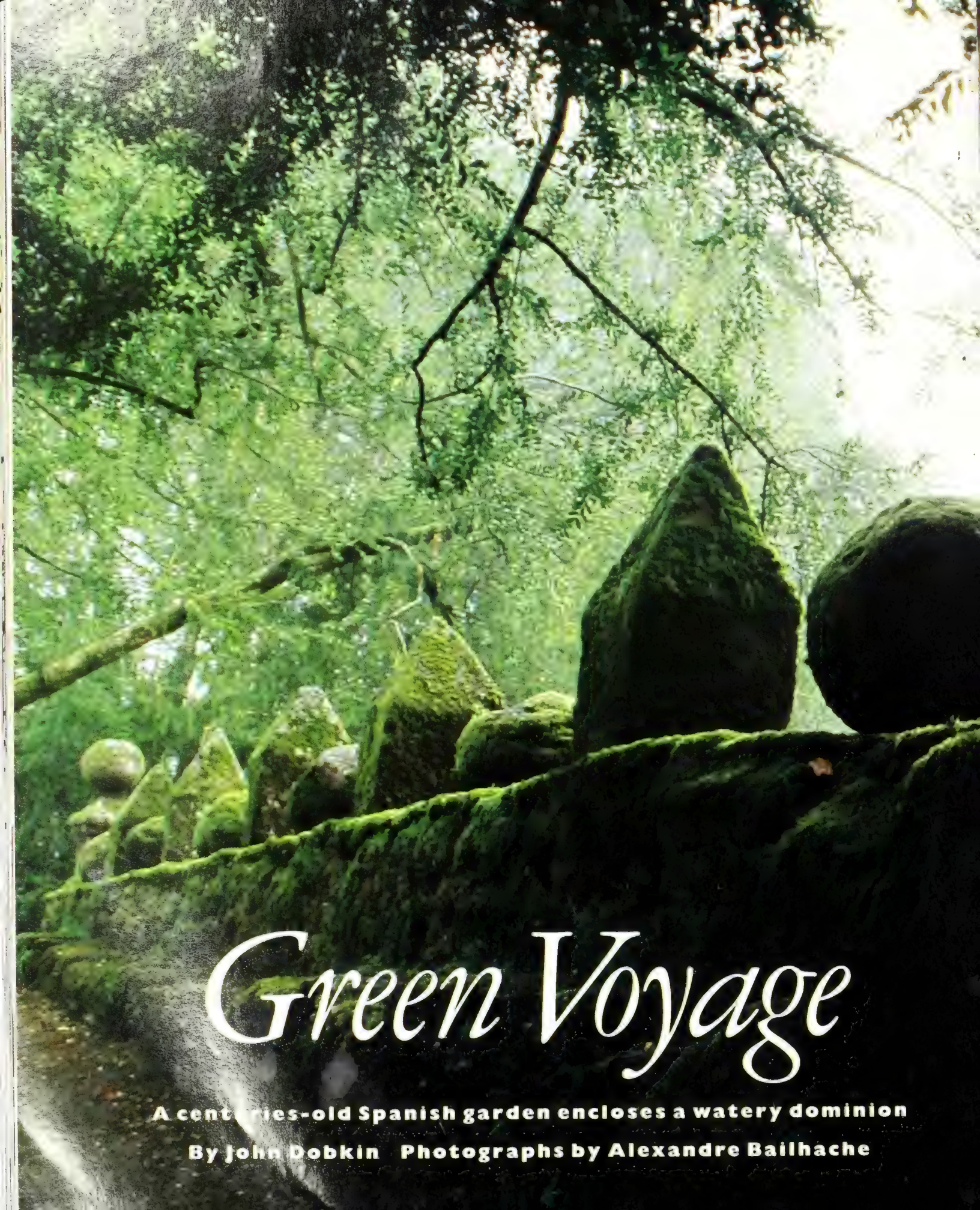
A 1960s version of a Louis XV chair, above, in its original silk, is engulfed by Milton Resnick's *The Way Becomes Spirit* in the sitting room. Opposite: Next to an Alvar Aalto chair stacked with books in the bedroom, a metal and frosted-glass table, which Cheim found rusting in a friend's backyard, supports a group of ceramic vases and an Ecuadorean carving of a dog's head. A 1930s medical lamp illuminates an abstract painting by Joan Mitchell behind the bed and Alice Neel's *Jackie Curtis as a Boy* standing on the floor.

ance Building on Madison Square. "My clock," he calls it affectionately.

The sense of open space in the loft is essential for someone who grew up in California and Colorado. It is invaluable, too, for just plain "looking at art," a passion Cheim traces back to his childhood. "I worked on my coloring books very hard as a little kid," he jokes. "My grandmother was a painter," he adds more seriously, "and a decorator at Gump's in San Francisco when she was young. She had one of those great 1920s houses filled with paintings, Oriental rugs, all kinds of Chinese stuff, goldfish ponds in the backyard. She was very artistic." After two years at the University of Colorado, Cheim transferred to the Rhode Island School of Design, where he studied painting and made several of his closest friends, including Howard Read, now director of photography at Robert Miller, and the painter Jedd Garet. He came to New York in 1977 and within a few months found a job at the fledgling Miller Gallery. In walked "this boy," an acquaintance of Cheim's once remarked, "with a face like one of Bob's beloved Greek statues and an art degree to boot."

Much of the art Cheim favors is also on a grand scale—in the loft hang two sweeping Milton Resnicks heavily impastoed with mountainscapes of paint, an emotion-packed Lee Krasner from 1962, David Salle's brazen *Salesgirls*, and several oversize Cindy Sherman photographs. The Shermans speak to *(Text continued on page 144)*





Green Voyage

A centuries-old Spanish garden encloses a watery dominion

By John Dobkin Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache



Boldly carved granite battlements and ornamental spheres crown the walls surrounding the double irrigation ponds at the Pazo de Oca. As in the 17th century, the majestic gardens are linked to a working farm.





It is the presence of so much water that distinguishes the region of Galicia from other parts of Spain. Brooks, rivers, the sea, and abundant rainfall make this an ever-green land. Water that irrigates, drives the mills and turbines, moderates the climate—water is the predominant force in this northwest corner of the Iberian peninsula, and moss green is the prevailing color. Water, unsurprisingly, is what one first notices at the Pazo de Oca. It rushes through irrigation channels, drops from moss-covered walls, lies in pools, splashes from fountains, and harmonizes two very different elements at Oca, the farm and the garden.

A *pazo,* a word used only in Galicia to designate a country seat or manor peculiar to the region, was traditionally a working estate. Fortified in medieval times, these estates were established near the cities of Santiago de Compostela, Pontevedra, and La Coruña and later served as summer residences for the aristocracy of Galicia. The Pazo de Oca, sixteen miles outside Santiago de Compostela, was always one of the largest and most important of these manor estates. Today it is certainly the most famous, particularly for its gardens which are open to the public year-round. Begun in the seventeenth century, the gardens were laid out following the contours of the land and respecting the location of water. Productivity was emphasized, with fruit, vegetables, flax, grains, and grapes being among the principal crops. As the Pazo de Oca prospered, its owners added decorative elements to the farm, or *huerta,* and Baroque gardens were instituted within the *pazo* walls. Added to the *huerta* were sculpture, heraldic emblems, benches, balustrades, and fountains of granite.

The duke of Segorbe, son of the Pazo de Oca's present owner, had the family coat of arms emblazoned in boxwood, left, near the eastern end of the estate chapel. Above: Beyond a Baroque bridge and mill on the upper pond, the manor house is partly visible through the treetops.

What is impressive about the Pazo de Oca is the mix of Baroque fantasy and agricultural common sense

Two irrigation ponds provided the unifying element. Oblongs set at a 45-degree angle to the house and slicing through the gardens, these ponds, referred to as the *estanque de arriba* (upper pond) and the *estanque de abajo* (lower pond), still dominate today. For centuries after the ponds were created the symbolism incorporated into their design remained obscure, but research in the estate archives solved the mystery. In the upper pond an island in the form of a stone boat can still be seen, with two standing figures fore and aft, one the master and the other the servant. Porcelain vases and stone cannons are located along the boat's perimeter. In the seventeenth century this boat was planted with sweet oranges and is now home to hydrangeas. The upper pond, then as now, was tranquil and symbolized heaven. In the lower pond was a second boat, which has since disappeared. Its passengers were monsters. Lemons were its harvest, and the coat of arms of the owners of Oca was prominently displayed. Fed by water gushing from a serpent's mouth, the lower pond was turbulent and represented hell. The ponds, having different water levels, irrigate different parts of the gardens. What impresses the visitor today is the mix of Baroque fantasy and agricultural common sense that went into this extraordinary architectural creation, which sustains both the ornamental trees and shrubs and the flax and vineyards as it captivates the eye and imagination.

In the eighteenth century a degree of formality was imposed on the gardens. Avenues and walkways were laid out in regular patterns within the walls, in keeping with the taste of the time. In the early nineteenth century, Francisco Vié, a Frenchman who was head gardener at the Royal Palace in Madrid, was asked to create within the gardens at Oca what the Spaniards call *paisajista.* The gardens were deformalized. Irregular vistas were added, as were a se-



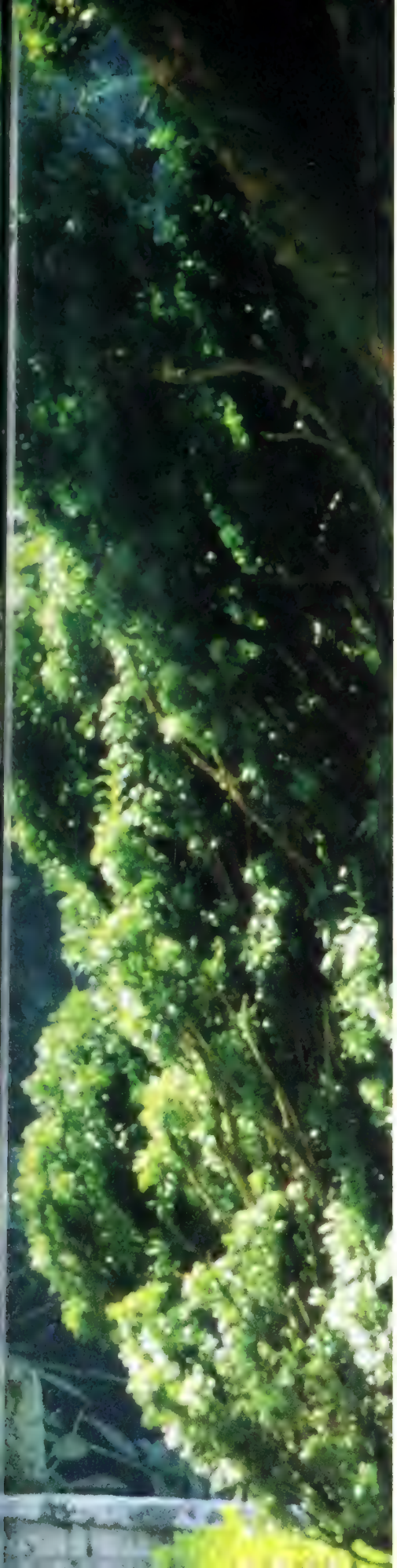


In the seventeenth century the tranquil upper pond symbolized heaven. The lower pond, fed by water gushing from a serpent's mouth, represented hell

At the center of the upper pond, left, hydrangeas bloom in an 18th-century stone boat manned by statues of a master and servant. The master, at the prow, originally held a fishing rod. Above: Water streams into an irrigation channel from a mossy spout in the form of a cannon.



Geometric hedges extend the architecture of [illegible] merlons and balustrades. Ancient unclipped [illegible] form a canopy over [illegible]. Opposite: A view from the north tower over a box-wood parterre, with the [illegible] Valley in the distance.





ries of buildings—including an incongruous Swiss chalet—and the working farm all but disappeared. The marquess of Camarasa, proprietor of Oca until his death in 1947, worked during the 1920s and '30s to restore the garden's Baroque elements. Many of Vié's structures were removed and the *huerta* was reestablished.

The gardens suffered during the Spanish Civil War and in the years that followed. In 1947 the Pazo de Oca passed through inheritance to the duchess of Medinaceli, niece of the marquess of Camarasa, and her son Ignacio, the duke of Segorbe, became interested in Oca. In 1971, he began to reconstruct the gardens. Like his great-uncle, the duke had in mind to restore the balance between the decorative garden and the working farm. A seventeenth-century mill was restored, as was a seventeenth-century winter garden, which at some point had been converted into stables. Vegetables were planted, both edible and ornamental. Vineyards were introduced in the Galician manner of earlier centuries, a pergola encouraging the grapes to take advantage of the sun.

The camellias that the Spaniards call *rosas de Japón,* or Japanese roses, are now stories tall; dating from as early as the eighteenth century, they are considered the oldest of their kind. Azaleas and rhododendron survived periods of neglect. Some of the hedges were pruned back, but others, like the boxwood that now towers over walkways, were left untouched. The gardens are at their most exciting in late winter when the camellias, mimosa, rhododendron, azaleas, and gardenias are in bloom. In the spring the presence of the farm is felt with the appearance of vegetables, fruits, and herbs. In the summer and fall the linden allée is the chief attraction, as much for the light filtering through the leaves as for the orderly trees themselves.

The Pazo de Oca, at once practical and poetic, has been reclaimed. The playfulness of the seventeenth century, the formality of the eighteenth, the romance of the nineteenth are captured in its walkways and vistas. The water and light of Galicia and its mild climate make these gardens among the most varied and beautiful in all of Spain—a palimpsest of garden history. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

Fran-de-Siècle

HG talks to Fran Lebowitz about design trends in the nineties and what the end of the century might look like

HG: *If you had to furnish a room that epitomized the style of the 1980s, what would you put in it?*

FRAN LEBOWITZ: Can I use actual piles of cash? That's what I think would most symbolize the decade—it would also have been more to the point.

Primarily, it seemed to me that people were making a very large effort to appear as if they were members of some sort of aristocracy. An American's idea of an aristocrat is always an Englishman. So there was lots of English furniture and chintz. And lots of art—school of Expensive.

HG: *Will the display of wealth—old or new—remain a visible motive in design in the 1990s?*

FL: The thing about lots of money is that you can't have a great house, a really great house, unless you have a lot of money. But you can't have an awful house unless you have a lot of money, either—because no one else could afford to make such mistakes. Have you ever seen an awful house that wasn't owned by a rich person? I never have. You go into the house of a regular person, and they may have ugly things—but the motivation is not bad, so it doesn't bother you. In a rich person's house, ugly things drive you wild. There's nothing worse than seeing that someone has chosen the wrong $150,000 carpet. You don't feel this way about regular carpeting that people buy from a carpet store. I suppose you feel that regular people choose bad objects just because they like them—and there's something attractive about that. Rich people often choose terrible objects because they long for something you don't think they should have. There is a sameness—even if all the objects are different and even if all the objects are good—to the environments of people who are seeking something from their furniture that is not actually to be found in furniture. That kind of interior makes me at once bored and angry. My two salient emotions.

It is important that the average person with a bad [illegible] not express himself very much in his own home

I can think of houses where every single thing is wonderful—and the effect is awful. Character surfaces even in surfaces. Things become more quickly clichéd now than they used to because there's more media. But that's not just interiors. That's everything. Therefore interior design is subject much more to fashion than it used to be. And when people follow fashion, they tend to be more alike.

HG: *What should we strive for instead?*

FL: I would like to see less stridency, less eagerness to display, in fact, I would simply like to see less interest. Having so many people interested in design and architecture is, of course, a bad idea. It makes less likely the possibility of something new. I believe in expertise, and I believe in connoisseurship. When you have lots of people interested in something, it becomes debased. Is architecture really the proper interest of the average person? No. I think they have other things they should do. As more people became interested in architecture, architecture got worse, and the same is true of furniture design. Ten years ago or even less, if you went to an afternoon sale at Sotheby's, there were only seven people there. Now there are 75. That's too much interest. It's bad for design.

HG: *Will we, or should we, change our idea of what makes us comfortable at home?*

FL: I don't think people have ever changed their idea of comfort. I think people stopped concerning themselves with it. Because psychic comfort became more important than actual comfort. If we were being genuinely honest, we would have to say that probably the most comfortable interior environment ever invented is the middle-class suburban house. In other words, comfort, physical comfort, is wall-to-wall carpeting, lots of sofas and chairs, and everything very clean. It is much more comfortable than a villa in Tuscany, than a villa on the Riviera, than the stately homes of England. My parents' house is much more comfortable than the Villa Barbaro—there are fewer Veroneses, but it's more comfortable.

HG: *Will we be more inclined to venture forth from our cozy nests than we were in the eighties?*

FL: As far as people staying in their houses, uncomfortable as they may be, I think as the real environment, life, becomes more uncomfortable, people are more afraid. That's why they stay inside. And I don't mean just afraid that they are going to get mugged but more afraid of facing up to things. What could it

mean, sitting there watching videotapes? That's my idea of drug abuse. Sitting inside your house with machines that communicate with people—fax machines and phone systems—and clicking things and looking at the most banal images in the world fifty million times in a row. This is drug addiction at a very high level.

HG: *Do you think people will ever give that up?*

FL: There are a lot of sociological excuses made for why people decide to stay home all the time. Part of it is that people get older. At 39 years old your desire to go out every night lessens considerably. Being 39—I'm 39—is really middle-aged, if you're lucky. In the history of the world, no one ever expected middle-aged people to be going out before. They didn't say it was because people were cocooning. They said, "After all, my mother is 39. What do you expect? She's no spring chicken."

I think "no spring chicken" is probably the reason for this.

HG: *Does the same factor also account for the continuing popularity of revival styles?*

FL: That probably has to do with the constant search for something old/new to rediscover. Ransacking the past. Some of this could have been a genuine desire to see something after Modernism that wasn't white, that didn't have the look of capital M Modernist design. Actually I was quite a fan of Postmodern architecture when I first saw it. I thought it was funny, which was something I had not really expected from architecture. I love, for instance, the AT&T Building. I thought it was a joke. In a certain way, I still like Postmodernism, because of what happened to Modern architecture.

Simplicity in the hands of people who are not talented is terrible. An elaborate thing poorly executed is better than a simple thing poorly executed because with a simple thing you can really see they don't know what they're doing. Since very few buildings were designed by the three or four great masters of Modernism, I eventually found most Modern architecture to be ugly and dull—and cheesy.

Postmodernism happened to be easy to copy in a terrible way. So it quickly denigrated the things that were really good. It made it hard to look at them. That happens with any small invention. Postmodern architecture, when it got copied, was even worse than Modern architecture when it got copied. Because people looked at it and thought, "With seven different colors of paint, I can do this." And they couldn't, of course, choose the right colors.

HG: *Who should define the style of the nineties?*

FL: I would like to see a genius. It's been a long time. It would be nice for there to be something really new, not just something that looks new. And there hasn't been since Modernism. You need a genius for that. Especially now, to get through the noise.

If that doesn't happen, we are just going to have this constant recycling—in everything. It's in painting and music and movies and writing. And I think people are more comfortable with that. The problem is that what "home" means to people my age is childhood—is being a child. Things that look like the fifties look like home because that's what home looked like when you were that age. It's an emotional reaction. Last Christmas I was in a supermarket and I saw a display of Coca-Cola in those little green bottles. My heart leapt. I thought, "Yes, I'm eight years old again. My dream has come true." I bought billions of them. I asked in several supermarkets, "Are you selling a lot of these?" Yes, they were selling them like crazy. Well, why? "People say it tastes better." It's not that. It's because you thought you were going to get to be eight again, and everything was going to look like it used to look.

One of the ways things used to look was big, because you were small. And it's so comforting to imagine there are things bigger than you. The worst thing about getting older is that you are the biggest thing, and *you* know what you're like. Do you want that person to be in charge of everything? Everyone who is in charge of everything is my age now. Not a comforting thought.



They should make the furniture equivalent of the Brooks Brothers shirt

To love the fifties visually is insane because, except for a very few things that were good, it was absolutely the junk look of all time. There were two or three good designers, and the rest was really junk. So I think it's funny—in the sense of amusing, not unfathomable—that people have made *(Text continued on page 144)*

Playing with the Past

Nicholas Haslam reinterprets a classic Caribbean pavilion by Oliver Messel

By John Richardson Photographs by Michael Mundy





Beneath a chandelier in the dining room, a carved-wood lobster is the centerpiece on a neo-Rococo table painted the color of seaweed. Surrounding it are reproduction Louis XVI chairs slipcovered in crisp white cotton. Seashell-festooned niches in the coral stone wall display stone sculptures.

Haslam adapted the look of an English country house to alfresco life in the tropics





Oliver Messel's stage sets, above all the ones for the Sadler's Wells's *The Sleeping Beauty*, conjured up a never-never land of Rococo artifice that was placeless and timeless. Were we indoors or outdoors, here or there? Was it now or then? Colonnades had a way of evaporating into a blue blue yonder. Forests consisted of haze and drapery, ballrooms of vast volutes and cascades of Fragonard-like foliage. Airy-fairy as these decors seemed, they were theatrically effective. Oliver was a deceptively canny man whose feeling for eighteenth-century architecture and the so-called Picturesque landscapes that went with it was all the stronger for being innate—hadn't his grandfather created Nymans, one of the most romantic gardens in England? His flair for romanticism stood him in good stead when he emigrated to Barbados in 1966 (after designing the sets for a disastrous British musical called *Twang!!*) and embarked on a new career dreaming up houses.

Dreaming up is literally what Oliver did. Instead of working from proper plans like a proper architect, he improvised as he went along, to the consternation of his Barbadian helpers. His Barococo style turned out to have a practical as well as theatrical application. The arcaded buildings he had contrived out of scrim for the Royal Opera House and Glyndebourne were made to order for elegant living in the Caribbean. And they were relatively quick, easy, and cheap to run up—little more bother than doing a set. Over the next twelve years—he died in 1978—Oliver was responsible for some of the prettiest houses on Barbados as well as the island of Mustique, which his friend Colin Tennant (now Lord Glenconner) had bought and colonized. A source of special pride was Les Jolies Eaux, the house on Mustique that Oliver did for Princess Margaret after she mar-

Haslam designed the new coral stone garden façade, above, in the Portuguese Baroque style of the original garden pavilion built by English set designer Oliver Messel in 1960. Left: A reconstructed Italian tempietto overlooks the Caribbean.





An 18th-century statue of Neptune, above, stands at one end of the pool. Left: Faux bois pediments and faux stone walls lend an air of antiquity to the drawing room. Below: Beneath a Victorian lantern, pagoda-shaped sconces hang against treillage in the outdoor sitting room. The banquette and chairs are upholstered in Schumacher's Classic Ticking. Details see Resources.





ried his nephew, now Lord Snowdon.

While making the eighteenth-century house he had bought on Barbados look more eighteenth century than ever, Oliver rented a handsome old mansion called Leamington. The mansion turned out to be for sale, so he talked his friends Jack and Drue Heinz into buying it—with the lure that he would decorate it. Drue Heinz, who collects houses the way other people collect Staffordshire figures, was the perfect patron for Oliver. She was quite unfazed by his alternating bouts of giggles and tantrums and feverish improvisation. As soon as the job was finished, she asked him to build a garden pavilion: a guesthouse cum banqueting hall. "And what fun it would be if we could make use of the roof," she said. In no time Oliver came up with a one-story folly that had a faint look of Queluz, the Rococo palace outside Lisbon. There was a great room with pedimented doorways and two small bedrooms, also a staircase leading to a balustraded roof set at each corner with gigantic stone shells. At night these would be floodlit, and the Heinzes and their guests—Garbo, Charles Addams, and Claudette Colbert among the regulars—would sup there under the stars looking out across the sea that surrounds Leaming- *(Text continued on page 147)*

Haslam[illegible] cool retreat in the master bed[illegible]ght, by using a pale palette against marble tile floors, coral stone walls, and mahogany. At the foot of the bed is [illegible] English faux bamboo bench covered in chintz available from Fonth[illegible] Georgian engravings of m[illegible]ine life and a 19th-century French mirror. Regency side chairs flank a chest by Oliver Messel.





Czar Nicolas II presides over an Orientalist-inspired sofa designed by Jacques Grange. The Austrian elephant-skin stool is covered in Ukrainian silk from Arts and Crafts embroidery. Chinese vases and Indian 19th-century French-inspired cushions add to the Russian theme.

Russian Reverie

Yves Saint Laurent retreats to a dacha on his Norman estate

By Edmund White Photographs by François Halard



Daydreaming is the mother of beauty—at least most creators find their inspiration in reverie. Yves Saint Laurent, whose work so often reinterprets exotic themes, is a solitary who likes to muse and sketch for hours on end in his Paris apartment, his house in Morocco—or now in his Russian-style dacha hidden in a birch forest near his château above the misty coast of Deauville. His friend the decorator Jacques Grange contrived the dacha as a "dream house"—if that means a house *for* dreaming—after they made a trip to Russia for a retrospective exhibition of YSL fashions at the end of 1986. This is where Saint Laurent works or drinks tea with a few close friends.

Seen from the outside, the unpainted wood dacha with the steeply pitched roof is arguably traditional, with its lacily carved extended eaves, its ornate but massive pillars, the stylized rooster on the ridgepole, the fenced-in porch, wicker furniture, and melancholy hydrangeas. Although all the carpentry was done by local craftsmen, it looks less Norman than Ukrainian. If it were realized in gingerbread, it could pass for the house of an amiable witch.

The view is of a valley and the distant Channel shoreline. In the foreground are the English-style gardens of Saint Laurent's estate, an apple orchard and, a five-minute walk away, the main house, Château Gabriel, where Marcel Proust first met his publisher, Gaston Gallimard. The effect of the dacha, however, is not Proustian but Chekhovian, especially when Saint Laurent's partner and friend, Pierre Bergé, comes up the lane in his horse-drawn carriage. But the old-fashioned Uncle Vanya image can be deceiving, since Bergé usually has just arrived from Paris a few moments before in his helicopter, which he pilots himself and lands directly on the château grounds.

The interior of the dacha is as luminous as the inside of a Fabergé Easter egg. The door is an imposing monument, ceremonial, fanciful. Jacques Grange says it reminds him of the sets in *The Scarlet Empress*, Josef von Sternberg's camp film of the 1930s starring Marlene Dietrich. In point of fact the door is a product of the Russian equivalent to the Arts and Crafts movement, a turn-of-the-century return to the so-called Boyar style in Russian wood carving.

"We started with the door," Bergé recalls. "It had been commissioned original-

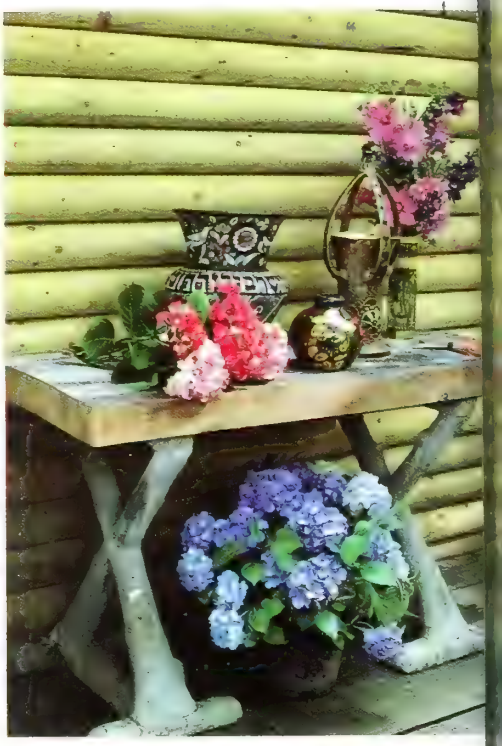


PIERRE VAUTHEY/SYGMA



One of Saint Laurent's models congratulates him, top, after the showing of a recent Rive Gauche collection in Paris. Above: The Romanov coat of arms hangs inside the front door. Right: In Normandy the designer likes to sketch at a writing table set beneath a Belgian Art Nouveau chandelier. The bench in front of the desk is Danish and the armoire behind it is 18th century Provençal.

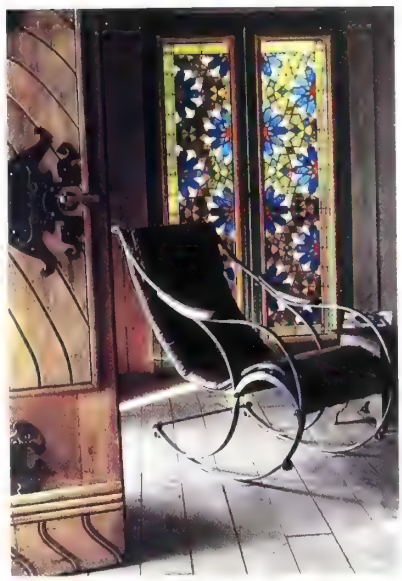
A porch table with legs cast in cement and painted to look like wood, below, holds Turkish, Vallauris, and Austrian Art Nouveau ceramics.







Pierre Bergé, left, drives his carriage through the forest that hides the dacha from the main house. Below left: The Boyar-style front door comes from a village near Leningrad. The chair is Russian Art Nouveau. Right: A 19th-century English steel rocking chair upholstered in leather. Below: Saint Laurent has placed a heart of woven wheat in the kitchen window.





"The interior of the designer's dacha is as luminous as the inside of a Fabergé Easter egg



ly by a Russian prince devoted to reviving the Boyar style. It was carved in the village of Talachkino near Leningrad. After the revolution it made its serendipitous way to Italy, then Czechoslovakia, and finally ended up here in France. Our other starting point was the windows."

He's referring to the eight door-size stained-glass windows made in France but incorporating blue and red abstract Moroccan motifs. The windows report the natural light, of course, but they're also lit artificially from behind and create an unvarying brilliance. Night or day, cloudy or fair, winter or summer, the dacha glows like the controlled paradise of Huysmans's fin de siècle novel *Against the Grain*, whose dandified hero has banished sunlight and the seasons and languishes in rooms that evoke other epochs and cultures.

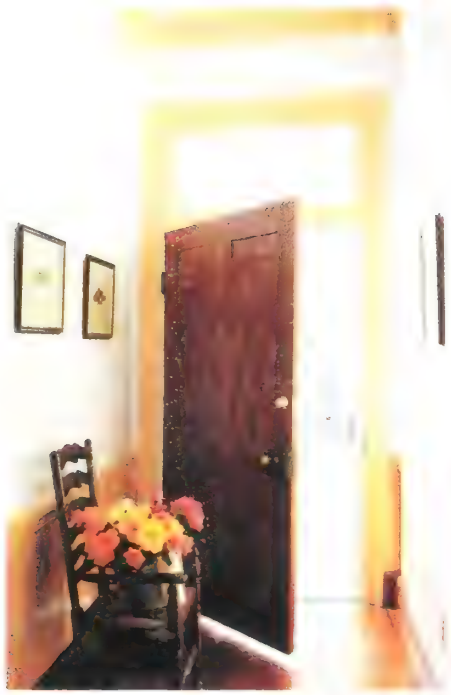
But push back the heavy door to the dacha or open the stained-glass French windows and the artificiality instantly evaporates, giving way to all the simplicity and purity of nature. Autumn leaves invade the room with a dry rustle—there's no threshold separating the floor inside from the porch. The smell of pinecones piled up on a brass tray next to the fireplace (Saint Laurent likes to gather them in the woods), the feel of beeswaxed wood under the hand, the sound of wind in the leaves contrast with the sensations of luxury and artifice emanating from the hothouse flowers, the richly embroidered velvets, the glossy piles of art books.

In fact, the interior, which is one big room as high as it is long with an adjoining bathroom and kitchen, is carefully composed of contrasting elements. The ceiling, walls, and floor are all made of the same sturdy chestnut planks, the only wood that never rots, according to Jacques Grange. All the main features in the room—the stained-glass windows, the beams, the door placed opposite the fireplace—are absolutely symmetrical. Against this systematic spareness is deployed a *(Text continued on page 146)*



An Austrian chair fashioned from hunter's trophy horns, right, stands alongside vintage bathroom fixtures under a 19th-century Turkish chandelier. Opposite: The brass and enamel samovar on the side porch outside the kitchen was given to Yves Saint Laurent by Raisa Gorbachev. Tea is served à la russe in glasses with silver holders.





The Holy City—they call it that because it has 250 churches. Also because it is a religion to some of the inhabitants. Whenever I go to Charleston, I am struck by its profound beauty. There is a dazzling tropic glamour to the houses on the Battery, an enclave of antebellum, and in some cases prerevolutionary, architecture at the end of the peninsula between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, with views of Fort Sumter, where the Civil War began. During the eighteenth century, owners of rice, indigo, and cotton plantations in the outlying areas built their town houses in Charleston to escape the yellow fever and malaria epidemics common at that time during the sweltering summers. "Carolina is in the spring a paradise, in the summer a hell, and in the autumn a hospital," as it was said. So from May to October planters and the attendant city brokers pursued their gaieties in Charleston, a town that became known for its hedonism.

In the 1790s, shipping broker John Blake chose a spacious corner lot on what was then the southernmost street of the Battery to build a stately white Georgian structure. One of the few L-shaped houses in Charleston, it faces onto manicured gardens of camellias, magnolias, and palmettos offset by paths of crushed oyster shells. From the garden gates, Blake could drive his coach down to the wharf and inspect his shipments of cotton as they made their way upriver or buy European wallpaper and furniture off boats coming in from France and England. Double porches—or piazzas as they're called in Charleston—were added to the house in the nineteenth century to catch the breezes coming up from the Battery. Life here carried on in a well-ventilated grand fashion.

In recent years, however, the owner, a man who preferred to live in a hotel in New York, allowed the structure to fall into an advanced state of disrepair. When he ignored his neighbors' protests, Charlestonians with their notable passion for historic preservation petitioned to have him restore or sell. Bessie Hanahan and her husband, the late Roger Hanahan, stepped in at that point and saved the house from neglect.

It was a gray stormy southern day, just after hurricane Hugo, when I went to visit. The electricity flickered on and off and fire alarms mistakenly rang as Bessie Hanahan and her neighbors strolled about their properties inspecting the damage. The house has survived a war, an earthquake, and a number of hurricanes. You get the feeling so could Bessie Hana-



With its narrow side facing the street the L-shaped Georgian house, below, is situated so that its porches face the palmetto-lined garden. Right: Peeling away layers of wallpaper and plywood paneling, decorator Arnold Copper revived the 18th-century grandeur of the interior. The library is an inviting ensemble of Venetian red walls and English antiques. Copper designed the sofa covered in Bailey & Griffin silk. Curtain chintz is from Lee Jofa. Above left: Back hall door is painted faux mahogany. Details see Resources.





Local Colors

A venerable Charleston house is restored with an eighteenth-century palette. By Nancy Lemann Photographs by William Waldron

han, ever with a southern wit and grace.

A droll, drawling native of Greenville, South Carolina, with a longtime love of antiques and historic architecture, she had long had her eye on the house. Seeing beyond the institutional green paint, plywood walls, and sod-covered garden, she bought the property in 1984 and called upon her friend New York decorator Arnold Copper to restore the interior to its former grandeur. With a team of master craftsmen and artisans, Copper spent four years overseeing the progress of the house and searching for period furniture appropriate to its setting. His results are considered to be one of the finest restorations in Charleston, which is saying a lot in a town known for its impeccable standards.



The most remarkable aspect of the interior is its colors—vibrant eighteenth-century shades of red, yellow, and blue like those recently discovered at Mount Vernon and Williamsburg. Copper contacted decorative painters Keith Gibbs and David Watts, who were at work at the time on the Diplomatic Reception Rooms of the State Department, and persuaded them to take a leave of absence to come and paint the Hanahan house. To achieve the desired texture and pigment-drenched tones, they applied milk-based paint in an elaborate series of layers and textures, a technique handed down to Copper from John Fowler, the dean of twentieth-century English decorating. In the dining room, for instance, a white porcelain crackle was painted on the walls, sanded off to a glassy smooth texture, and painted over with Venetian red, which was again polished and then finished off with a Naples gold. The result is a rich warm color—"like a peach shot open," says Copper—that changes with the light. In candlelight the red shines through the yellow creating a glowing atmosphere.

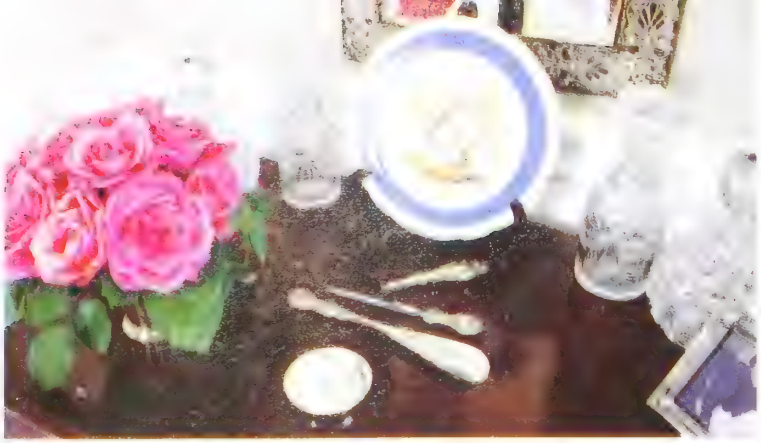
All of the rooms are appointed with high-style eighteenth-century furnishings from the period of the Charleston planters and their sumptuous antebellum life. "Bessie will go to the ends of the earth to find the right piece of furniture," says Copper, who joined Hanahan and her husband on shopping trips throughout the



Copper transformed the original dining room, with its marble-faced fireplace, yellow pine floor, and fine dentil moldings, into an elegant kitchen. A 1920s print of the Baker's chocolate girl rests on the mantel, which was restored, as were all architectural details in the house, by Charleston craftsman David Hoffman.



Decorative painters Keith Gibbs and David Watts applied layers of milk-based paints to create the buttery yellow dining room walls. The mahogany sideboard, c. 1780, is a prime example of early Charleston craftsmanship. The swagged curtains are Lee Jofa pale yellow cotton damask lined with a golden chintz that shines through in the sunlight.



A dressing table still life, above, of cut-glass perfume decanters, garden roses, and 19th-century English porcelain and silver. Below: The gray green guest room is cloaked in its summer covers of white Florentine cotton. The c. 1820 four-poster, which came from a New Orleans estate, harmonizes with English and French antiques of the sort that might have originally adorned the room.

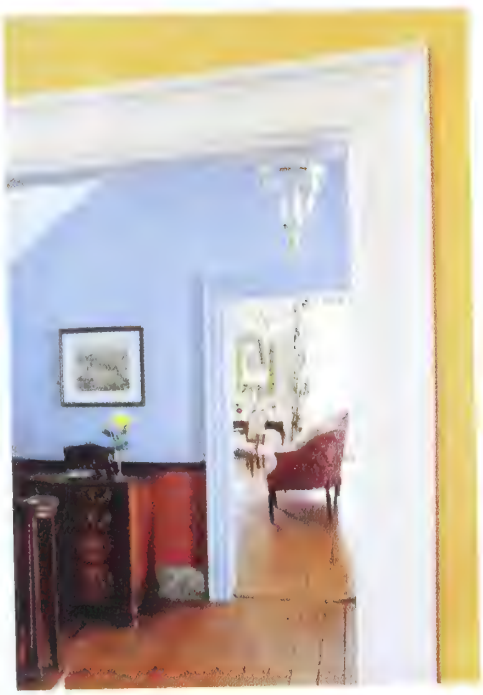
country. One winter, curator Thomas Savage of the Historic Charleston Foundation informed them that an exceptional Charleston Hepplewhite sideboard had come on the market. Aware that eighteenth-century Charleston furniture is scarce—most was destroyed, sold off, or looted during the many disasters punctuating southern history—Hanahan and Copper drove eight hours to see the piece in an antiques shop in the small town of Accomac on Virginia's Eastern Shore. They arrived at night and discovered the dealer didn't have electricity, so they had to do their inspecting with a flashlight. The sideboard is now the prize of the Hanahan dining room where it is joined by a triple-pedestal mahogany table, gold-lined damask curtains, and a monumental silver epergne. The planters loved to dine, and it is fitting that this room is so grand—also fitting because Bessie Hanahan is in charge of hospitality for Charleston's Spoleto Festival. She plans probably 150 parties that take place each year during a seventeen-day stretch. She also frequently entertains, aided by Lucille Grant, the finest Low Country cook between Charleston and Savannah.

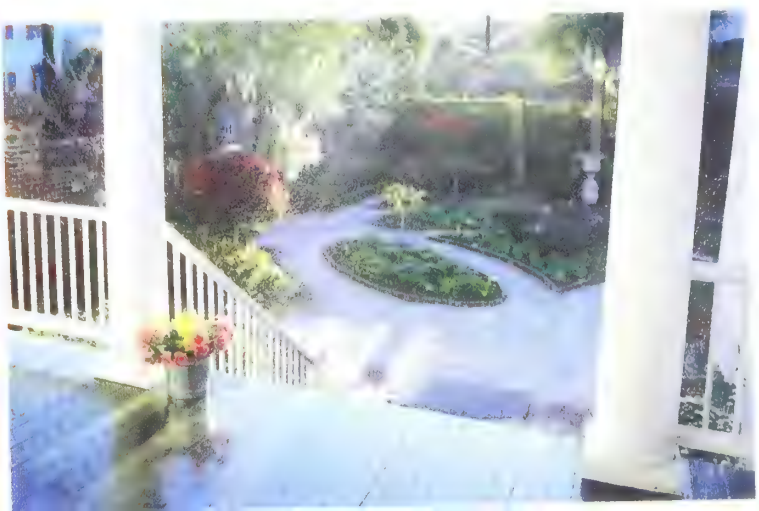
If you go to Charleston in the fall, you will hear the ceaseless news of hurricanes raging toward the South having formed in the tropic zone off Africa or the West Indies. Charleston hadn't been hit with a storm as bad as Hugo since 1893, but the Battery has weathered many storms and the older houses survived better than the newer ones due to their pre-1880s mortise and tenon construction. Most damaged were roofs and chimneys and trees, huge oaks and palms. The palms did better than the oaks because the palms could bend with the wind or, you might say, roll with the punches. "The Lord just makes the cross as heavy as we can bear," said Bessie Hanahan, whose house, so thankfully, was spared. ▲ *Editor: Babs Simpson*



The high-style eighteenth-century furniture recalls Charleston's sumptuous antebellum life

In the drawing room, above, Lee Jofa chintz curtains and Chinese green walls provide a formal backdrop for antiques, which include a French chandelier, c. 1830, from Mary Cassatt's family and an English tea table that once belonged to Alfred Tennyson. The Sèvres porcelain on mantel is from Samuel E. McIntosh, Charleston. Right: The gray blue walls of the entrance hall glow against a Pompeian red dado. Far right: A view of the landmark garden, which was restored by the Charleston firm of Hugh Dargan Associates.









Texas Taj

Architects Charles Moore and Arthur Andersson create a vigorous hybrid of local and exotic traditions.

By Martin Filler

Photographs by Langdon Clay

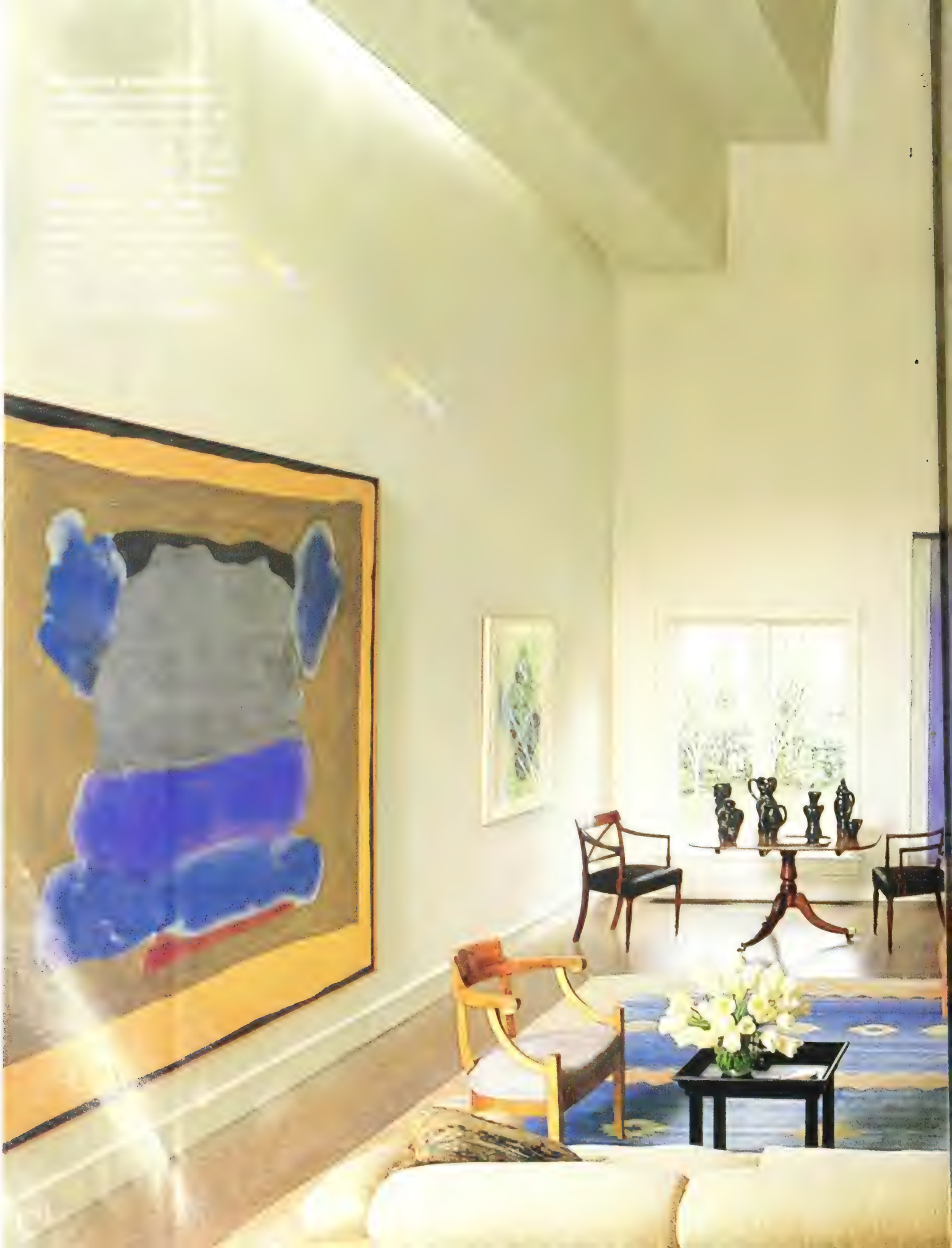
Charles Moore has designed hundreds of houses over the past 35 years and has played a central role in bringing traditional symbols of domestic architecture back onto the contemporary scene. The pitched roof, the clearly defined front door, an interest in local styles, and emphasis on a distinctive sense of place are all things Moore helped reestablish long before the term Postmodern was ever used to describe his work. Unlike many of his colleagues, his fascination with houses has never diminished, even as the scope and volume of his practice have widened with his reputation.

But a house by Charles Moore can be a very different thing depending on the colleague he designs it with. These days he is most likely to work with much younger architects in the four firms he maintains ties with in Connecticut, California, and Texas. Among the more interesting Moore houses of the past few years have been those he has produced with Arthur Andersson, his partner in Austin, Texas. Always responsive to the vernacular architecture of a region, Moore began to draw upon the Texas farmhouse style after his move there in 1984. Nonetheless, the interiors of those Texas houses have retained the amazing spaces for which he is famous. This is his so-called geode format—a plain exterior concealing a center of unexpected richness.

That happens once again in Moore and Andersson's latest house, a rambling redbrick ranch in a quiet wooded area of a big Texas city. The clients, who took an unusually active role in the project, insisted that the architects—including their local associate, John Mullen—use brick, a material Moore rarely employs. It gives the scheme a more conventional outward appearance than even the most intentionally ordinary Moore designs, which usually betray some sly cue that all is not as simple as it initially seems

The big surprise comes as one moves into the entry hall and turns either left or right. There are a pair of fanciful doorways, one leading into the dining room, the other the living room. Both portals, Mughal Indian in inspiration, are deeply

The exterior draws on the Texas vernacular but conceals a surprising interior inspired by India. Leaded clerestory windows recall Frank Lloyd Wright. The courtyard overlooking the pool is planted with Mexican plum trees.





recessed and dramatically lit to make one look up into the "pleasure domes"—as Moore has playfully dubbed them—surmounting the transitional passages. This is the kind of beguiling spatial experience for which he is famous, and it gives delight in the childlike way he likes best.

Shortly after they received the commission for the house, Moore and Andersson were in India working on their contribution to the Cooper-Hewitt Museum's 1985–86 exhibition "The Golden Eye" in which architects and designers worked in close collaboration with Indian craftsmen. The partners' immersion in the Mughal architecture of Delhi had an immediate effect on the Texas project, yet the design inspiration is not as farfetched as it might seem.

It was the strong forms, not the intricate decorative motifs, of Mughal architecture that Moore and Andersson used as their starting point, and those lofty volumes are eminently suited to the hot Texas climate. In the living room, for example, the soaring stepped ceiling gives an expansive feeling of visual refreshment. This is architectural borrowing of the most intelligent sort, unafraid to be wide-ranging but nonetheless assured in its appropriateness.

The emphasis on architectural space overhead also frees large expanses of wall for the owners' noteworthy collection of contemporary painting and sculpture. The works make up a veritable checklist of the most acclaimed names in art today: Diebenkorn, Jenney, Johns, Kelly, Moskowitz, Oldenburg, Ruscha, Shapiro, Stella, Twombly, and Winsor. The equilibrium between art and architecture is judiciously balanced, and both are enhanced in a way rarely found in houses where the architect is at least as well known as the artists.

The site, though not large, is beautifully landscaped. Thanks to the architects' careful placement of the structure, numerous mature trees were preserved and give the house the uncanny feeling of having been there much longer than it has been. That is also a sign of how skillfully Moore and Andersson have integrated age-old forms, substantial materials, and sophisticated details into a coherent and serene whole. This is architecture quite ready to defer to history. For although very much of its moment and locale, it also adheres to timeless and international notions of the house as a calm and enduring place. ♠

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron







The dining room contains a number of works from the owners' contemporary art collection, including, from left, pieces by Robert Moskowitz, Neil Jenney, Jud Fine, Frank Stella, and Claes Oldenburg. Dhurrie carpet from Stark. Opposite: The entry hall is an affectionate tribute to Mughal architecture. The deeply recessed portal leading from the entry hall into the dining room is surmounted by a "pleasure dome," which one can look up into while passing beneath it.



Mantling lyre candlesticks from Florian Papp and an 1812 French reliquary chest from Patricia Funt add polish to an English night table, c. 1780, from Florence de Dampierre. Patrick Naggar's silver screen for ARC International provides the mottled backdrop. Details see Resources.

Silver's sterling qualities in vintage and newly minted forms. Opposite, clockwise from top left: An Indian chair from Fran Laufer and candlesticks from Robert Allen are elevated on a platform cloaked in a Silk Dynasty fabric from Luten Clarey Stern. The lion has been guarding the throne at Rosenborg Palace in Copenhagen since 1670. A sunburst mirror from Luten Clarey Stern radiates above a console, c. 1860, from Charles Cheriff and French flaming urns, c. 1700, from Old Versailles; vase from Bergdorf Goodman. The winged sphinx supports a table, c. 1715, at Rosenborg. An eagle on a Georgian console from Florian Papp clutches an arrow and a bull's-eye clock from Charlotte Moss. Christian VI's regal audience chair is at Rosenborg. An Austrian dalmatian, c. 1750, from Patricia Funt perches on a Venetian settee from Newel Art Galleries beneath a Joseph Biunno curtain pole draped with a David & Dash fabric from Norton Blumenthal and a silk from Clarence House; wine cooler from Asprey Silver tea paper from Roger Arlington. All stores in NYC







Silver Futures



HG casts an eye on the unalloyed appeal of a perpetually precious metal. Produced by Carolyn Englefield

By Margot Guralnick Photographs by Michael Mundy









Two plates from OHM Collections, New Orleans, and a silver-edged mother-of-pearl plate by Stephen Dweck Home Collection serve up shining spheres from Bell-Falchi, San Francisco. Adding further sheen are a Brazilian serving fork and spoon and fluted candlestick from Wolfman Gold & Good, NYC; goblets from Buccellati; linens from Barneys New York; and a swag[illegible] from Bergdorf Goo[illegible] in a Christopher Hyland print. Window-pane wall and floor marbling by Paxwell Painting Studios, NYC.



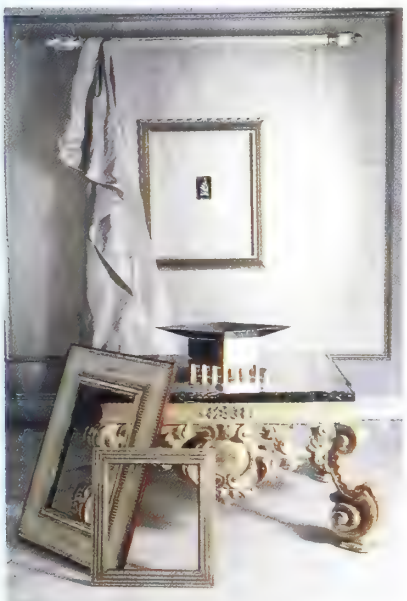




A reproduction Chippendale armchair, left, by William Switzer from Roger Arlington glimmers against cherry-strewn plates from Florian Papp and Vito Giallo and utensils from Joel Mathieson Antiques, NYC. Above: A 19th-century Irish potato ring from the private collection of designer Sybil Connolly. Right: A table from Robert Allen supports a Japanese bronze horse, c. 1850, from Patricia Funt. The armchairs and Palio fabric are from Donghia.

Outshone for centuries by gold and gilt, silver is rapidly acquiring new sheen. Reminiscent of the days when banquet halls boasted pyramidal displays of gleaming platters, tables are again groaning under the weight of wares that range from heirloom lyre candlesticks to contemporary rhomboid-shaped centerpieces. Carved-wood picture frames, armchairs, and console tables—long favorite targets of the Midas touch—now bear subtle coats of burnished silver leaf. And, in a nod to early American ingenuity, decorators have revived the use of hazy metallic wallpapers of the sort once salvaged from the linings of Chinese tea chests. British decorator Nicholas Haslam spatters his silvered rooms with oil and cobwebs for a look of unabashedly noble, if weathered, elegance.

Capitalizing on the aristocratic qualities of silver is, of course, far from new. At Louis XIV's Versailles, spectators were struck by the heavy metal effects of solid silver chairs, tables, firedogs, balustrades, and tubs for orange trees. When news of this opulence spread, every European ruler hankered after his own shining state ensemble. The more economical put craftsmen to work veneering silver onto plain wooden furniture. But Charles II of England, mindless of expense, frittered away crown money on a 3,150-ounce silver bed for Nell Gwyn—in later years she hacked the cupid-embellished frame to pieces and sold them for quick cash. The Sun King, too, shuttled his renowned furniture off to the melting pot to finance his depleted war chest. Virtually none of France's finery survived, but other countries have managed to maintain their holdings. The most impressive collection is at Rosenborg Palace in Copenhagen where a trio of nearly life-size seventeenth-century silver lions still guard the throne. The reputations of absolute monarchs may have tarnished, but new devotees of silver are mining its rich possibilities as a decorative resource. ▲



The clean lines of a rhomboid centerpiece, left, by Hans Hollein from Primavera Gallery, NYC, are offset by the Baroque carving on a Venetian-style table from Brustlin, Los Angeles, and the folds of a Rose Cumming silk. The antique frames are from Eli Wilner & Co., NYC. Below: A suite of silver furniture, c. 1680, from Knole in Kent. Right: Montgolfier chandelier from Greene's Lighting, NYC.







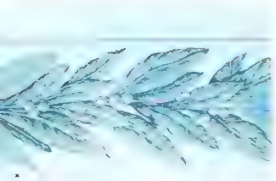
SAMPLES

Primavera Prints

Fabric designers take a page from nature for this year's designs
By Eric Berthold

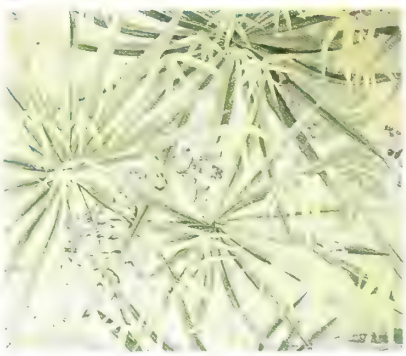
We'll see fabrics that have a painterly quality, almost like a fine watercolor,'' predicts Murray Douglas, senior vice president of Brunschwig & Fils. From the easels of five top fabric houses, artists' renderings reveal a fresh new look for 1990. The palette is dominated by rich luxuriant hues, and according to Patricia Freund, design director of Cowtan & Tout, ''many patterns rely on stylized natural motifs.'' Venturing away from her signature architectural designs, Gretchen Bellinger launches Bramble, a rustic mix of ripe berries and lush foliage. From Quadrille comes Aubusson Rose, derived from nineteenth-century French carpet patterns, and Napoleon Stripe, a classic reworked with laurel branches and wreaths for a springlike twist. And for a crowning touch there are more laurels in the Berkshire border from Carleton V. Whether you want to get back to nature or just spruce up your interior wardrobe, the options are unlimited.

Handsome garlands of laurel leaves, above, embellish Quadrille's Napoleon Stripe. Below: An evergreen border from Carleton V.



Quadrille's Aubusson Rose, below, draws on the 19th century for its formal motif. Right: Gretchen Bellinger's designs for spring include Bramble, part of her Adirondack collection.





Bellegarde from Cowtan & Tout, top, is Oriental in spirit. Above: Brunschwig & Fils selected a delicate palette for Palm Court. Details see Resources.





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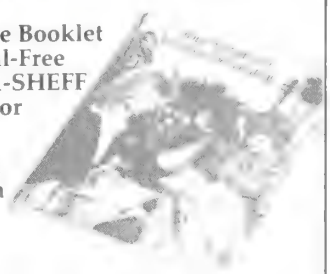
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Fran-de-Siècle

(*Continued from page 111*) icons out of fifties shapes, colors, and objects. It has to do with wanting to be a child again, to feeling safe—which connects to people staying in their houses and watching videotaped movies.

HG: *What is the effect of technology on decoration?*

FL: People have an awful lot of machines now, and they have two responses to this. Either they hide the VCR and the gigantic television set in an armoire or they build the whole house around the idea that you are going to look at machines all the time. There seems to be no middle ground. You can't ignore these machines. They are too big. You can't pretend they're like a little book of matches that you don't really have to look at. I deliberately choose discomfort so as not to have machines in certain rooms. For instance, I won't have a telephone in my living room. It's not relaxing. On the other hand, it's a pain in the neck to always be leaving the room to answer the telephone. I have never seen an answering machine that didn't look like an answering machine, which is not a good look. You don't want to have an answering machine in your house, but you have to have it. So what do you do with it?

The worst thing to do is to build rooms around these things. You see people who have what they call their media rooms. This isn't prevalent in New York. This is, however, quite a common affliction in Los Angeles. What happens when you build a house around a TV set is that the house looks like a TV set. Those computers that people write on are the ugliest things I have ever seen. A word processor makes an answering machine look like a Ming vase. To me they look like medical devices—like the machines in hospitals that give you the bad news.

HG: *How could designers make life more agreeable or at least amusing?*

FL: You would have to have more agreeable and amusing designers. Most people are at the mercy of what other people design. The houses I particularly like are mostly those where the owner happens to possess actual talent. Someone who lacks the common touch.

It is important that the average untalented person with a bad eye not express himself very much in his own home. Something that is amusing visually has to be one hundred percent perfect. Nothing is *kind of* funny. There is nothing more irritating than visual irony that doesn't work. A lot of lofts, for instance, have been decorated with the notion that it's quite wry to have a lot of fifties junk around in various amusing juxtapositions. It's what happened when camp got into the water supply.

HG: *Short of aiming to amuse or beguile, then, what should intelligent designers aim to do?*

FL: I think they should just make things look nice. They should make the furniture equivalent of, say, the Brooks Brothers shirt. The Brooks Brothers shirt is a great invention. There are better shirts, but they are not within the reach of most people. Brooks Brothers shirts don't really fit anyone. But they don't really have to fit, because they're OK. They look good. They're a sort of uniform. And I think that would probably be the best idea for furniture. Design should be less obviously fraught with longing. It doesn't look good and it isn't OK. ▲

The Eye Has It

(*Continued from page 100*) another fascination, for portraiture's exploration of identity. The psychologically ravaged likenesses by Alice Neel are a cherished subject: "She is as great a figure painter as Lucian Freud." Cheim's obsession with identity has included a scrutinizing of identity's shifting limits. He has been instrumental in furthering the careers of Bruce Weber, McDermott and McGough, and the late Robert Mapplethorpe, photographers who, he points out, have used men the way other artists have traditionally used women. Boundaries waver as well between landscape, body, and sexuality in Louise Bourgeois's work. Words and images [illegible] it in Cheim's pictures by Ed Ruscha and Richard Prince.

Often the art in the loft belongs to the gallery. Cheim loves having paintings move in and out and frequently baby-sits art for collectors and clients in the throes of relocating or renovation. Much of the entertaining he does at home is likewise connected to work: a party after an opening, a dinner for art world friends. The same world seems to have followed him to [illegible], where he recently bought an apartment in the Art Deco district. "I go [illegible] weekends," he says. "It doesn't take any longer than getting to the Hamptons, and you're really away."

To his friends, Cheim and his loft are all of a piece, austere yet funny and sweet, reserved yet impassioned, informed by a timeless taste that finds museum pieces at flea markets, salvages a display table from the old Bonwit Teller, unearths and restores Empire and Biedermeier, collects massive, lustrously colored pottery not for its name—although many of his pieces have superb pedigrees—but for its hue and shape. "The loft," says Robert Miller, "is an extension of John's eye." The eye discriminates, then combines. Modern masters—a biomorphic coffee table by Gilbert Rohde, Aalto chairs, a Wormley couch—go with drugstore Deco, an African bench echoes an Empire daybed. Cheim locates the beautiful in the bizarre: four 1930s chairs from a mental institution look like relics of ancient Rome. There is room for levity in all this space. Cheim had a friend faux-woodgrain his steel front door.

"John doesn't make fashion a priority," says Miller. "It's one of the things that make him so successful at what he does." Louise Bourgeois, now in her late seventies, stresses the courage of Cheim's convictions, mentioning how he has championed her work and brought it belated recognition. There, again, is Cheim's distaste for artificial boundaries, in terms of age, sex, culture, or style. He despises insidious distinctions. The recent attempts to censor Mapplethorpe's work are "sickening and frightening. I hope this will jolt liberals sufficiently to get them organized. The abortion issue and this are connected. The fundamentalist right wing in this country reminds me of Iran—Helms is like Khomeni. I think of art as a positive force in our culture," he adds, with the self-deprecating smile that signals his fear of making a serious statement sound pompous. "If I feel any guilt, it's that I'm not working for some environmental agency." Although he has given his cats the archly lifeguardish names Scott and Jeff, he cares deeply about animal causes as part of the environment. Trained as an artist, Cheim hopes to go back to painting. In the meantime, he takes the occasional photograph—"an outlet for creative control," along with the styling (he uses the word deliberately) of his loft and the gallery.

One Saturday afternoon, designer Andrée Puttman strolls into the gallery on her high black heels. She looks intently at the canvases of the Czechoslovakian-born artist Jiri Georg Dokoupil, whose show Cheim has organized with art-scene grandees Leo Castelli and Ileana Sonnabend. But you can be sure she also appreciates the pale starkness of the gallery, the cunning layout, the attention to handsome details. The front door is flanked by shelves displaying catalogues John Cheim has conceived for a distinguished array of contemporary artists. Style, meet art. Art, this is style. ▲

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The Legend Lives On

(Continued from page 105) George Cukor's house, they found it stuffed to the rafters with suede walls and chinoiserie decorations, a structural mess. They took care of that, without dissipating a shimmer of the legend. The seven "sitting rooms" became their living, lived-in rooms; Cukor's bedroom, noted for its elegantly embroidered-leather bedcoverings, became India's nursery; Cukor's study, once approached by a floor-to-ceiling photograph-lined (his most cherished stars) passageway is now Lynn's grandfather's room; the generously proportioned kitchen is enlarged to family sit-down-to-meals size; and the secret room lurking belowstairs, with its own entrance onto its own terrace overlooking the rehabilitated gardens and pool, is now the master bedroom. It is flanked by sybaritic bathrooms, his and hers, and pristine orderly closets and dressing rooms. And somewhere in the lush flower-mad greenery, Patou, Lynn's gardener mother, lives in a verdant cottage. It is all somehow very Chekhovian.

The house seems externally unchanged. It remains a strange harmony: as New England as Katharine Hepburn, Mediterranean as a villa on Cap-Ferrat, Hollywood as George Cukor's finest. It is, after all, a pavilion, spreading out left and right from a sun-tinted welcome room, gloriously cozy, up a little, down a little, room after room, each room invaded by garden green and unwinking sun-complacent southern California sky. I have never seen a pavilion that wasn't romantic, that didn't breathe remembered gaiety. This is the quintessential pavilion.

Luchino Visconti would have appreciated this house. It is so suffused with connotations, so pulsing with music. Lynn adores the operatic—Callas, that heartbreak, all-out grandeur, *La Traviata*—and the plashing of water: pellucid, crystalline. It is a house of sun-shadows, shifting sun-reflections, colors that are memories of colors prized by Victorians from the stately homes of England, the hôtels particuliers of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, the palazzi of Venice, the palaces of the rajahs. Lynn and Michael Smith go treasure hunting four or five times a year, in the Southwest, New England, other parts of the rural U.S.A., the Continent, Britain, specially for their decorating clients, Indigo Seas, and the house. Their acquisitions include old fabrics. Every lampshade in the house is made of these individualistic fabrics. When Lynn and Richard make their forays, the voyages are substantially culinary. In matters of taste, culinary or decorative, there is a true meeting of minds.

I asked Lynn to tell me about the magic they had re-created. "On these balmy summer nights we spend a lot of time in the garden. The other night, looking back at the house, illuminated by the light of Chinese lanterns in the magnolia trees, I realized what a fabulous place this has turned out to be. Our pale Bermuda-pink garden walls and the fragrance of gardenias and stephanotis all remind me of times I spent in the West Indies. The Venetian red of the living room evokes the old Venice we all love. The pale saffron-colored dining room with its Indian miniatures, paisleys, and palm trees recalls Mughal India. The library—a worn leather sofa, floor-to-ceiling books and records—conjures up long-ago gentlemen's clubs. The oval room is like a sitting room from a villa on the Riviera or a stateroom on an ocean-going yacht, with its Syrie Maugham–designed sofa (once owned by Mr. Cukor's dear friend Ina Claire—there's even a portrait of her that lived in this house with Mr. Cukor), its chairs slipcovered in line-dried tablecloth linen, its grotto-blue walls, and shuttered windows. Our bedroom with its Chinese paintings on glass, floor-to-ceiling windows, and doors opening onto a terrace in the garden has all the romance of a bedroom from *Camille*." Act 2, of course. "Michael Smith and I had a great time bringing the house back to its stylish beginnings. It is so comfortable now, like some of the sets from Mr. Cukor's *The Philadelphia Story* but with a twist of the exotic: Orientalist paintings, Venetian furniture, cinnabar, Anglo-Indian souvenirs, and a touch of the Casbah thrown in for good measure." I must add the kitchen rafters suspending oriflammes of hot red peppers grown from seeds brought to Lynn and Richard by Sophia Loren, pantry shelves crammed with Richard's trove of cookbooks, a wall hung with an enchantment of venerable tole trays. Another treasure: Eva, once a Cukor retainer, now Lynn and Richard's housekeeper.

On one of those balmy early summer evenings, after a sumptuous gorge prepared by Richard in the summer kitchen on the far side of the pool and eaten merrily, we all went to sit in the living room to feast on Richard's blueberry buckle, listen to some of Lynn's 7,000 records, look at favorite first editions. "Have you," I asked Lynn and Richard, "felt anything, you know, strange in this house, heard anything, well, inexplicable?"

Lynn's eyes grew enormous. "How did you know?"

"The day before the house was dismantled, before George's things were taken away, Gray, my chum, and I came here. I knew then."

"The first night we were here," Lynn said, "I heard footsteps walking up and down in my grandfather's room. Man's footsteps, not my grandfather's."

"Yes," I said, "that was George's study, his inner sanctum."

"I went right up to the door of that room," said Lynn, "and I shouted, 'Get out of here, Mr. Cukor, you dear old Hungarian! This is our house now!'" ▲ *Editor: Joyce MacRae*

Russian Reverie

(Continued from page 122) confusion of colors, textures, and patterns, a whole Orientalist fantasy of an imaginary Samarkand located somewhere between Russia and Syria.

A chandelier from a mosque hangs in the bathroom, but over the front door is the Romanov coat of arms on a crystal lamp. The ceramic fireplace was made but was made to be exported to the Far East. English embroidery covers the Austrian chaise longue, the lamp above the desk is Belgian Art Nouveau, and the portrait of Czar Nicholas II is placed in a frame from the Near East. This cosmopolitan profusion is subsumed by the unifying warmth of so many separate sources of light, all of them shaded or indirect.

No industry is more capricious or more highly visible than fashion; no wonder Saint Laurent depends on his totems and good luck charms. The day he first took possession of his own fashion house some 27 years ago, he was carrying in his pocket a playing card—the ten of clubs. Now the club is woven into the sumptuous fabric covering the deep sofa and the Oriental-style divan. Jacques Grange has even designed a side table with shamrock knobs. Wheat is another charm Saint Laurent trusts in, and he has placed a large sheaf of it above an armoire and a woven wheat heart in the kitchen window.

The irony is that this dacha is, finally, entirely French, since it recalls nothing so much as those follies the aristocracy constructed in the eighteenth century—Marie Antoinette's village at Versailles where she played milkmaid or the princesse de Lamballe's thatched cottage at Rambouillet lined with mosaics pieced together from thousands of seashells. When the French seek out the simple life, they spare no pains, no money, and no flight of inspiration. ▲

Fasanerie

(Continued from page 86) for the south," resulted not only in a fine collection of Tiepolos but also in marriage to Mafalda, the daughter of Vittorio Emanuele III of Italy. *Drang nach Süden* threw the family into the dangerous political currents that ran between Italy and Germany during the Nazi years. Mafalda died at Buchenwald, and Philipp was arrested first by the Nazis for being in Italy at the wrong time and then by the Americans for being in Germany at the wrong time.

The Fasanerie has been called Philipp's Gesamtkunstwerk, a label usually used to describe Richard Wagner's all-encompassing creative involvement in his operas. Certainly the landgrave juggled with as many decorative movements and fashions as there are leitmotifs in Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Two centuries of aristocratic style hang here in a delicate balance. In some rooms the Rococo flaunts its elaborate form; in others it struggles for supremacy with the sturdier Regency or Empire. The Rococo Revival, a favorite style in more conservative nineteenth-century courts, clashes brilliantly with the self-satisfaction and sobriety of Biedermeier. Here and there Philipp spiced traditional central European decorative art with original and imitation Chinese furnishings. Running through the Fasanerie as an idée fixe is Germany's own vigorous craftsmanship in which the aesthetic is never far from the practical.

The arrangements in every room reflect stylistic purpose interwoven with personal elements from Hessian family history. In the Blue Gallery a spooky translucent portrait of Elizabeth I recalls the connection between the Hesses and the English throne. In the southeast wing Friedrich Wilhelm's erstwhile bedroom has become a gallery for huge luminous landscape paintings by Johann Tischbein the Elder depicting a heron hunt organized by the landgrave Friedrich II of Hesse to restore friendly ties with former enemies after the Seven Years' War.

No impartial curator could have offered such an intimate look into the lives of a noble dynasty. The apartment of Wilhelm II suggests the man himself, portly, comfortable, sensuous, and organized. He collected portraits of his ancestors, seventeenth-century Dutch landscapes and still lifes, as well as romantic scenes from the Munich school of the period: impeccable if not very daring taste. Wilhelm II's chambers are dominated by Empire, a touch of irony: the Hesses, who experienced the French Revolution, had no love lost for the French, although they reluctantly succumbed to their decorator's instinct and German cabinetmakers could not resist taking their cue from the new Gallic style.

In spite of the groups of visitors who pay a small fee from April to October to cross the parquet floors and marvel at the exhibits, the Fasanerie defies the mere label of a museum. Its warmth and the casual yet purposeful display of its furnishings evoke a life that might still be taking place. In the audience room the weary sofas with their charming swan-shaped armrests invite the visitor to sit and wait for a chance to petition the landgrave. But the voice echoing in from the throne room will more likely belong to Herr Fasold, the custodian who doubles as a tour guide, than to any of the princes. They have joined modern life. Philipp's eldest son, Moritz, the current landgrave, runs two luxury hotels and has turned the family's old residence in Panker, Schleswig-Holstein, into a functioning farm. He also heads the foundation that cares for the Hesses' possessions, and in that capacity he periodically whooshes into the Fasanerie for a brief energetic inspection.

Certainly on some quiet May afternoon it is not hard to imagine the neighing of horses and clatter of hooves and carriages out in the honors courtyard. But through the open windows of the Fasanerie the breeze carries a gossamer curtain, the smell of spring, and the joyful chirping of visiting schoolchildren dripping ice cream onto the paving stones. ▲

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Playing with the Past

(Continued from page 116) ton's peninsula.

Since the Heinzes had a plethora of houses —two others in the Caribbean, not to speak of those farther afield—they eventually sold the place. Three years ago the Sapcotes of Birmingham (England, not Alabama) became the owners. They decided to sell off the main house and enlarge the pavilion. To design this they wisely addressed themselves to Nicholas Haslam, who has appropriated Oliver's gossamer mantle—at least in the field of decoration. Nicky decided to make the new building an homage to Messel. But instead of slavishly copying his exemplar, he breathed new life into concepts that have become dated, much as Karl Lagerfeld has done with Chanel. The pavilion, which was embellished with a new façade as well as a dining room, an outdoor drawing room, and additional bedrooms, is delightfully fresh and lighthearted and, yes, witty.

One of the advantages of the Caribbean is the availability of coral stone—to my mind more beautiful than travertine. It comes in the palest shell colors and readily lends itself to decorative carving. Oliver was lucky enough to find a Barbadian, Robert Massiah, who specialized in sculpting coral stone into urns and columns, balustrades and fountains. Oliver would make a model out of cardboard and bits of sponge, and Massiah would carve it in stone or cast it in concrete. When Nicky arrived to do over the house, one of the first things he did was coax the ninety-year-old Massiah out of retirement.

The architecture of the main room has been left much as Oliver conceived it except that the walls have been painted to simulate coral stone, which for some reason was not used inside the original building. There are a few lavish touches—red cushions with great gold tassels—because Nicky wanted to recreate the way a Georgian nabob who had made a fortune in sugarcane might have lived in the Caribbean. He wanted to adapt the traditional look of an English country house to alfresco life in the tropics.

On occasion Nicky out-Messels Messel, or rather he adapts a stage effect to the decoration of a room—something that Oliver seldom, if ever, dared do. A case in point is the Sapcotes' Rococo-style dining room, which was inspired by one of Oliver's theater designs. Nicky has gone all out and placed allegorical figures in niches that have been encrusted with real shells and fronds of coral and given the look of sculpted stone by being sprayed with coral dust. The branches of the chandeliers have been made of simulated coral, and the coral stone walls have been lightly washed to suggest the aquamarine shimmer of sea breaking over sand. As for the dining room table—a free version of one the Duchess of Windsor had made for her Paris house—it consists of a mirrored top supported on a Rococo base lacquered the silvery green of a sea monster's tail. The huge porcelain stove with its lobster and starfish topknot might seem an anomaly in the tropics—but don't worry, it will never be lit. It's made of wood, the tiles are trompe l'oeil, and it's full of stereo equipment. To take the curse off the grandeur, Nicky has enveloped the chairs in loose covers, crisp and white as damask napkins. This room is used mostly in the evening. And how like a Messel set it looks with the candles and chandeliers sparkling against the night sky, while beyond the palm trees the moon stipples the sea in gold. ▲

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

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TEXAS TAJ

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Gandee AT LARGE

Bob Stern has a dream

"I am the first architect, so far as anyone knows, to design sheets for a major company," proudly announced Robert A. M. Stern, soon after WestPoint Pepperell officially unveiled his two new lines of 200 thread count no-iron cotton bed linens for Martex to retail buyers from across the country. Nothing in Stern's tone of voice suggested that he was at all uneasy with this distinction, but I felt obligated to ask the fifty-year-old architect (and star of the 1986 PBS television series *Pride of Place: Building the American Dream*) if anyone had given him a hard time about this latest extra-architectural venture. Had any of his colleagues or competitors razzed him, as they used to say, about designing designer sheets? "You're the first!" he quipped. "Nobody has accused me of being any more vulgar than usual. I like to think that even Frank Lloyd Wright could have designed sheets—he designed everything else. Besides, we are used to Calvin Klein or whoever designing sheets. Why should a guy who designs dresses know more about sheets than an architect? After all, I have put sheets on beds in rooms I have designed. Calvin hasn't."

"I want America to get into bed with me"



Architect Robert Stern cuddles up with his new line of bed linens

Most of the sheets with which Stern has so much experience are $1,450 sets from Pratesi that he installs in the $2–$12 million houses he builds and furnishes for "couture" clients. Yet when WestPoint Pepperell called, he was nonetheless enthusiastic about trading down to $90 Martex sets that bear his name. Because? "Sheets are a major element for many people in their decorating and in their architectural environments," Stern explains. And to help them, he offers a complete bed and bath product line, including flat and fitted sheets, pillowcases, duvet covers, tailored shams, European square pillows, neckroll pillows with self-covered buttons, breakfast pillows, shower curtains, table rounds, bedspreads, reversible tab-top curtains, gathered bed skirts, and coordinating jacquard towel ensembles.

As if such a dizzying array didn't make shopping difficult enough, Stern also offers every one of his many items in two distinct decorative styles: Newport Gardens (promoted as "The Architecture of Summer"), which features white climbing roses entwined around latticework, urns, and finials, and Pompei (promoted as "A Classic for Today"), which combines a "burnt earth" palette with a mosaiclike pattern. Stern confesses that he originally thought women would be more enthusiastic about Newport Gardens than Pompei, but the fair sex has fooled him. "Women from my office and from the media who are sort of conventional, soft women—girl-type women—just love that Pompei," he exclaims, adding that it was Neiman Marcus's choice as well for the cover of its 1989 Winter Pink Sale catalogue. "That was a big coup."

I asked Stern whether the true inspiration for Newport Gardens and Pompei was as much financial as architectural, and he admitted that "word has generally been out that sheets have made a lot of money for other people." He was quick to add, however, that he personally "never wanted to be rich—I don't even care that much about the kinds of things that money buys." At the time he made this very surprising disclaimer Stern happened to be wearing a custom-tailored gray flannel suit, a silk Hermès tie, and a pair of brown suede Gucci loafers.

But even if Newport Gardens and Pompei fail to generate impressive revenues and residuals for their designer, even if—contrary to his desire—everyone in America doesn't want to get into bed with him, he is sanguine about the endeavor. "Let's face it. Architects, like everyone else, do things to contribute to their overall persona. They're in a business." I asked what Stern thought his persona was. "Oh, I'm there," he said. "I'm out there."

That being the case, I wanted to know if there was anything he would not design. "I wouldn't design chocolates," he replied. "And I wouldn't design clothes, although if you wanted to make a necktie out of my sheets, you certainly could." He has, however, designed cuff links and jewelry, dinner plates and salt and pepper shakers, candlesticks and water pitchers, and he would "love to design a car—inside and out." Stern is also negotiating to design a new line of lighting, and he recently signed his name to a new line of chairs, sofas, and occasional tables for HBF, which he plans not only to promote in a high-profile print ad campaign in which he is every bit as prominent as his furniture, but to install in his Upper East Side apartment. "I have had more uncomfortable moments at home," explains Stern. "I mean, I can't find a place to sit down."

All the talk about sheets and towels, about product lines and market segments, seemed, at last, to take its toll on Stern. "You know," he said, looking a little sad, "architecture is my first and last love." I didn't doubt it, but I did feel compelled to point out that he seemed to have quite a few mistresses. **Charles Gandee**

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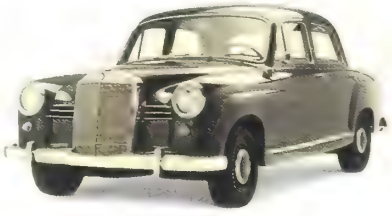
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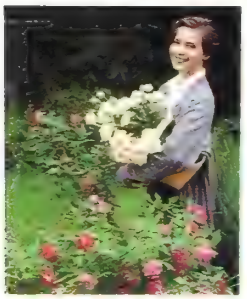
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HOUSE & GARDEN
FEBRUARY 1990
Volume 162, Number 2

FEBRUARY



COVER
Actress Isabella Rossellini carries an armful of cream roses through a garden in Bellport, New York. Page 100. Photograph by Eric Boman.

Wright in Hollywood A historic Frank Lloyd Wright house is brought back to life by film producer Joel Silver. By Pilar Viladas **78**

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Retreat to Marrakesh Patrick and Martine Guerrand-Hermès leave the modern world behind when they escape to their villa in Morocco. By Charla Carter **94**

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Hollywood producer Peter Guber, his wife, Lynda, and their dog, Gordon, outside their Aspen house. Page 126.



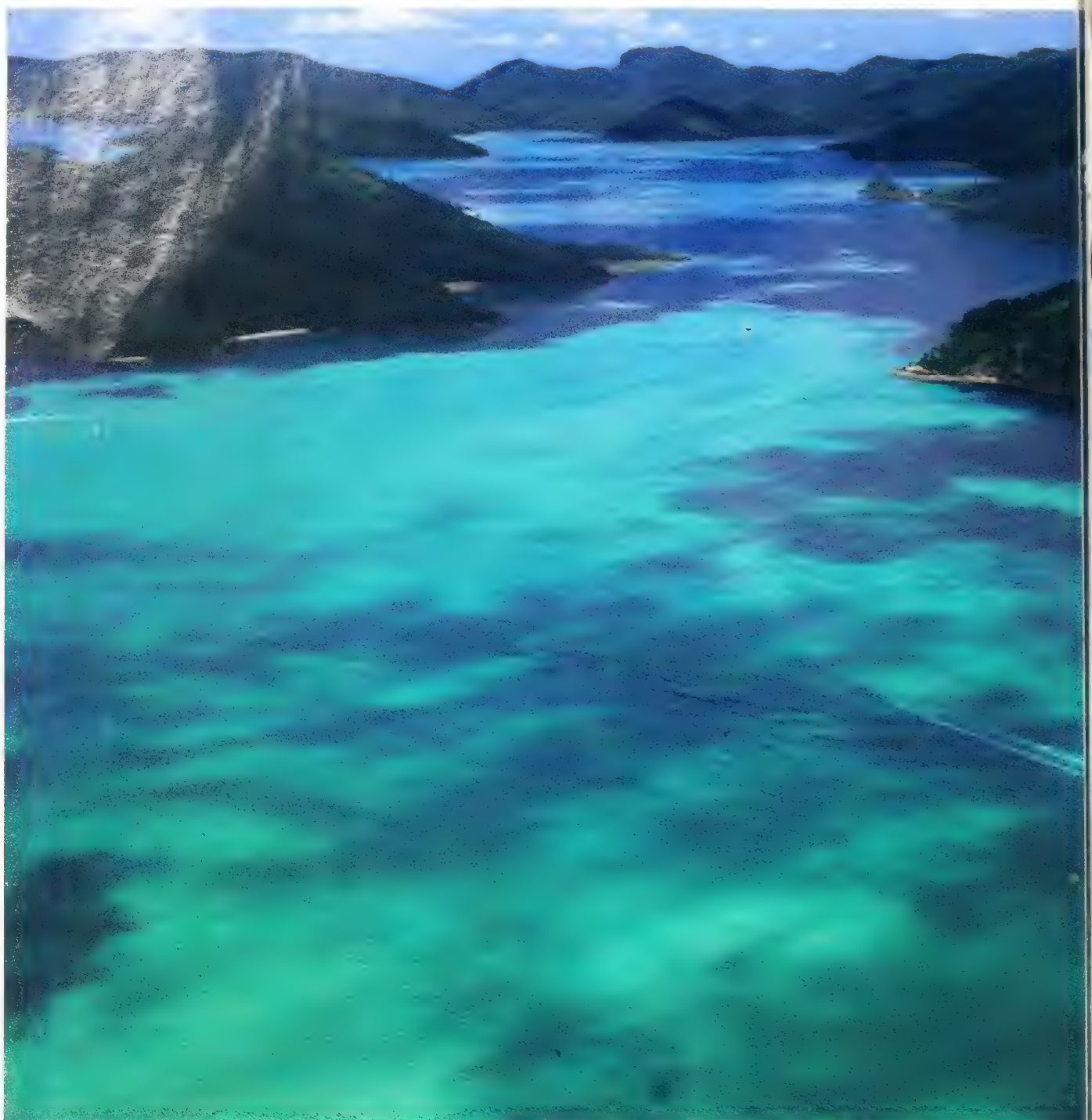
Decorative objects on a mantel in an Irish castle. Page 148.



A Gerrit Thomas Rietveld chair rests against the wall of a Central Park West apartment. Page 142.

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Side chair from the SoHo design shop Dialogica. Page 34.

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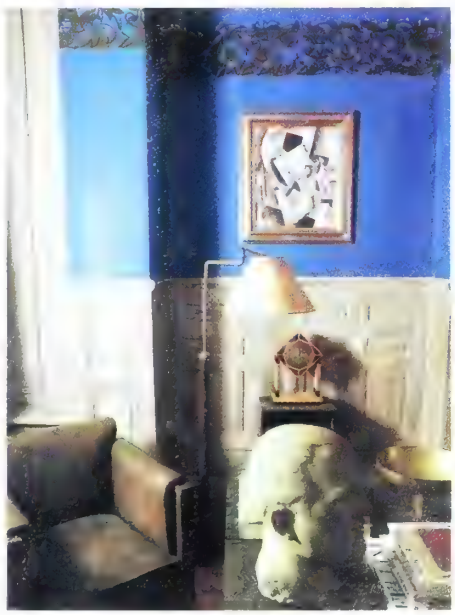
Cree Indian designs enliven the great hall of Naniboujou Lodge. Page 68.



Joe Biunno handcrafts finials in the old-world style. Page 74.

HG

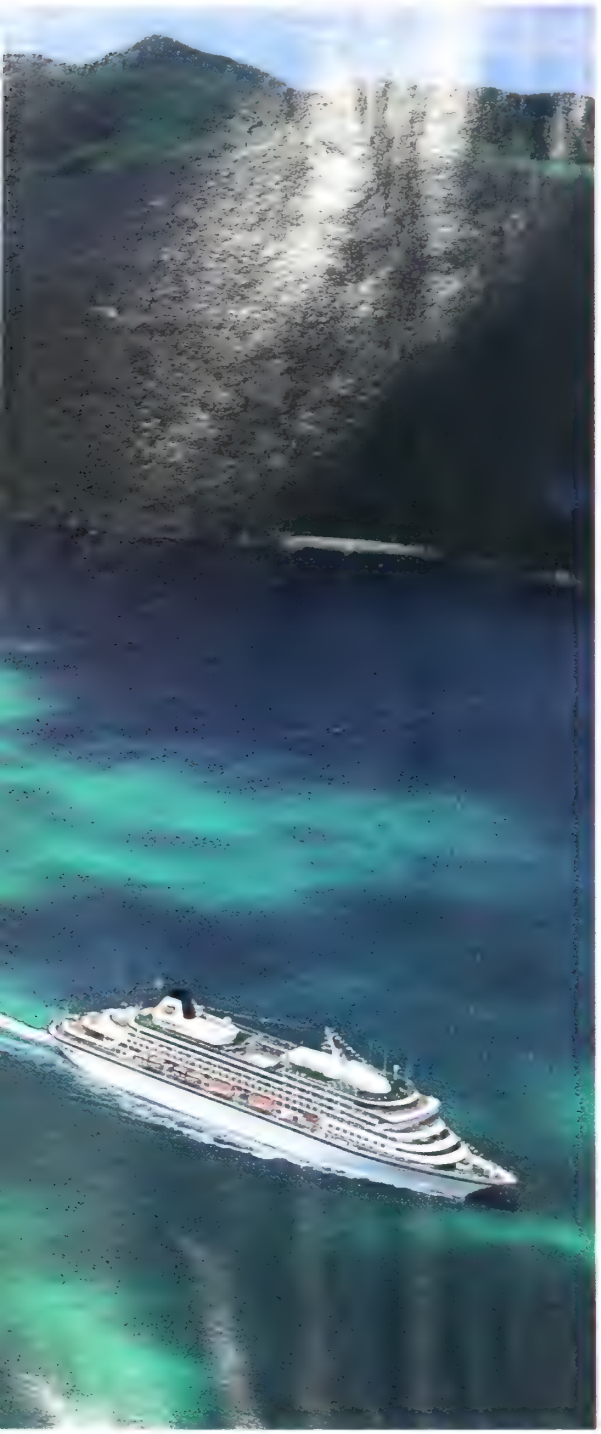
For the French Designer Showhouse, François Catroux lines the walls of a sitting room with a Bonetti and Garouste fabric. Page 50.





Japanese office building model. Page 40.

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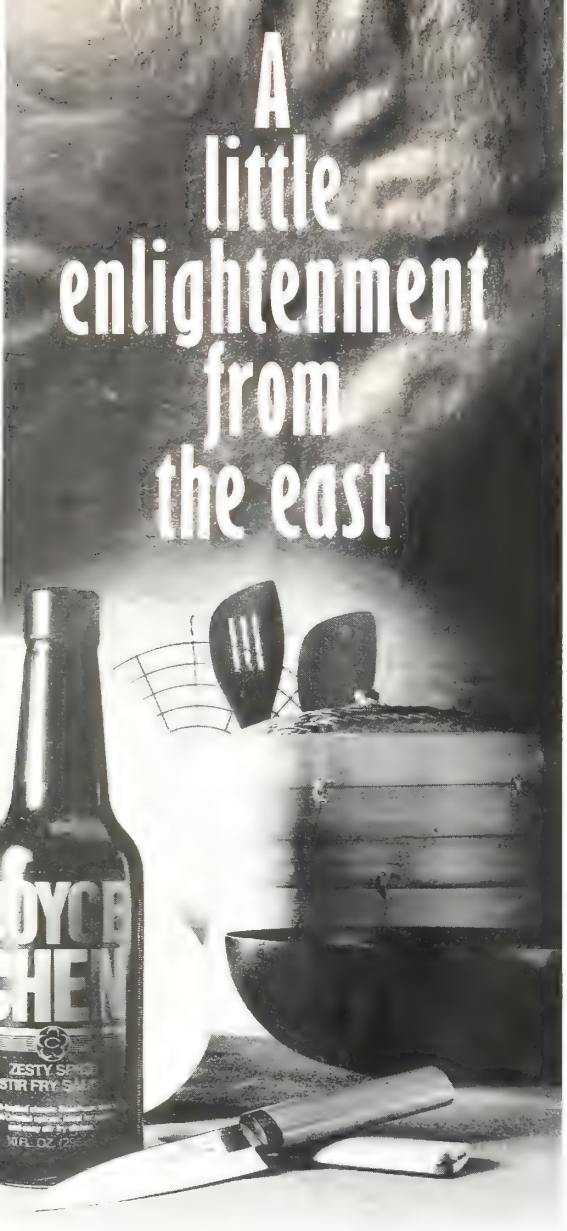


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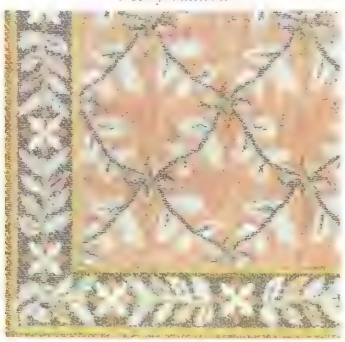
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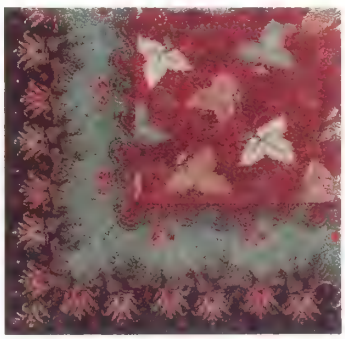
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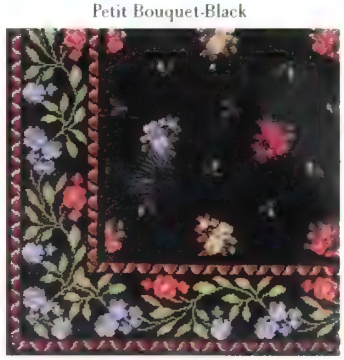
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



Ann Magnuson plays Catherine Hughes, the hard-nosed editor in chief on the hit ABC-TV series *Anything But Love*. Magnuson, whose movies include *Making Mr. Right*, *Tequila Sunrise*, and the upcoming *Love at Large*, also contributes to *Vogue* and *Condé Nast Traveler*. As this month's writer in residence, she reveals the bittersweet emotions she experienced when the family house was put up for sale, which she sees as a disturbing trend. "Could the middle-class world of the Cleavers and Huxtables be a thing of the past? Can a *Newsweek* cover story be far behind?"



Guy Nevill is the author of *Exotic Grove: A Portrait of Lady Dorothy Nevill*, which examines the life of his great-great-aunt, a renowned traveler, gardener, and writer. In this month's HG, he reports on Jerry Hall's decoration of her London pied-à-terre: "It was not an easy apartment to arrange, but she made it her own by mixing her treasures, ranging from the sixteenth century to today, throughout the flat."

Stephanie Mansfield, a contributing editor of *Vogue* and reporter for *The Washington Post*'s Style section, is currently on leave to write a biography of Doris Duke. Mansfield explores the "elusive, romantic, and mysterious nature" of the rose for this issue. She discovered the beauty of the flower during her days at Oxford and admits to an incurable case of rose envy ever since—"always loving and admiring other people's roses."





James Servin visits fashion designer Oleg Cassini and tours his formidable Gramercy Park house in the "People" column. Servin, who has written for *7 Days*, *GQ*, and *Spy*, found Cassini's castle a "monument to medievalism and to the kind of grand sybaritic life he has enjoyed for so many years."



David Seidner describes his vocation as "experimental and stylized photography that deals with fragmentation." In addition to recently assembling *David Seidner*, a book of his photos, and contributing to *Harpers & Queen* and Italian *Vogue*, he shot his Paris residence—a frequent point of reference in his compositions—for the February issue: "Some of the sets I've built look just like the inside of my house. It's so much a part of my work."


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HG reports on the new and the noteworthy.



GATHERING MOSS

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NOTES



BREATH OF SPRING
Get a jump on spring with the New York Flower Show (Mar. 2–11) at Pier 92 and the Philadelphia Flower Show (Mar. 11–18) at the Philadelphia Civic Center. Call (212) 757-0915 and (215) 625-8253, respectively.

PURE AND SIMPLE *The cacophony of color and pattern in Nancy Hagin's better-known work gives way to simple forms and the beauty of white against white, as illustrated in* Enamel Top, *1989* (below), *one of a collection of paintings and watercolors available through the Fischbach Gallery, NYC.*





PERIOD PIECES
The latest introductions from October's High Point market draw inspiration from across the design timeline. The oval commode (above), *$2,488, by designer Charles Pfister, is part of the Premier Collection for Baker Furniture; call (616) 361-7321. The Russian desk* (right), *$5,700, from John Widdicomb is based on Russian imperial designs and incorporates intricate inlay, brass trim, and an elegant veneer; call (616) 459-7173. The marble-columned sideboard* (below), *$9,950, is a reproduction from the Smithsonian Collection for Century Furniture; call (800) 852-5552.*







A SUMMERS BREEZE
Inspired by a 1985 [illegible] works by the Giacometti brothers [illegible] an architect for thirty years [illegible] gears and began crafting [illegible] decorative objects in bronze. The candleholder (above), *one of more [illegible] pieces, is available to the trade [illegible] Holly Hunt, Chicago (312) 661-1900.*



IN THE WRAP OF LUXURY
When winter winds send shivers down your spine, curl up in a paisley cashmere jacquard lap blanket (left), *$1,100, from Asprey, NYC (212) 688-1811. Available in four colors.*



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John Singleton Copley's oil on canvas portrait (above), *estimate $100,000–$150,000, is part of Howard and Mav Joynt's prestigious collection of 17th- and 18th-century American furniture and art. A new generation of collectors bid for the treasures at Christie's (Jan. 19–20); call (212) 546-1181.*



PETAL PUSHER
For those people who love flowers but are not blessed with green thumbs, Debra Felberbaum (below) *has a solution. In her shop, Flowers Forever, she handcrafts dried floral arrangements that can last three years. Call (212) 472-8877.*

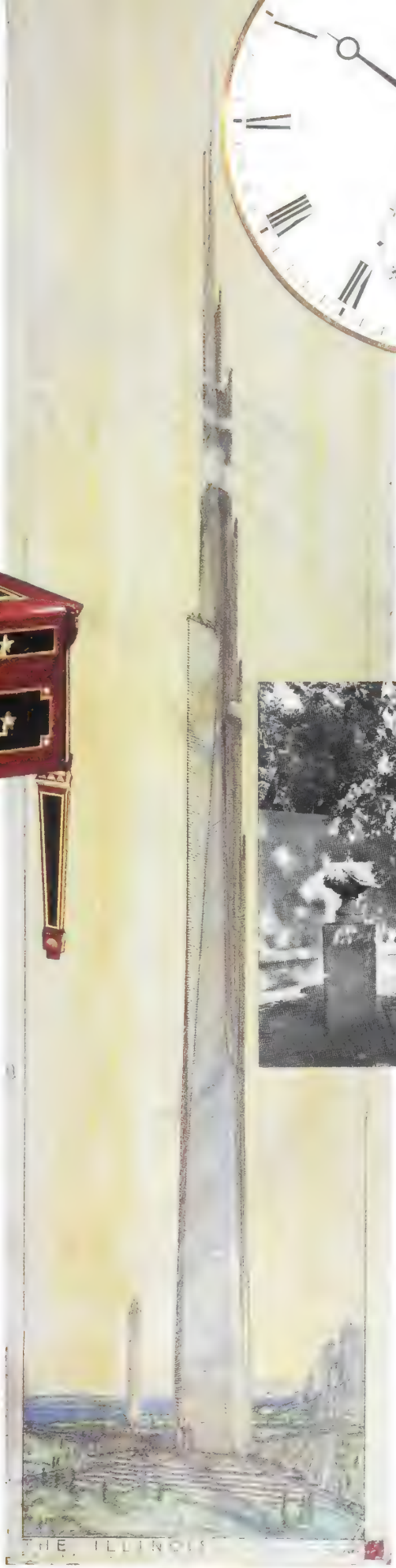




TIMELESS TRAPPINGS
Two new classics in the making (above) *are the Pocket Watch charger, $95, and the Polo chair of woven leather, $11,765, from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection. Available through Ralph Lauren stores nationwide.*



LENS ON THE LAND
Sally Gall's black and white photographs do more than portray a scene; they convey a sense of actually being there. Capistrano (left) *is one of thirty limited-edition photographs on view (Jan. 20–Feb. 17) at Lieberman & Saul Gallery, 155 Spring Street, NYC.*



MASTER WRIGHT
Visit the Phoenix Art Museum to see The Illinois, Mile High Skyscraper (left), *a project proposed in 1956 for Chicago but never completed, and over 300 other Frank Lloyd Wright architectural renderings in "Masterworks from the Frank Lloyd Wright Archives" (Jan. 13–Apr. 8).*



AD. DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PHOTO: ELLEN VON UNWERTH



DESIGN

The SoHo Touch

The Talking Objects from Dialogica are real conversation pieces

By Heather Smith MacIsaac



Monique and Sergio Savarese, top left, seated on Splash chairs. Above: The Wings sofa in a swirl fabric by Dialogica.



A Dialogica interior includes accessories such as the crushed-velvet pillow and satin and velvet blanket as well as the sofa and chair flanking a credenza of African anigre wood and quilted stainless steel.

Monique and Sergio Savarese have some lofty ideas when it comes to the philosophy behind their New York design atelier and new store, Dialogica. Just for instance, "Who of us would not give an instant of life to be surrounded by objects with the magical power to evoke moments of passion and reflection." And as if passion weren't enough, this husband-and-wife furniture-and-interior-design team draws on curiosity and provocation, sensation and memory, irony and soul for inspiration.

But proving that actions speak louder than words—and the finished product louder than the idea—is the Talking Objects collection of furniture, rugs, and accessories brought together last November in one generous storefront in SoHo. Of the five pieces that debuted at the first International Contemporary Furniture Fair in New York, a blue velvet sofa seduced the crowd with its voluptuous shape, titillating fabric and color, and provocative name, Elle s'Ecoute, Il s'Abandonne. Talk about passion.

The Savareses are keen on "turning up the senses, creating positive moments," and the dozen or so pieces recently added to the collection offer far more than a moment's sensory satisfaction. For the philosopher there is the Think Tank sofa, for the sentimentalist the Memorabilia table, for the dreamer the Wings sleeper-sofa ("a wingspread over day into night"), for the romantic the Splash chair with sexy velvet legs, for the naturalist a screen of rush and ebonized maple "dreamt on a voyage between primitive worlds." And for coddling the littlest collector a cherrywood cradle upholstered in green crushed velvet, topped with a cover of pure white cotton.

Ideas and materials get equal play in a Dialogica piece: a single credenza may incorporate metaphors and cultural references as well as quilted stainless steel and exotic wood. The designers are able not only to conjure up but also produce "dreamful objects for the everyday," largely because they have control over their creation. "We have our own line of fabrics, which were developed with domestic mills, and most of our furniture is made in the Bronx," says Monique. "Being our own manufacturer allows us a lot of freedom and spontaneity. We go from a sketch or watercolor right to the prototype." Although the Savareses, as self-proclaimed maximalists, have fashioned themselves a tall order, they have managed to produce a collection both visual and visionary. Dialogica, 484 Broome Street, New York, NY 10013; (212) 966-1934. ▲



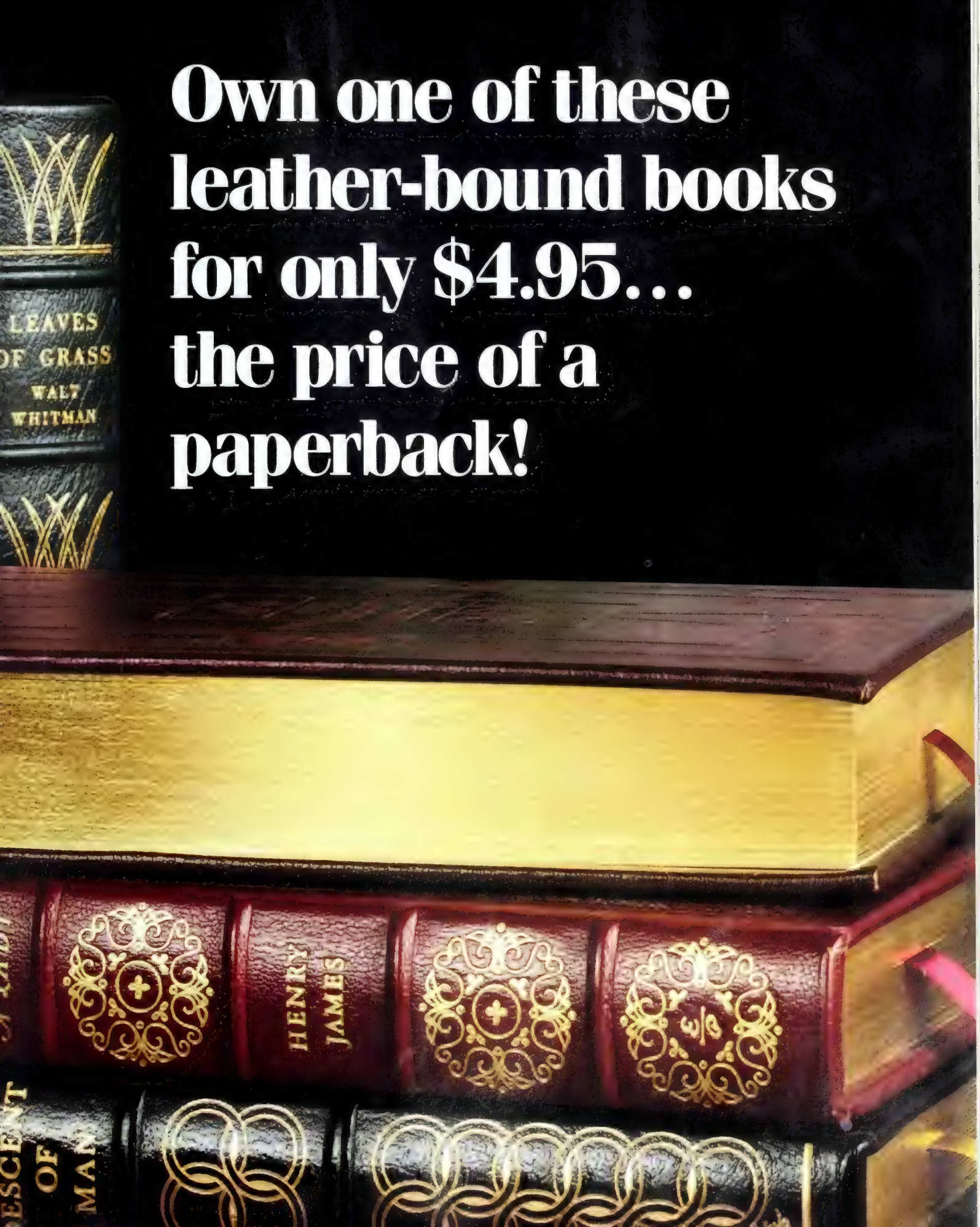
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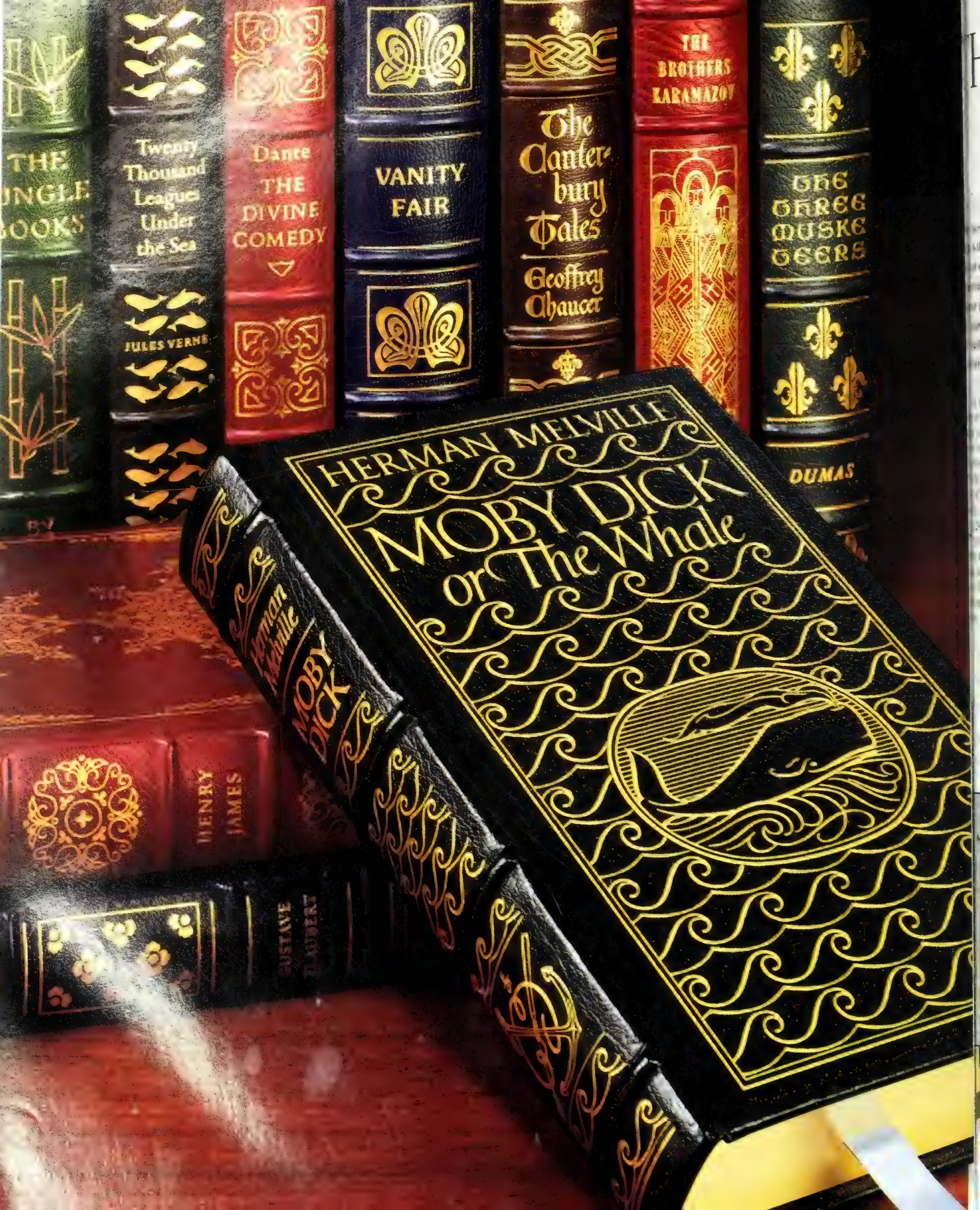
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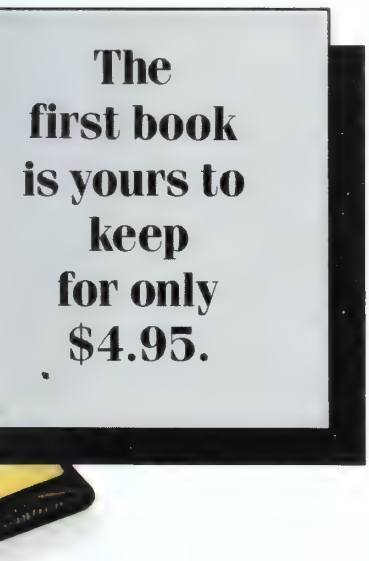
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ARCHITECTURE

Go East Young Architect

The master builders of the West are celebrities in the land of the rising sun

By Joseph Giovannini





New York architect George Ranalli's model, above, for a Tokyo atrium. Left: A garden folly for Expo 90 in Osaka by Coop Himmelblau. Below: Fishdance restaurant in Kobe by Frank Gehry.



Not since Western architects trailed the petrodollars to Saudi Arabia in the 1970s has there been such a migration of architectural talent. Dozens of the best and brightest from America, England, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland are boarding jets for Tokyo and Osaka, drawings in their quivers, doing what they have done since the time of the Gothic cathedrals: going to the jobs. For small and midsize Western firms with strong design reputations, Japan has emerged as the new patron state.

The yen, of course, is the first among many reasons for the talent drain. Today a Japanese businessman with a chunk of land will pay a foreign architect about the same fees he would pay an architect from across the prefecture. The difference is that when Frank Gehry, Aldo Rossi, Richard Rogers, Charles Moore, Robert A. M. Stern, Christian de Portzamparc, and Stanley Tigerman step off the jet, they are carrying not only the drawings but also an unusual design, prestige, and a name with public relations potential in the status-conscious Japanese marketplace. Vertiginous prices for real estate also underlie the invitations. The escalation in land values not only justifies eight- and nine-story buildings shoehorned onto sliver lots, it also demands value-added design—or what the Japanese term imeji appu (up-image) and imeji chanji (image change).

Japan has a short but brilliant history of importing foreign architects. Frank Lloyd Wright did the sublime Imperial Hotel (whose demolition will live in infamy) and Le Corbusier designed the National Museum of Western Art in Tokyo (with clever interlocking cubist spaces). Japanese developers today are interested in this tradition of signature talent and not in corporate architecture at which their nation's large construction companies already excel. The immigration adds to what has been called the Japanese design revolution—the recent high-speed, time-lapse flowering of radical work by the Japanese in graphics, landscape and industrial design, and fashion.

Some sections of Tokyo boast groupings of avant-garde buildings that exist nowhere else in the same concentration. Roppongi, a fashionable district in southeastern Tokyo, has become a de facto open-air museum of contemporary architecture and interiors. Within several blocks, you can lunch at the English-clubbish Metropole by London architect Nigel Coates, stroll over to a free-form gift shop by the Viennese firm Coop Himmelblau, catch several image-intense efforts by Japan's own, and end the afternoon at Coates's Caffé Bongo. Iraqi-born, London-based Zaha Hadid is starting a small building nearby. Architects have been jetting around for decades, but the current globalization of design has had a great assist from fax machines with an accidental bonus for Japan. At Michael Graves's Princeton office, for example, a drawing faxed in the evening to associated architects in Japan will arrive in their morning baskets, giving them the whole workday for a solution that, faxed back, will await Graves in the morning. The joint offices can work

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A model of the Higashi Azabu office building, above, by Morphosis. Above right: Nigel Coates's Bohemia Jazz Club in Tokyo. Right: Aldo Rossi's project for Il Palazzo, a hotel and restaurant complex in Fukuoka. Below: A Robert Stern drawing of his Golf Clubhouse on [illegible] Peninsula.

on the same project 24 hours a day.

Akin to architecture's globalization is Japan's own internationalization, now a stated national goal. Like Americans in the 1950s and '60s, the Japanese today are traveling abroad in hordes, returning better informed, more open, visually sophisticated, and loaded with Gucci and Hermès. At home, internationalization is taking root. For the first time, foreigners can hold seats on the Tokyo stock exchange; it is even possible to take language lessons on commuter trains. Buildings by world-famous architects symbolize the internationalization. Once inward-looking Japanese cities are acquiring a sense of the rest of the world.

In many projects the architecture is a kind of entertainment, like an urban folly

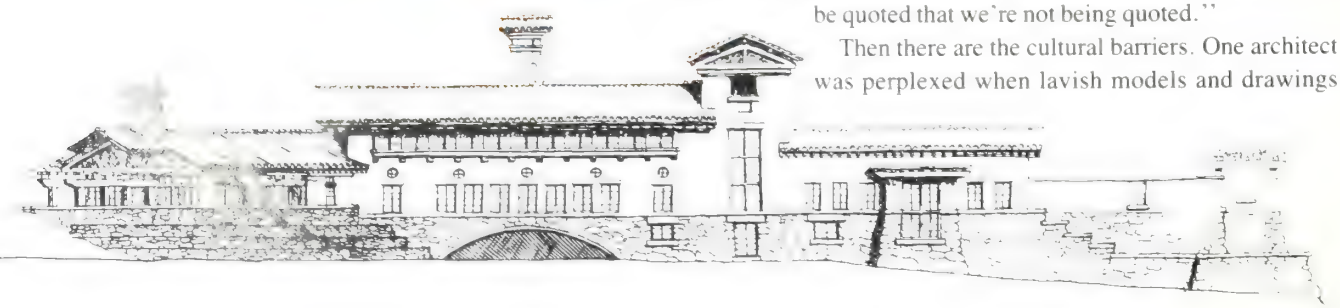
Last summer, on the southern island of Kitakyushu, the video cameras were rolling and the interpreters murmuring into microphones as a dozen internationally prominent architects each came up to the podium for fifteen minutes of fame in Fukuoka City. The long conference hall was packed as Michael Graves, Stanley Tigerman, Rem Koolhaas, Christian de Portzamparc, Steven Holl, and Mark Mack described their work in general and their apartment houses for Fukuoka City in particular. The architects had been hired by a local development firm to design apartment buildings on two large parcels in Fukuoka. The first phase in the development of the buildings was to make the project famous.

Japanese developers, who often consult agents with lists of foreign architects, lean to the brand names such as Graves, who has a dozen projects throughout the country, including classicized health clubs, high-rise apartments, and corporate headquarters. But other choices, such as Zaha Hadid and Nigel Coates, are more recherché and involve greater risk. The interiors by Coates are among his first built works, as are the dynamic, floating designs by Hadid—her first buildings, long awaited by the architecture world, are not inexpensive, and the proud developer has already advertised them by picturing one on telephone calling cards given out by his company.

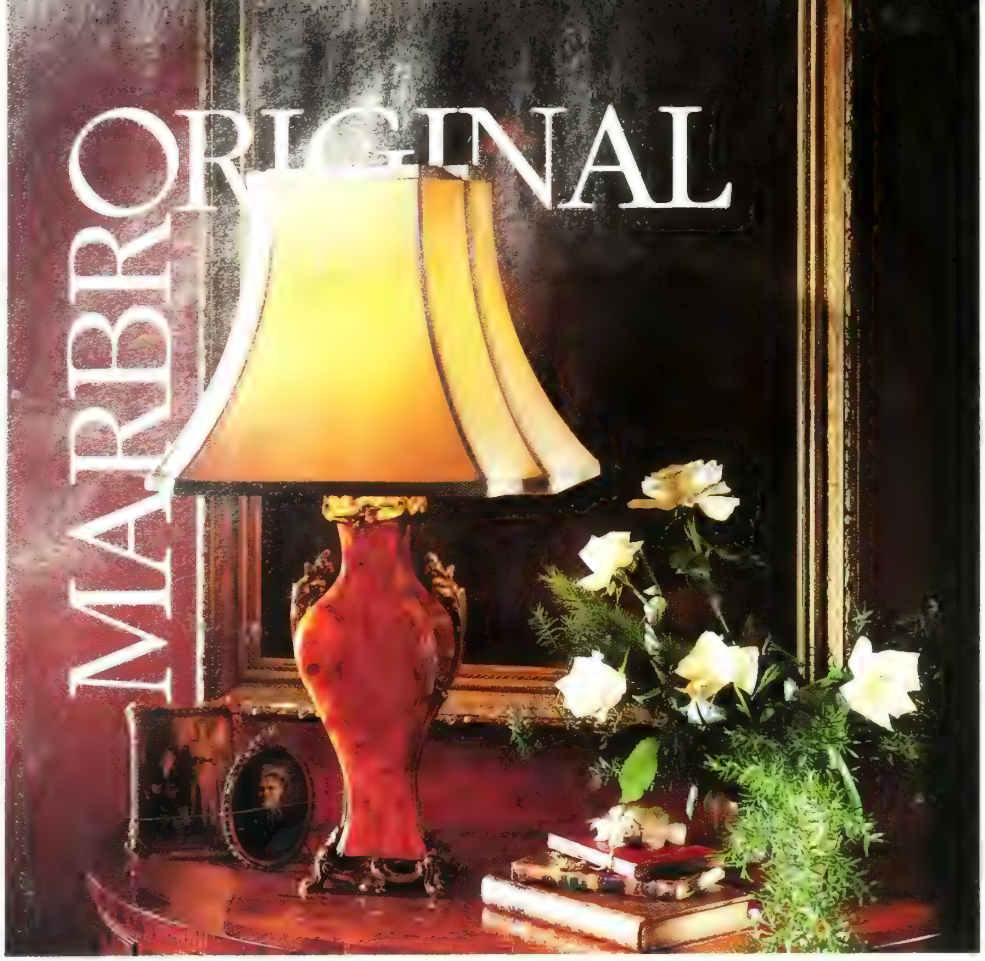
If the work done in the 1970s in Saudi Arabia and other oil-producing nations helped build underdeveloped countries, there is no such social mission in Japan. Some foreign architects, highly respected at home, occupy in Japan a role somewhere between artist, film star, status symbol, and social pet, and they are serving up designs for a society in an advanced stage of aesthetic consumerism. Many of the projects are for restaurants, clubs, and fashion stores where the architecture is a kind of entertainment, like an urban folly. With its mock library and curlicue railings, Metropole is droll. Philippe Starck's restaurant, Manin—which advertises "space and cuisine"—offers a dramatic granite fashion-ramp staircase into the subbasement. Leonard Koren, author of *283 Useful Ideas from Japan for Entrepreneurs and Everyone Else*, criticizes such projects as "expressions of an undiscriminating nouveau riche culture in which the buildings are simply another kind of Mercedes." The groupings in Tokyo resemble a collection—one of each from everybody who is somebody.

There have been difficulties. "The Japanese are very rigid about how to do things," says one American designer. "They have straight functional solutions and say no immediately if something deviates from their norm, including the use of foreign rather than a Japanese material. And they have such an extreme sense of propriety that it's important that we not be quoted by name and that we not be quoted that we're not being quoted."

Then there are the cultural barriers. One architect was perplexed when lavish models and drawings




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NOTES

drew no response from the client committee until the next day when the group collectively voiced its appreciation. The Japanese arrive at decisions by consensus, and no one would volunteer an opinion before conferring with his colleagues. For Wolf D. Prix, of the Viennese firm Coop Himmelblau, there was the problem of communicating to workmen in Japanese: "They have no word for diagonal." (Actually the term is taikakusen—maybe they had no word for his diagonals.)

But in general, foreigners have few complaints. "The Japanese are concerned about quality, they're willing to pay for design, and work without any complex legal apparatus," says Thom Mayne of Morphosis in Los Angeles, currently working on a golf clubhouse and a small high rise. "It's all done on a bow."

"At the job site," says Bob Stern, "it's wonderful—everybody lines up outside in ranked order, workers wearing white gloves and smocks. Japanese cordiality extends onto the site: you go in for tea." Then there is the sushi. "They took me to successive restaurants, each more incredible than the last," says New York's George Ranalli. "The sushi is different there. They serve fish of the season alongside seasonal flowers—everything is coded for the time of year."

One of the pleasures of the commissions is the Japanese sense of craft and precision in construction. "Every level change, every wall is worked out so that they never have to cut a tile," observes Buzz Yudell of the Santa Monica firm Moore Ruble Yudell.

Since the Chinese cultural invasions of the eighth century, the Japanese have learned to assimilate ideas from abroad, making foreign ideas theirs through a process of adapting and refining. Given their desire to conform and agree, the Japanese have often looked beyond their island for individuality. The corollary is that the Japanese regard with some suspicion compatriots who venture abroad and assimilate too much; as they become more "foreign" they are less Japanese. If Japan's younger architects have welcomed Western designers who might seem to be invading their turf, it is because everyone has enough work and because foreigners are importing new ideas to watch, use, and adapt without being criticized.

The new round of architects is simply the latest in an ancient cycle of imported change and transformation. It is the Japanese way. ▲



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Fashionable Fortress

Oleg Cassini is lord of the manor in his baronial Manhattan house

By James Servin









Oleg Cassini's designs, such as this dress, left, made Jacqueline Kennedy a fashion icon of the sixties. Top: Cassini and his favorite first lady. Above: A fireplace in his bedroom, armed with a collection of swords and daggers. The paneling is 16th century Italian. Right: Cassini's late Renaissance four-poster canopy bed.

Armed with a dinner jacket, tennis racket, and $10, Oleg Cassini arrived in New York in December 1936 and immediately despaired. The 23-year-old Italian aristocrat found the city's architecture hopelessly dreary. Even the well-to-do, he thought, lived in unimportant-looking buildings. Where were the palazzi?

Cassini's search for an identity, a profession, and just the right palazzo away from home took him on a checkered journey through some of the most celebrated pages of American social history. As a boy, Cassini sketched for the Parisian couturier Jean Patou; in New York he quickly found design work with retail fashion houses. In Hollywood Cassini became the "naughty count" who, in spite of his marriage to actress Gene Tierney, robed and disrobed the likes of Grace Kelly, Anita Ekberg, and Marilyn Monroe while drafting movie costumes. Cassini redeemed his public image in 1942 when he became an American citizen and then a U.S. Cavalry officer in World War II. He experienced perhaps his finest moments of respectability and recognition as the sole couturier for Jacqueline Kennedy throughout the Camelot reign. It was during this period that Cassini purchased a baronial castle off Manhattan's Gramercy Park. Finally, the renegade Florentine had an urban fortress to call home.

Built in the sixteenth century in Holland, Cassini's residence, as the accepted legend goes, originally belonged to a member of the Wells Fargo banking family, who transported it overseas brick by brick in 1845. Today, from the outside, it fits inconspicuously and snugly into a row of brownstones, but as you descend a small flight of brick steps and confront a stone archway and a massive door with an elaborate iron grating, a dungeonlike ambiance takes over. The foyer has a stone floor and what could be safely called a miniature armory of breastplates, swords, and crossed daggers mounted on one wall. To the right stands a foreboding four-seat bench from an Italian chapel. Its unusually high armrests were designed to accommodate guards wearing suits of armor.

There is also a mirrored case which, when lit, displays a portion of Cassini's extensive weaponry collection. Among the more striking items here are a Burmese cutlass ("Ideal," Cassini says, "for slicing off buffalo heads"), seventeenth-century Persian muskets and daggers, a sixteenth-century German gun, two French pistols, and, his favorite, an ivory, gold, and enamel sword that once belonged to Czar Nicholas II. Most of these treasures were acquired by Cassini on what he calls

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"semi-gastronomic, semi-art and furniture-hunting voyages throughout Europe and Asia. "I collect these [illegible] travels don't evaporate," says Cassini, nattily dressed in a hound's-tooth jacket. "I see myself as a modern Marco Polo."

Or perhaps a latter-day musketeer. Cassini grew up with tales of chivalry and yeomanship and the knowledge of his own noble legacy: he was born with a place in the Imperial Guard before the Bolshevik revolution intervened and Cassini's family fled to Italy. In Florence Cassini and his mother and brother lived in a sprawling triplex decorated with late Renaissance trappings. This richly textured courtly look was just what his own house, an imposing structure with vaulted twenty-foot ceilings, leaded stained-glass windows, and intricately carved wood paneling, seemed to welcome. "One could see that this place had the basics," Cassini says, "but it was like a pretty girl who needed a bath, a haircut, and a new dress."

Over the course of 25 years Cassini has been able to Svengali his five floors to his satisfaction; this "pretty girl," though, is no shrinking violet. Blood-red carpet covers the stairwells and deep dark woods abound. Monastic in its simplicity, the main room is populated with three standing suits of armor, one of them bought from Hearst's San Simeon, the other two from Lord Astor's Hever Castle in Kent, England.

Stepping into this cavernous corner of the house is like walking into a cathedral; sheer space overwhelms at first. But once your senses adjust to the time warp, you begin to notice carefully stationed, august treasures: the prehistoric helmet, possibly Greek, found in Etruria; the beaded thronelike chairs; the towering silver candelabra; the sconces of crossed swords and spear-carrying soldiers; the Cassini, Medici, and Cromwell flags that hang from the ceiling; the small silver curios (pears, shells, birds); and personal mementos—a portrait of Cassini's grandfather, who was a Russian ambassador to the United States, a bust of Robert Kennedy, and autographed photos of Jacqueline Kennedy ("For Oleg, with deepest appreciation") and another with her sister, Lee Radziwill, "For Oleg, who made us the best-dressed women in Asia").

For someone given to such a fierce aesthetic, Cassini's manner is surprisingly gentle, if uncompromising. "When I find a piece that is better than what I have, I eliminate the weaker," he says. It's a soldierly, if not Darwinian, approach to interior design, but then, Cassini assures, the marketplace for late Renaissance decorative art is hardly a jousting tournament these days. "There's not too much interest in this period because it's too massive," says Cassini. "You'd have to live in a castle. Apartments cannot take it."

In the second floor dining room, one of these pieces, a long heavy sixteenth-century table, stands surrounded by twelve red velvet upholstered chairs with ornamental scrolled backs. The notorious party giver says that guests dining here rarely spot the ancient graffiti on the table because it's usually so laden with dishes. "I gave a dinner party for Marilyn Monroe when she was in New York," Cassini says. "But nothing extraordinary happened—she ate my food and drank my champagne."

Perhaps he's being modest. In his 1987 autobiography, *In My Own Fashion*, Cassini reveals that he once had a harem of seven—one woman for each day of the week. Upstairs, as a maid cleans his room, Cassini details the artisanship of his bed, a late sixteenth century four-poster with cherubs carved into the headboard and a canopy covered in a printed linen of his own design. "The only problem is that the men of that period were a little short," he says, now looking at his bed a bit doubtfully. "I almost have to sleep diagonally on it."

From his bed Cassini has full view of a fireplace covered with more weapons—Persian swords, pistols, and one particularly serpentine dagger with an antler handle. "If I had any of these weapons in battle," sighs Cassini, "I would have been very happy."

All rude injustices of the hourglass aside, Oleg Cassini certainly has lived through this century with style and brought to it some much-needed chivalry. Next month in particular he's a man of the present when he introduces Cassini, his fragrance for women, which will be sold in stores nationwide. But after a long day, no matter what project he's working on, with a crash of the carved-wood door and the iron gate, Oleg Cassini is back to a world where he might have been king. "This house is finished. It is complete," he says, meditatively. "It is now a piece of history." ▲

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In his sitting room, left, François Catroux used Gazebo, an indigo printed fabric designed by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste for Étamine, Paris, throughout. Below: French flag flies from the 1878 brownstone.

Maison Manhattan

An elite corps of French decorators takes over a New York town house

By Glenn Harrell

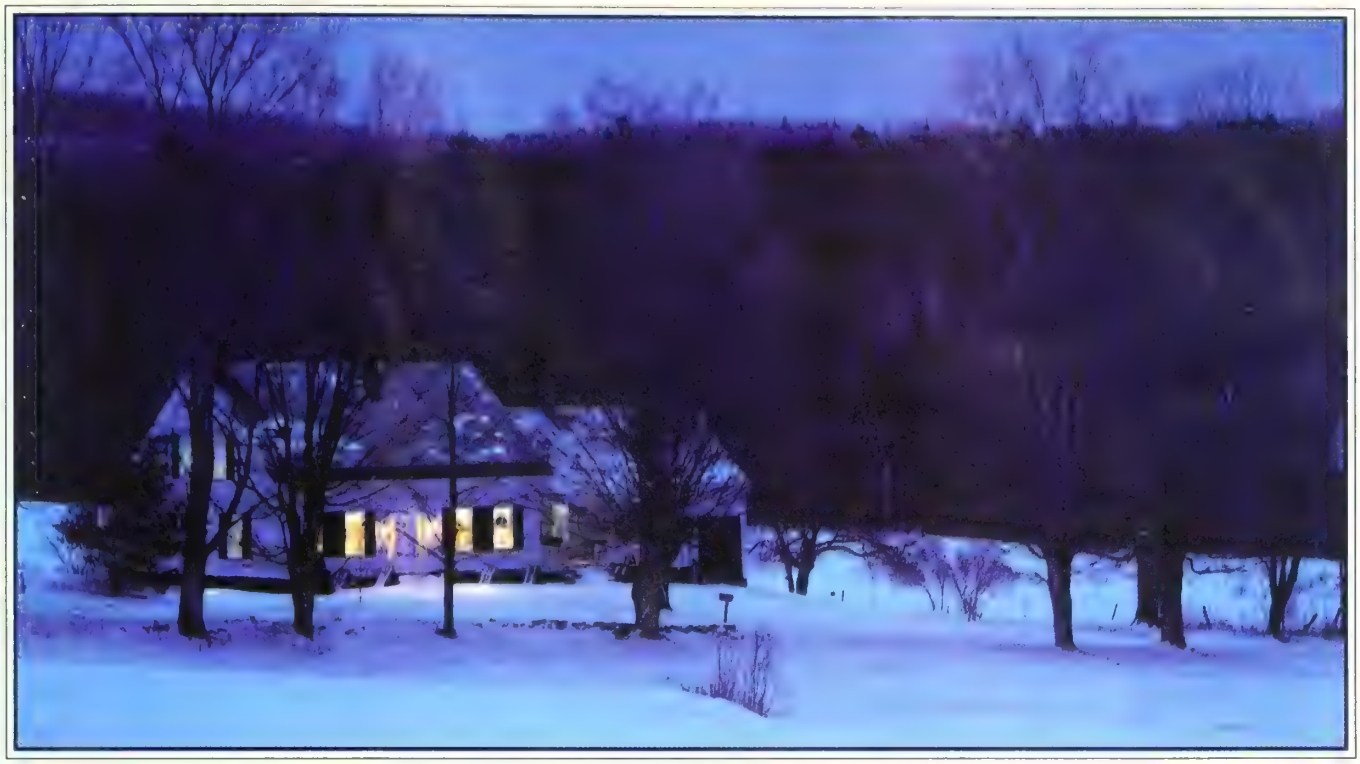


Russian Constructivist painting, c. 1923, by A[illegible]logan, right [illegible] above [illegible] Furniture, [illegible] objects, and rug from Barry Friedman, NYC. Details see Resources.

Francophiles stormed a brownstone in Manhattan this past fall for the first French Designer Showhouse organized to benefit the American Hospital of Paris. A late nineteenth century town house was revamped for the occasion with a green door (commonly seen on the Rive Gauche), Continental hardware, and French-style windows; the designs within were marked by extraordinary texture and color. A fairy tale–derived whimsy prevailed, from a bedroom by Louis-Charles de Rémusat at Didier Aaron inspired by *A Thousand and One Nights* to a dreamy chiffon-draped antechamber by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray.

François Catroux took the Russian Constructivist and Wiener Werkstätte movements as departure points for the sitting room he designed. Its decidedly masculine aura was achieved by the use of a heavy indigo blue cotton, faux grained wainscoting, and blocky Josef Hoffmann–style chairs with studded leather panels. The fabric's bold border acted as a wriggling frieze below the wall's crown molding and on the banquette's upholstered base, balanced by the vivid entangled geometry of the Art Deco rug.

Across the foyer, portière curtains were tied back to reveal an intimate drawing room designed by Jacques Grange with the help of Marie-Paule Pellé, creative director of *Condé Nast Traveler*. Glittering opulence was restrained by rusticity. A damask-covered sofa, armchairs, and ottoman were all cushily overstuffed, including up-



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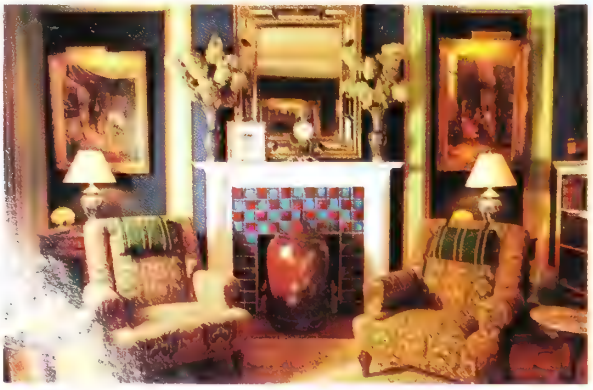


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In the drawing room decorated by Jacques Grange, top, a late 18th century Russian chandelier from Didier Aaron, NYC. Above: Armchairs upholstered in a Quadrille fabric flank tiled chimneypiece in the gentleman's dressing room by Geneviève Faure.



Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste transformed an attic room, left, using pieces from their Trapani furnishings collection for Lieux, Paris. The standing lamps with sixties-style beehive shades, tables, and sofa and armchair have synthetic resin bases in the shape and color of coral branches.

The house embodied a very French douceur de vivre—*the sweetness of life that transcends mere stylishness*

holstered feet. Two contrasting layers of iridescent silk taffeta at the window framed vases stuffed to the brim with roses. Geneviève Faure's mid nineteenth century gentleman's dressing room was equally atmospheric, with a strong Aesthetic movement feeling that would have appealed to the voluptuary Des Esseintes, hero of Huysmans's influential novel *À Rebours (Against the Grain)*.

On the top floor, next to transplanted Tennessean Hilton McConnico's rooms decked out in lobster and diminutive cactus, was Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste's Petite Chambre. "We wanted to create an underwater kingdom," explains Bonetti. A two-tone blue palette featured coral branches floating beneath a wavelike crown, and the rug's border was punctuated with starfish, shells, and crabs. Something new for the contemporary team was "introducing antiques from an ancient time." An early nineteenth-century velvet curtain bedizened with gold cartouches and a Louis XVI screen hid windows to exaggerate the room's otherworldliness, a quality exhibited in the decorative schemes of both the old guard and the avant-garde at the grandly Gallic showhouse. Appearing as it did at the end of a year filled with French bicentennial observances of every kind, this remarkable anthology of some of the best decorators of today summed up qualities that seem ineffably French: a willingness to go beyond the limits of quiet good taste, an enthusiasm for surprise and unexpected mixtures, and an unabashed embrace of *douceur de vivre*—the proverbial sweetness of life that transcends mere stylishness. ▲

Editor: John Ryman



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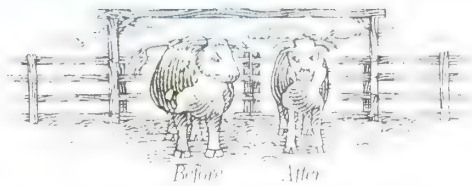
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MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH.

We haven't exactly been staring at the sagebrush while the rest of the world ran to aerobics class. Leaner breeding, skinnier feeding and closer trimming are making things definitely okay at the corral



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BEEF

Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed. *© 1988 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board*



ROUND TIP
*6.4 gms total fat**
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162 calories



TOP LOIN
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172 calories



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174 calories



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a glass of water, free wedges of fresh lemon, and sugar (from the dispenser on the tables). And none of us could forget how, after a nickel was dropped into the proper slot, a silvery spigot shaped like a dolphin's head poured coffee—always piping hot and filling the mug perfectly.

If you're planning to make a nostalgic deep-dish dinner of your own, there are plenty of potpie recipes from which to choose.

OLD-FASHIONED CHICKEN POTPIE

Crust

- 4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 pound cold butter, cut into cubes
- 1¼ cups ice water

Chicken and Stock

- 1 chicken or capon, 6–7 pounds
- 8 cups chicken broth, fresh or canned
- 1 carrot, unpeeled and scrubbed
- 1 large whole onion, peeled
- 4 stalks celery, cut in two
- 4 sprigs parsley, Italian or curly
- Salt and freshly ground pepper

Filling

- Cooked chicken, skinned and cut into substantial pieces
- 4 carrots, scraped and sliced in ½-inch rounds
- ½ pound string beans, cut into 1-inch pieces
- 12 small white onions
- 4 stalks celery, cut into ½-inch slices
- 2 medium parsnips, scraped and cut into ½-inch rounds
- 2 medium potatoes, peeled and cut into 1-inch cubes
- 10½ ounce package frozen green peas
- 4 ounce jar pimientos, drained and diced

Sauce

- 1 cup flour
- ¼ cup water
- Chicken stock (see above)
- 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 cup heavy cream
- Salt and pepper

Don't let the length of this recipe discourage you. I can't pretend it's a 30-minute dish, but much can be done in advance. You can prepare the chicken, stock, and piecrust a day or two ahead. For the piecrust, a cook in a hurry could use prepared or frozen puff pastry. Capon is my bird of choice. It is meaty and flavorful and will not fall apart even after long cooking

Crust. Place flour and butter in food processor fitted with the steel blade. Process, turning on and off rapidly, just until butter is cut into flour and consistency is crumbly. Add ice water, increasing amount if needed, turning processor on and off a few times, just until dough begins to form. (If you don't have a food processor, put the flour in a bowl. Add butter, cutting it in with a pastry blender or two knives until the mixture is the consistency of coarse cornmeal. Sprinkle with ice water and toss with a fork until ingredients adhere.) Gather the dough into a ball and flatten slightly. Flour lightly, cover tightly with plastic wrap, and refrigerate until ready to use.

Stock. Place chicken in a large pot with chicken broth, carrot, onion, celery, and parsley. If broth doesn't completely cover solid ingredients, add more broth or water. Cover pot and slowly bring to a boil. Reduce heat and slide cover over so pot is open an inch or two. Skim surface of stock frequently until scum changes to white foam. Simmer about 1 hour or until bird is tender and the juices at the thigh joint run clear when pierced with a knife. Remove chicken and let cool. Strain stock and discard vegetables. Season stock to taste with salt and pepper. Skim fat off the surface (or let cool, cover with plastic wrap, and refrigerate a few hours or overnight; the solidified fat can then be more completely and easily removed).

Filling. When the chicken is cool enough to handle, remove skin and cut meat into large chunks. Set aside. Cook carrots, string beans, onions, celery, parsnips, and potatoes in the stock, covered, for 9–10 minutes until barely tender. Add peas 1 minute before vegetables are done. Strain stock and return to pot, reserving vegetables. Reduce stock by cooking over moderately high heat about 30 minutes. There should be about 8 cups of concentrated stock. Add pimientos to vegetables and mix thoroughly. Spread chicken pieces over the bottom of a lightly oiled 14-by-11-by-2-inch ovenproof baking dish. Cover with vegetables.

Sauce. In a small bowl mix flour and water until smooth, then slowly stir into the hot stock and cook over moderate heat, whisking with wire whisk until sauce is smooth and the consistency of heavy cream. Stir in grated Parmesan cheese and heavy cream. Heat through, but do not boil. Add salt and pepper if necessary. Ladle sauce (7 cups) over filling to top of baking dish. Dust with freshly ground black pepper. Let cool before covering with crust.

On a lightly floured surface, roll out dough to a ⅜- to ½-inch thickness. Allow for a generous 1-inch overlap all around. Cover filling with crust, rolling back the overlap and crimping with the tines of a fork to make it adhere tightly to the edge of baking dish. Cut vents in crust to allow steam to escape. Refrigerate for at least 1 hour before baking.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Place baking dish on aluminum foil or baking sheet to catch any juices bubbling over. Bake 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 375 degrees and bake an additional 35–40 minutes or until crust is nicely browned. Serves 12 or more.

VEAL, HAM, AND LEEK PIE

Crust

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅔ cup lightly salted butter
- 1 egg yolk
- 3–4 tablespoons cold water


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Filling

1 cup leeks, green and white parts coarsely chopped
½ cup (1 stick) butter
¾ cup fresh breadcrumbs
½ cup milk
1 cup cooked lean ham, cut into strips
1 cup cooked veal, cut into strips
1 egg, lightly beaten
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons minced fresh parsley
1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil or 1 teaspoon dried
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup well-seasoned veal stock
1 cup well-seasoned chicken stock
Salt and freshly ground pepper
3 hard-cooked eggs, cut into quarters
Egg wash (1 egg yolk beaten with 2 tablespoons cream and pinch of salt)

Crust. Sift flour and salt into bowl. Cut butter into small pieces and coat with flour. Rub the butter in with flour using fingertips until mixture is crumblike. Make a well in the center of flour mixture. Add egg yolk and then water. Mix quickly, pressing mixture together with fingers (adding more water if necessary) to make a smooth dough. Turn dough onto a floured board and knead lightly for a few seconds. Divide dough into two portions, wrap in plastic, and chill for 30 minutes.

Filling. Cut the leeks into 2-inch slices and swirl them around in a bowl of water, changing it a few times until no dirt remains in the bottom of the bowl. Drain well. Chop leeks coarsely and sauté in ¼ cup of butter until wilted. Transfer to a large bowl. Soak the breadcrumbs in milk and add them to the bowl along with the remaining ingredients except the hard-cooked eggs. Add salt and pepper to taste. Preheat oven to 425 degrees.

Roll out half the dough and line bottom and sides of a shallow casserole (or 10-inch pie dish) 2½ inches deep with sloping sides and a ½-inch rim. Spoon a third of the pie filling into casserole, a layer of eggs, another third of the filling, remaining eggs, and remaining filling. Dome the top so that the crust will be high in the center. Roll out top crust and moisten the edge of bottom crust with egg wash. Arrange top crust in place and cut slits to allow steam to escape. Trim the overhang and crimp to seal the edges. Paint top with egg wash. Bake 25 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue baking 35 minutes longer. If crust begins to get too dark, cover loosely with foil. Use a baking sheet or a layer of foil under the casserole to catch drippings. Serve pie at room temperature or cold. A glass of ale is a fine accompaniment. Serves 4–6.

MEAT AND POTATO PIE

Filling

¼ cup vegetable oil
1 cup coarsely chopped onions
1 cup coarsely chopped celery
½ cup chopped green pepper
2 pounds ground sirloin
½ cup tomato sauce
1 teaspoon ground rosemary
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Topping

5 large potatoes, peeled and boiled
¼ cup (½ stick) melted butter
⅔ cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ cup heavy cream
Salt and pepper
Paprika

Filling. Heat oil in a large skillet. Add onions, celery, and green pepper. Mix well and cook for 5 minutes, stirring a few times so that vegetables cook evenly. Add ground sirloin and continue to cook and stir until meat loses its raw look. Mix in tomato sauce and rosemary. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Transfer to a lightly oiled casserole—a 9-by-13-by-2-inch rectangle or a deep 10-inch pie dish. Preheat oven to 375 degrees.

Topping. Mash cooked potatoes until smooth. Add melted butter, ½ cup of the Parmesan cheese, and the heavy cream. Beat until light and fluffy. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Spread potato topping over meat and smooth with a spatula. With the tines of a fork, draw diagonal lines on topping. Sprinkle with remaining Parmesan cheese and dust with paprika. Bake 40–45 minutes or until topping is golden brown. Serves 6–8. ♠



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Home Sweet Suburbia

One of the stars of TV's *Anything But Love* revisits the scenes of her childhood

By Ann Magnuson





Actress Ann Magnuson today, left, and, above right, in 1966 before one of her early performances.



Magnuson mans the lemonade stand, above. Left: With her brother, Bobby, in front of the house they grew up in.

Even though I threw my crystals away years ago, I still have a weakness for psychics. The only way I can justify this embarrassment is to point out that they are far cheaper than psychiatrists and just as effective. So when I was in Minneapolis last year, I had to visit a psychic in St. Paul who came highly recommended. Her eye-[illegible]ouse sat crumbling alongside rows of tidy suburban houses nestled in a middle American neighborhood that looked just like the neighborhood I grew up in back east.

Twice her [illegible] was interrupted by the sounds of a giant German shepherd throwing up in the next room, but finally I got to ask my most burning question: "Is my father making a mistake selling our house?" "Yes," she answered unequivocally, but I was to (A) Let it go, (B) Be content to revisit the house in my memories and dreams, and (C) Please pay her $[illegible] in cash.

Since that edict was delivered from the "other side," I have neither let it go nor been content to relinquish the house I grew up in to my mental meanderings. Instead I take every available opportunity to return. Rooted in the privacy of my old home, I pop in a dusty eight-track tape of Mitch Miller's *Christmas Album* and shamelessly indulge in a torrent of uninhibited, unabashed, and decidedly unhip sentiment. Then strange things begin to happen. Things I can't explain. Why, after fifteen years of vegetarianism, does the smell of sizzling bacon beckon? Why do I get teary-eyed over a glass of Tang or downright mournful when I hear the opening bars to the theme from *The Jackie Gleason Show*? Why do I shut all the doors and secretly turn on the Muzak station? Is it so I can smirk Letterman-style at the Postmodern inanity of it all? Or is it so I can instantly feel my parents in the next room where their transistor radio plays the diluted standards as they ready themselves for an evening out?

All this nostalgic angst because a bright orange disarmingly generic FOR SALE BY OWNER sign looms ominously in our azalea garden. Our home sweet suburban home is being unceremoniously dumped on the market and with it my only link to a glorious Beaver Cleaver past.



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WRITER IN RESIDENCE

Sometimes I wonder why I get so upset over the prospect of strangers moving in. It's not as if it's the same house we built in 1960. The tasteful Jackie Kennedy White House tour touches that my mother spent the prime of her life maintaining were long ago laid to waste by the appearance of the inevitable stepmother and her counteroffensive decorating strategies. Gone are the green and gold color scheme and Colonial motifs, replaced by powder-blue and baby-pink pastels and reams of Laura Ashley wallpaper. Scented soaps, dried-flower arrangements, spray-painted pussy willows, lacquered cattails, and ceramic bowls of potpourri fill every nook and cranny. My old room—which I was guilty of transforming from a frilly pink prepubescent boudoir to a black-lit, Day-Glo shag-carpeted opium den—disappeared completely to make room in the master bedroom for a Jacuzzi that no one ever uses. In every part of the house, foreign furniture occupies once-friendly territory. Familiar upholstery lovingly stained with Nestlé Quik now sits mildewing in the basement covered with the petrified droppings of the dreaded Siamese stepcat.

Why, after fifteen years of vegetarianism, does the smell of sizzling bacon beckon?

The basement! It holds so many treasured memories. From the childhood reenactments of favorite *Star Trek* episodes to the night my parents caught me and my high school chums having a cherry vodka and pot party to celebrate David Bowie's much-anticipated TV appearance on *The Midnight Special*. In a voice that could have doubled for God's in *The Ten Commandments*, Dad bellowed, "Ann, it smells like burnt rope down here." I was grounded for six months and forbidden to ever watch subversive programming like *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* again. But the sentence was soon reduced to three weeks and by the following weekend, in true parental fashion, the entire incident was forgotten—just in time for the Uriah Heep concert. Still, I'd scream, "When I'm eighteen, I'm leaving and never coming back!"

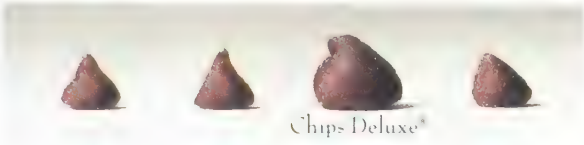
Then why do I feel as if the breath has been knocked out of me when Dad talks about selling the house? Is it because after ten years of self-imposed exile from Main Street, USA, to the crack-filled roach-infested slums of inner-city Bohemia, the promise of a fully operating toilet, heat in the winter, and freshly plastered walls is palatable again? Or is it because real estate prices for comparable housing in New York and Los Angeles have soared into the stratosphere, condemning us all to rent hell? Or is this simply another case of Waspish "thirtysomething" whining that has no place in a country of a million homeless people? One thing's for sure, the promise of liquid equity has replaced any hope of achieving a sense of permanence in this Bush-whacked country of ours. Eastman Kodak can only preserve so much.

Fortunately the real estate market in my hometown has bottomed out. Although it doesn't do my father any good, it gives me a chance to return once again and re-repack the storage boxes in the basement that are full of school papers, half-filled diaries, bad college poetry, Creepy Crawlers, an autographed eight-by-ten of Soupy Sales, my first pair of platform shoes, an old rusted gerbil cage, two Troll houses, the entire oeuvre of Milton Bradley, and other memorabilia useless to anyone besides myself. I'll save it all until my dying day and shift the thankless task of dividing it between Goodwill and the incinerator to an indifferent executor.

Until then I can sneak home and swing in the hammock Dad puts up in the backyard during the summer. It used to be so easy to lose yourself there amid the hypnotic sounds of lawn mowers and the narcotic smell of charbroiled burgers. Up in the sky, specks of light left a maze of crisscrossing trails that turned from white to orange to fuchsia before disappearing into the night. You'd wonder where the jets were going and imagine yourself traveling past the sprinklers and bird feeders, exploring the world that lay beyond the patio. What exactly was out there was anyone's guess. But one thing was certain—that pinprick in the map you called home was the center of the universe and, like gravity, would always pull you back. ▲

ILLUSTRATION: MICHAEL THIBODEAU

The curious size relationship between chocolate chips and the bakers of chocolate chip cookies.


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Have you tried one? No? Now *that's* curious.





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Superior Lodgings

Winter visitors receive a warm welcome at Minnesota's venerable Naniboujou Lodge

By Karin Winegar

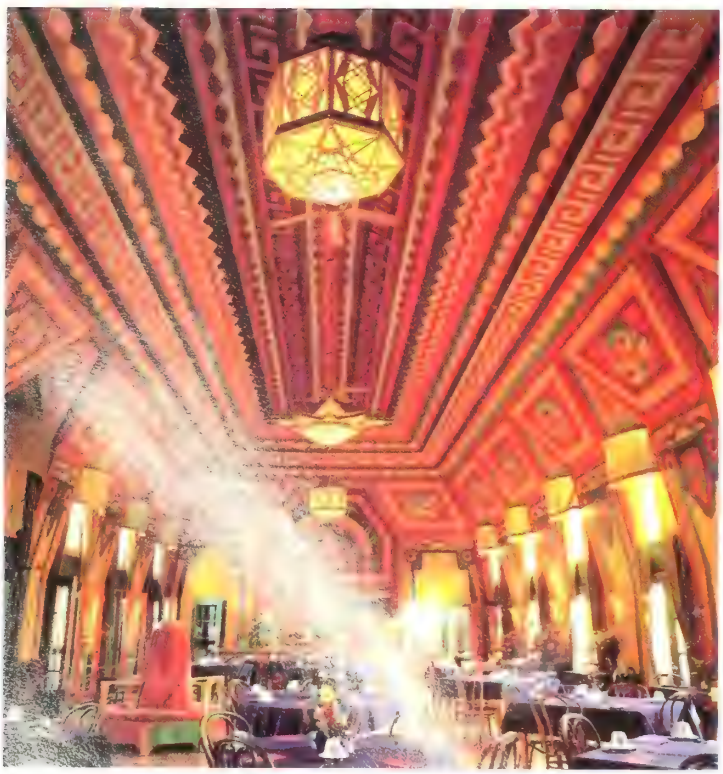
Sixty years ago, Duluth bankers, Chicago sportsmen, and New York writers and celebrities, including Ring Lardner, Babe Ruth, and Jack Dempsey signed on as charter members of the elite Naniboujou Club. They purchased 3,300 acres along the Brule River, including a mile of Lake Superior shoreline, fifteen miles northeast of Grand Marais, Minnesota, and optioned 8,000 additional acres along the nearby lakes for their private hunting chalets.

Naniboujou Lodge, named for the Cree spirit of the outdoors, was slated to have tennis courts, a golf course, a swimming pool, stables, and beach pavilions. The 1929 market crash, however, put an end to these projects and to the arrival of elegant families who traveled to Naniboujou by steamship across the Great Lakes. What remains today is the original lodge, a heavy-shuttered gaping horseshoe-shaped building of weathered cedar and cypress trimmed in cinnabar and maize. Five massive wooden flagpoles rise from the gambrel roof. On one side, the lawn slopes down to thickets of ruby-branched alder and rustling horsetail where the Brule River meanders into Lake Superior. On the other, it spreads out to a rocky beach of the plummy pink granite that permeates the north.

Indoors, a 30-by-80-foot dining hall features soaring vaulted ceilings and walls aglow in a sort of psychedelic Art Moderne interpretation of Cree Indian designs. The paint is virtually undimmed since designer Antoine Gouffée applied it in the nine weeks before the lodge opened in July 1929. The largest native rock fireplace in Minnesota, 200 tons of Lake Superior stone laid by a Swedish mason, flanks one end of the hall. At the other shimmers a mural of a dreamy blue-lidded Naniboujou. At night the haunting owl faces, the teeth, claws, and humped noses along the walls blaze by firelight like technicolor beadwork.







The incised wood lantern over Naniboujou's main door, above, may have been a model for bronze fixtures that never arrived. Left: The great hall with Cree motifs painted in 1929 by Antoine Gouffée. Above left: Visitors to the Naniboujou shore of Lake Superior once arrived by lake steamer.

Much of the original furniture remains: a ten-sided gossip seat upholstered in faded coral velvet, two massive oak library tables incised with the owl motif, overstuffed armchairs, and carved chandeliers of balsam pine and parchment.

Young owners Tim and Nancy Ramey and their five lively children are robust and athletic, and their north woods château once frequented by city swells now serves hikers and honeymooners, wanderers and writers. There are still no telephones or television. Instead, guests cross-country ski in the adjacent park or hike to the Devil's Kettle, a waterfall that splits in two.

Gouges at Naniboujou's front door mark it as a scratching post for black bears, and deer and moose browse the meadow behind the volleyball court and basketball hoop. A pair of otters galumph along the trout-fishing paths on the Brule, and a bald eagle recently made off with one of the three Canadian geese that graze on the lawn. True to its original billing, Naniboujou is still a place to "plunge into the wilderness." ♠

For reservations contact Tim and Nancy Ramey, Naniboujou Lodge, HC 1 Box 505, Grand Marais, MN 55604; (218) 387-2688.

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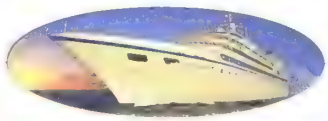
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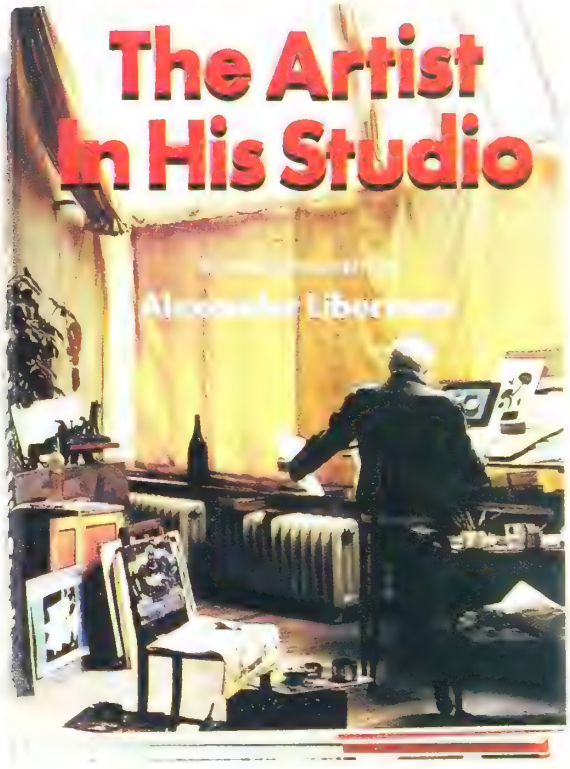
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Curtain's Up

Craftsman Joe Biunno gets star billing for decorative hardware

By Dana Cowin



Saturday morning a woman wearing an Hermès scarf walks into Joe Biunno's cluttered showroom and grabs her husband's elbow. "This is it," she says. "We've found it." What she has found is curtain salvation. On one wall there are over fifty hand-carved wood finials—pointed ones, rounded ones, ones carved to look like pineapples, dragons' or lions' heads, and acorns. Above the workroom door dangle dozens of curtain rings, and lined up like rungs on a ladder are myriad options for bronze curtain poles. The Hermès woman's double-digit walk through the yellow pages has yielded this unexpected windfall of finials, metal tassels, curtain rings, and poles.

Just knowing that among the ads for Roto-Rooter and rent-a-cars there is a listing for Joseph Biunno should make all of us a little more hopeful when trying, unsuccessfully, to find that elusive detail without which all seems lost. For Biunno, a third-generation craftsman, is considered by decorators to be one of New York City's best kept secrets. Many have known him since he was a scraggly haired seventeen-year-old kid apprenticing with his father, a well-respected furniture finisher. The younger Biunno became better acquainted with clients when he was sent to their houses in his father's place—not always a pleasant experience, as he was often greeted at the door by a person who would say, as politely as possible, "Oh, I was expecting Mr. Biunno."

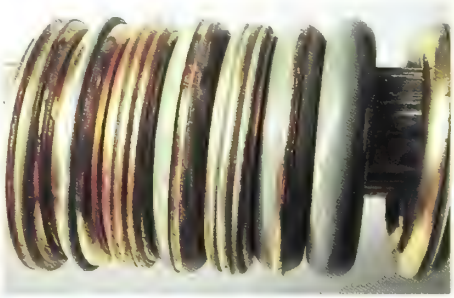
Joe has continued the family trade. The craftsmanship remains old world, the quality unchanged [illegible] he fifteen years the two Biunnos worked [illegible] a small room with no help. But Joe Biunno's natural knack for marketing has brought the business side up to date. After his father's death, Biunno moved to the building in which the upholsterer A. Schneller Sons is a tenant. Biunno figured Schneller's proximity would bring more work. He also hired a staff to increase the capacity for carving, gilding, and turning. And already known among design cognoscenti as the man to replace lost antique keys, he cultivated another crowd-pleasing sideline, curtain hardware.

Biunno decided to produce one finial a week until he had a display wall full of spikes. (To the faint of heart it looks like a torture rack in a TV show—"Holy finials, Batman, it's curtains for us.") He borrowed designs from books, enlarged the dimensions of lamp finials found in flea markets, and adapted carvings from furniture that came into his shop for repairs. The finial Biunno is most proud of is a regal-looking hand-carved water-gilded goat with a curly mane and rugged ridged horns, which he first spied on a round three-legged table. In the showroom the animal's face is about nine inches long and hangs out on a pole over the air conditioner. The goat has also been incorporated into furniture made in the workshop. "I try to get as much mileage as I can out of one shape," he says. "After I get the initial idea, these things just seem to create themselves."

Far from creating themselves, most things in Biunno's shop are the result of his constant attention. His vocabulary is short a few words—"I can't" has seldom been heard on the premises. When one client wanted a 24-foot solid mahogany pole, too big to be turned on most machines, Biunno made it by hand. To dress up simple carved-wood curtain rings, he spent days on the phone and looking through catalogues trying to locate the perfect string of beads to wrap around the ring like a bracelet around a wrist. The final effect is worth all the trouble: the curtain rings stand out but aren't flashy. When another client asked him to make one hundred gilded balls to attach to a blanket, Biunno acquiesced.

All this hard work has certainly paid off. He will never be confronted with a disappointed face again—he is the Mr. Biunno everyone wants to see. (Joseph Biunno Co., 129 West 29 Street, New York, NY 10001; 212-629-5630) ▲







Biunno gilds finials in his New York studio, above. Curtain rings, above right, and finials, right, are carved with old-world care. Top left: The goat's head is a favorite design.


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EDITOR'S PAGE

FEBRUARY 1990

Flying to L.A. last night, I was seated next to an actor. He was on his way to complete a suspense film at a Hollywood studio; I was about to spend a few days looking at houses for the magazine. What we do is different, and yet I've been thinking we share a common pursuit—drama. This heightening of effect is present in the best houses, and we try to capture it in every issue of the magazine. Frank Lloyd Wright was a master of drama: in his 1923 Storer house he created it with imposing concrete blocks and heroic scale. The present owner, Hollywood producer Joel Silver, has remained faithful to the architect's vision in his careful use of Wright-designed furniture alongside twentieth-century Arts and Crafts objects. Renowned photographer David Seidner cultivates a dramatic aesthetic of roughness and decay in his finely tuned Paris house, and Patrick and Martine Guerrand-Hermès have drawn upon the romance of North Africa to set the scene in their villa in Marrakesh with elegant Moorish detailing inside and a dreamily exotic lantern-lit tent outside. There's drama to spare in the majestic mountains and pines of Aspen, Colorado, where Peter Guber, the newly appointed cochairman and CEO of Columbia Pictures, and his wife, Lynda, retreat to a wooden house on 100 acres of land. The awe-inspiring setting is a constant backdrop, whether seen stretching out from the glass-walled living room or referred to symbolically in the extraordinary boulder-lined master bath. In the Petrie apartment David Easton's Adamesque central hallway frames an elegant—and dramatic—sweep of space. And in Jerry Hall's cozy London apartment, her presence takes center stage in a Warhol portrait over the mantel while an array of dresses provides a fanciful supporting cast. By now, 7:30 A.M., my actor acquaintance is at the Paramount studio and has no doubt been remade by makeup artists into a menacing villain. I, meanwhile, am thinking about the February issue and the role of content, sequence, presentation—an editor's very own lights, camera, action.



The veranda of a Marrakesh villa, where Moorish arches and vibrant bougainvillea set the stage for drama.

Mary Hoograd

EDITOR IN CHIEF

A historic Frank Lloyd Wright house is brought back to life by film producer Joel Silver. By Pilar Vilad

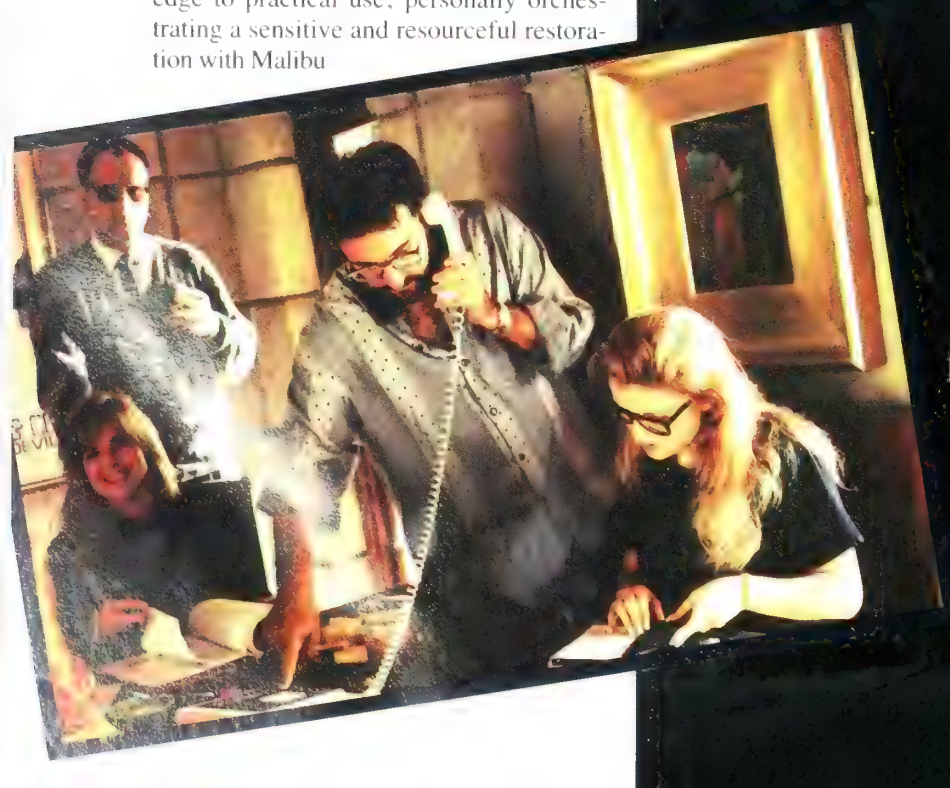
Photographs by Oberto Gili

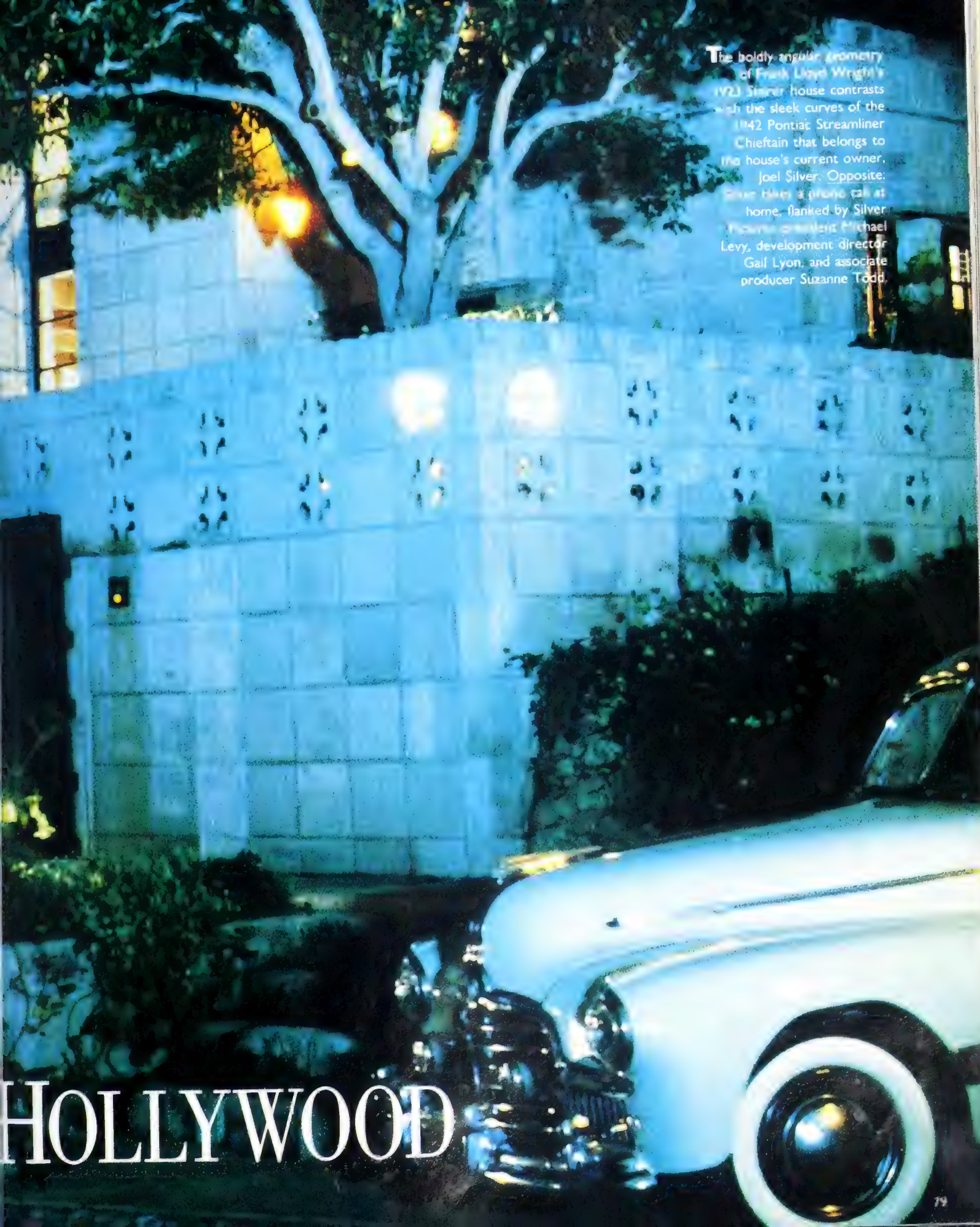
WRIGHT IN

Joel Silver is one of Hollywood's hottest young producers. His string of action-picture successes ranges from *48 Hrs.* and *Predator* to the even bigger box-office blockbusters *Die Hard* and *Lethal Weapon* (1 and 2). But that, as they say in show business, is only Silver's day job. For the past five years, his true love—his grand passion—has been the painstaking and sympathetic restoration of Frank Lloyd Wright's 1923 Storer house, a striking composition of angular pavilions nestled into the foot of the Hollywood Hills and the second in a series of four Wright residential designs from the early 1920s.

These houses, all located in or near Los Angeles, were a laboratory for the architect's experiments in textile block construction, in which plain and patterned concrete blocks were knit together with steel reinforcing rods to produce structures that could be easily assembled with unskilled labor—and therefore for relatively little money. Alas, building these houses required far greater skill than Wright had imagined; they turned out to be anything but inexpensive. Wright soon abandoned the experiment (he tried again, successfully, decades later), and the Storer, Millard, Ennis, and Freeman houses were left to suffer the ravages of time and in some cases uninformed alterations.

Of the four the Storer house has fared the best, thanks to its current owner's interest and enthusiasm. Joel Silver is a veritable walking encyclopedia on the subject of Frank Lloyd Wright, and he put his knowledge to practical use, personally orchestrating a sensitive and resourceful restoration with Malibu





The boldly angular geometry of Frank Lloyd Wright's 1923 Sowden House contrasts with the sleek curves of the 1942 Pontiac Streamliner Chieftain that belongs to the house's current owner, Joel Silver. Opposite: Silver takes a phone call at home, flanked by Silver Pictures president Michael Levy, development director Gail Lyon, and associate producer Suzanne Todd.

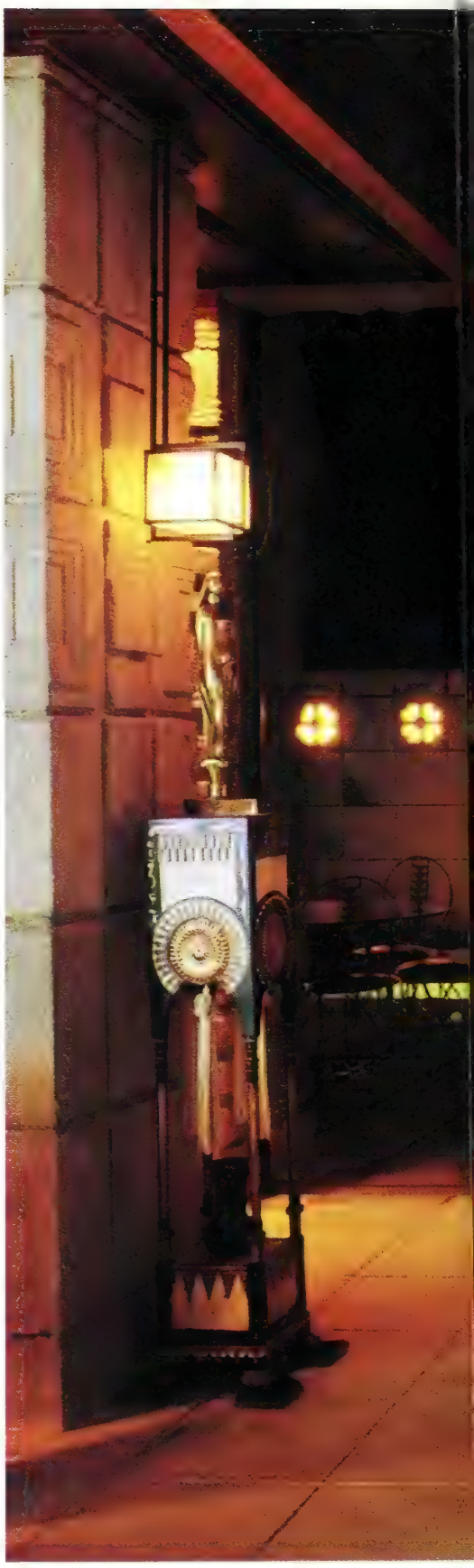
HOLLYWOOD



The [illegible] furniture includes an adjustable armchair [illegible] Wright's 1902 W. E. Martin house, a lamp that [illegible] made from an unexecuted Wright design, [illegible] seat and matching chair adapted from Wright's [illegible] for the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, and a [illegible] table and end table that were part of Wright's 1955 [illegible] for Heritage-Henredon. The Winged Victory [illegible] a plaster cast of one of the architect's favorite sculptures. Details see Resources.







architect Eric Wright (grandson of the master and son of architect Lloyd Wright, who had also worked on the house and who designed its original landscaping) and decorator Linda Marder. Silver was pleased with the results—but that was only the beginning. "My goal was a full realization of Wright's vision of this house," he explains.

Phase two of the project, which is now complete, called for following the spirit of Wright's intention as much as it did the letter. Certain aspects of the original design that were never executed—the canvas canopies over the east and west terraces, the white-painted leading on the windows, the curve of the driveway, even a mahogany floor lamp—were carefully produced according to the original drawings. Other things required a combination of historical knowledge and imaginative improvisation. A swimming pool, not in Wright's design but later planned by Lloyd Wright, was added to the backyard, its custom-made patterned concrete blocks echoing those of the original lily pond on the front terrace. The landscaping, a tangle of overgrown shrubbery, was replaced with a reinterpretation of Lloyd Wright's earlier scheme. Of the finished product Eric Wright reports, "I think my grandfather would be pleased."

By day the living-dining wing of the house is an airy sun-filled pavilion; Silver often spends mornings working at his dining table. By night the house assumes quite another personality, becoming a luminous exotic jewel box of a building with a magic carpet of city lights at its feet. Either way, the house perfectly embodies Wright's notion of a California "Romanza," which was, as the architect described it in his autobiography, "the mysterious remaining just haunting enough in a whole so organic as to lose all evidence of how it was made." Making this particular romanza truly livable, however, posed a challenge. Wright designed no furniture for the house, save the aforementioned floor lamp and a series of bronze light fixtures that Silver found piled in a junk heap when he moved in. Here his approach was also sympathetic rather than slavish; original Wright pieces from other sources mix with commissioned reproductions and contemporary adaptations.

Amassing all this furniture was one thing; arranging it was quite another. Wright had placed the living room on the second floor of the main wing to take advantage of the impressive city view, leaving the entry dining room and kitchen on the first floor—an arrangement that was more effective in theory than in practice. "I had a problem getting people up to the

The entry/dining area on the first floor, above, functions by day as a home office. Right: By night this space becomes a dramatic setting for dinner, offering a view to the pool beyond. Flanking the dining table, which is a Wright original from the 1908 Isabel Roberts house, are a Bugatti pedestal and a large Teco vase that may have been designed by Louis Sullivan.



By day or by night, the house embodies Wright's notion of a California "Romanza"





living room," recalls Silver. "They liked to hang around the entry and dining room. So I took all the furniture out of the entry—except for two ottomans—which left no place to sit but the living room." This executive decision would no doubt have made the imperious architect smile.

Silver's growing collection of objects and artworks provides the same fascination on a small scale that the architecture does on a large. It is founded on a solid assortment of Arts and Crafts pottery, which includes important pieces of Teco, Fulper, and Sicard. These, as well as the Roycroft and Jarvie candlesticks, the Tiffany lamps and vases, and other treasures, generally predate the house by at least a decade, yet they seem as appropriate as Silver's holdings of Wright furniture, which extend from the turn of the century to the 1950s. Silver is a discerning collector and has targeted many of his acquisitions with the advice of Tod Volpe, a founder of New York's Jordan-Volpe Gallery and now an independent dealer and consultant in Los Angeles. "Joel and I became friends through our shared interest in the Arts and Crafts movement," says Volpe. "He has an exceptional eye. He owns one of the best pieces of Sicard ever made, and he recently bought a rare Tiffany American Indian lamp. As a collector, he knows the importance of building relationships, and together we have made an important statement."

Given Silver's I've-got-to-have-it approach—collecting for pleasure rather than just investment—it is no surprise that his houseful of museum-quality objects looks anything but museumlike. He understands that works of beauty—from buildings to bowls—need to be used, not simply admired. This outlook will serve him well as he tackles his next architectural project, the restoration of Wright's 1939 C. Leigh Stevens residence, known as Auldbrass Plantation, in Yemassee, South Carolina. From all indications, this latest Wright-Silver production looks like another hit. ▲

Joel Silver has built his wide-ranging collection on a solid Arts and Crafts base

On the dining table, opposite, a pair of brass Roycroft candlesticks, 1940s wineglasses by Dorothy Thorpe, and sterling flatware designed by Charles Rennie Mackintosh and manufactured by Sabattini. Above: The study houses Silver's collection of Arts and Crafts pottery, a chair from Wright's 1903 Larkin Building, and a portrait by James Montgomery Flagg.





Seen from the pool, the house appears almost transparent. Silver leafed the bronze-weighted canopies, which were part of the original design but were never made. On the patio are reproductions of Wright's 1913 Midway Gardens table and chairs, manufactured by Cassina and available through Atelier International. The chaise longues are from Weatherend.



The Model Apartment



A Warhol portrait of Jerry Hall, opposite, hangs over the fireplace in the sitting room. Family photos share the mantel with cards and invitations. Below: Two party dresses by Antony Price, the one at left in a Cecil Beaton print, flank the dress Jerry wore to Lord Glenconner's 1986 Peacock Ball. Details see Resources.

Jerry Hall homes in on a stylish London pied-à-terre

By Guy Nevill Photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes

"Jerry approaches decorating," says David Mlinaric, "the way other people approach gardening —trying out and fiddling"



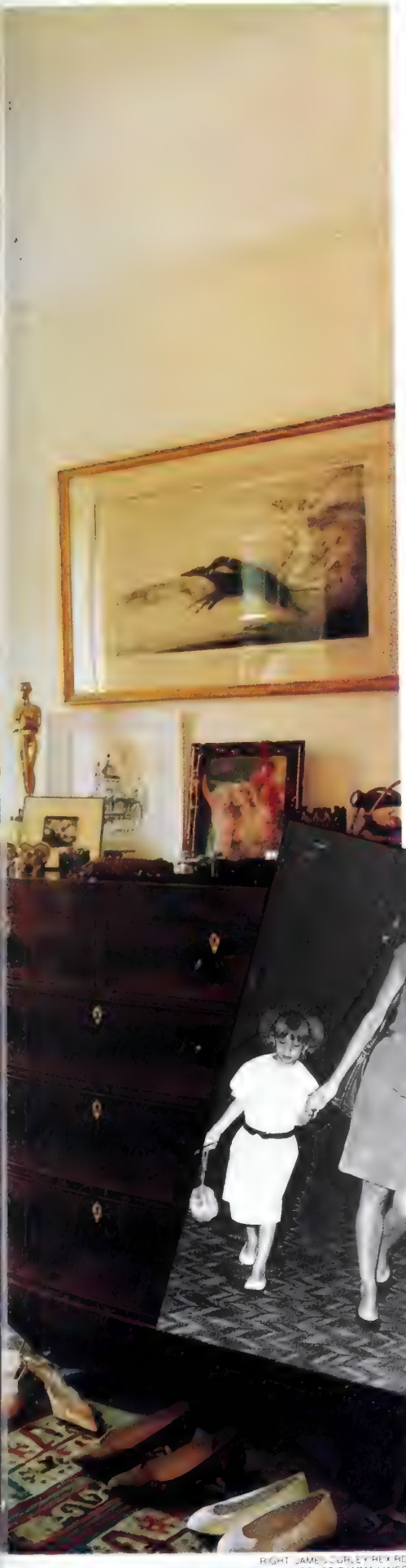


In 1988 Jerry Hall decided she had to have a base in London. It all happened very quickly. Within a week she had bought a fin de siècle flat in Kensington and had even begun improvising her housewarming party. Then Mick Jagger advised her: "Don't move in, call David Mlinaric." Jerry telephoned the decorator's office, said, "Y'all come on over," and the Mlinaric empire descended. Ever the professional, Mlinaric saw the possibilities immediately and, crossing the threshold, instinctively sensed there was a terrazzo floor underneath the pile carpet. But it was to Jane Rainey—daughter of the late Lord Harlech, once British ambassador to Washington—and Tino Zervudachi, both from Mlinaric's office, that he delegated the job, which had to be completed for Jerry's dinner party four months later. Their task was easier than most because Jerry, Mlinaric says, "approaches decorating the way other people approach gardening—trying out and fiddling. Jerry has this life force. That is why it took so little time to complete; she knew what she wanted and it all came together."

Knowing how to fend for herself comes naturally to Jerry Hall. She and her twin sister, Terry, the youngest of five girls, were raised in a three-bedroom house in Mesquite, now a suburb of Dallas. Soon after they were born the family fell on hard times. Their father, a half American Indian Clark Gable look-alike, who once served as an officer under General Patton, gambled away the family fortune, putting the deed to their farm in Gonzales on the table as a final gesture. Next he became a truck driver, transporting dangerous explosives across the country and taking fishing trips on the side. He named his twin progeny so he could boast to his mates that they were boys. Meanwhile, Jerry's mother, Marjorie Hall, a glamorous woman of Irish-Scottish descent, taught the girls about etiquette and beauty and that sex is the most important beauty secret. "She filled our heads with fantasies,"

Jerry Hall, opposite above, reclines on a George Sherlock chair. Opposite below: An Aubusson carpet provides common ground for a pair of Sherlock chairs, an embroidered ottoman, and a Louis XV needlepoint-upholstered sofa in the living room. Left. Coats and boots line the entrance hall where a reproduction William IV chair sits next to an Irish coal bucket used as an umbrella stand.







Jerry says. "My mother told us we were Amazon goddesses."

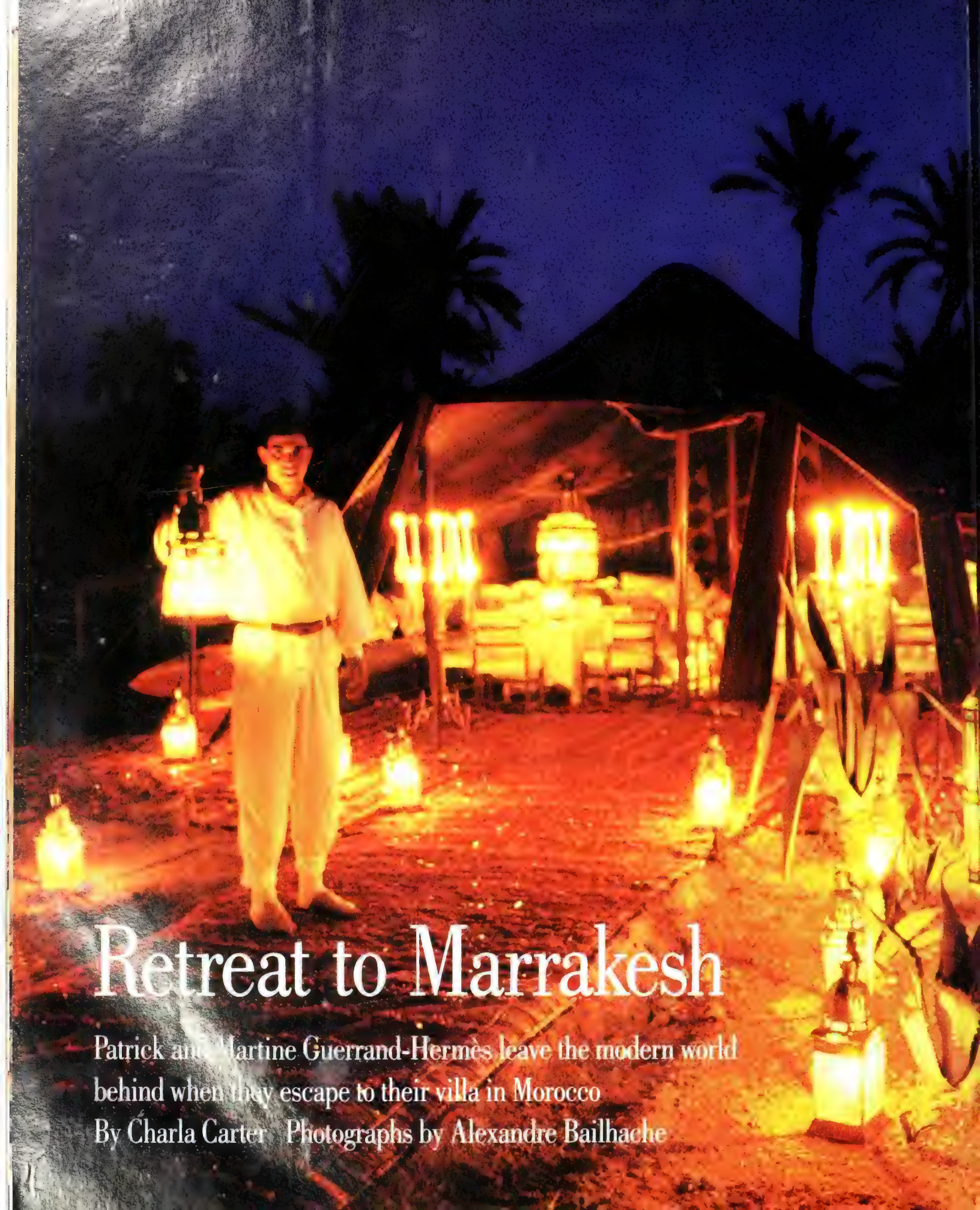
Summers were spent with their grandmother in Gonzales, rising early, sewing and cooking, reciting Bible verses, making soap and candles. Riding and going to church and funerals were their diversions. Their grandmother made them eat before they went out, like Scarlett O'Hara, so as not to gorge themselves in front of company. Theirs was a gregarious and useful upbringing. Jerry, in fact, was bred to run a good house. At sixteen she won a scholarship to college. Before leaving for school, she took a trip to Paris, was noticed, and soon appeared on the cover of *British Vogue*. Since then she's never looked back.

When Mick Jagger entered her life, he had his own ideas about decorating. Jerry's London flat is the first place that truly bears her own imprint. Inspiration for the look of stylish clutter that prevails came from her mentor Christopher Gibbs, the Bond Street antiques dealer Jagger has been buying from since the sixties, and from her mother, who is an incorrigible collector. "You fall over the minute you walk in her door," drawls Jerry.

For furniture she and her decorating crew started with her finds gathered over the years from house sales in Ireland and France. These included a set of eighteenth-century Irish dining chairs, an eighteenth-century Irish wake table used for dining, a William IV sideboard, kilims, embroidered ottomans, and paintings of saturnine cherubs. Next they feverishly scoured London's best *(Text continued on page 165)*

The bedroom, far left, combines rare 19th-century Japanese curtains and Egyptian hangings and bedcover on a William IV four-poster Mick Jagger bought from Christopher Gibbs in the sixties. Above: Ceiling-high shelves of toys and, on the floor, a *Spitting Image* head of Mick in the nursery. Left: James and Elizabeth Scarlett Jagger with each of their parents.

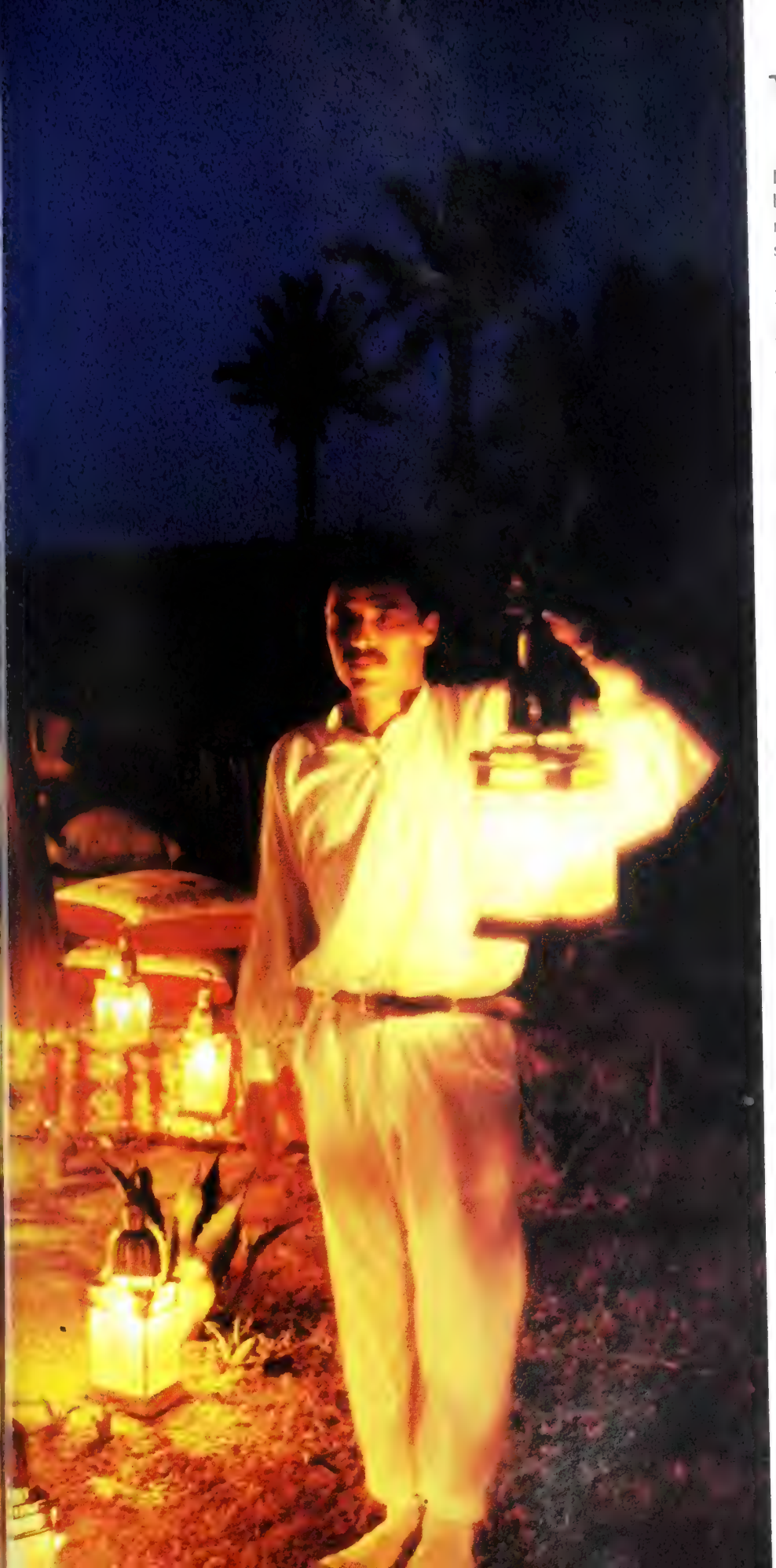
RIGHT: JAMES CURLEY/REX/RDR
CENTER: DAVE GERRARD/SPOONER/GAMMA-LIAISON



Retreat to Marrakesh

Patrick and Martine Guerrand-Hermès leave the modern world behind when they escape to their villa in Morocco

By Charla Carter Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache



When life at their château in Chantilly becomes too pastoral and Paris from their pied-à-terre overlooking the Palais Royal gardens seems altogether too urbane, Patrick and Martine Guerrand-Hermès opt for an extreme in scenery and sensibility—their villa in Marrakesh.

"We're just a three-hour flight from Paris, but it looks like something out of the Bible," says Martine. "Time has stopped here. The chaos of the modern world doesn't exist." Marrakesh's exotic flavor—its pink clay walls, spice-scented air, and djellabah-clad inhabitants—is what appeals to the Guerrand-Hermès, as does the fact that its average year-round temperature is a sunny 80 degrees. These same attractions have been drawing adventurous European expatriates to Morocco since the early decades of the century—a group that later included Leo Tolstoy's granddaughter Tatiana who lived in the Guerrand-Hermès house in the 1950s.

Patrick Guerrand-Hermès, a retired executive in his family's luxury leather-goods firm, first explored Marrakesh in 1954 as a cavalryman stationed in Morocco. Three decades later he surprised Martine and their two sons, Olaf, 26, and Mathias, 18, with the news that he'd just bought a villa in the heart of the Palmeraie, Marrakesh's vast palm grove.

By the time the Guerrand-Hermès moved in, La Source, as Tatiana dubbed it, bore the imprint of an eccentric doctor who left the villa with a decidedly split personality. La Source is, in fact, two houses in one. There is the original 1920s French colonial side containing most of the living space and a 1950s three-floor tower that serves as the bedroom wing. As a result the interior is a maze of winding passageways, staircases, entries, and exits leading from one house to the other. It makes for some "impossible inside circulation," Patrick concedes, "but there's nothing more boring than a salon-to-the-right, bedrooms-to-the-left floor plan, n'est-ce pas?"

Guests like French writer Jean Diwo and his wife, Irène, recommend asking for a map to discover La Source's many de-

A Moroccan waiter lights the way to a cavernous Berber tent in a corner of the Guerrand-Hermès garden. Made of black camel's hair and sheep's wool and carpeted with kilims, the alfresco shelter seats 25 people for feasts of couscous and tajine.





Martine Guerrand-Hermès, right, on a bougainvillea-draped terrace, greets her husband, Patrick, astride one of his Moroccan Barb horses. Below: From the terrace of the master bedroom, a view of La Source's abundant five-acre garden of anemones, asters, delphiniums, and 1,500 rosebushes.







In the master bedroom, above, cream-colored walls and canvas-covered armchairs provide a serene setting for Syrian and Moroccan antiques and an Orientalist painting. The bed stands in the alcove next to the fireplace, behind curtains of French cotton available from Brunschwig & Fils. The double doors lead to Martine Guerrand-Hermès's bathroom. Details see Resources.



"Time has stopped here. The chaos of the modern world doesn't exist"



lights. These include three spacious salons that convert to living or dining rooms, several flower-filled terraces where hot honey cakes and tea are served at breakfast, and seven bedrooms all of which boast superb views of either the Palmeraie or the Atlas mountain range.

Although their intention five years ago was simply to rearrange a bit, the Guerrand-Hermès ended up completely revamping La Source's interior. Initially, they asked a "very brilliant, very self-assured decorator to submit a plan," explains Patrick, but in the end they waved him away, saying "Forget about your bare white walls and fancy decorating ideas, we want a place to put our books." Finally they turned to Guy and Rajaa Morin, a local Marrakesh couple more attuned to their tastes and the local offerings, to help them graft traditional Moroccan elements onto La Source's otherwise undistinguished interior. The Morins added four crescent-shaped fireplaces and replaced existing doors with brass-studded carved cedar ones rescued from defunct palaces in Marrakesh's Medina, the old Arab quarter. Local artisans tiled sink tops in the colorful geometric mosaics known as zellige and rebuilt walls the Moroccan way with layers of cork, packed earth, and tadlak, a plasterlike material that is polished for several days with agate stone, black soap, and beeswax to give it a luster resembling pink marble. A bathroom off the Chambre Toubkal (also known as the Young Marrieds' bedroom for its romantic view of Toubkal, the highest peak of the Atlas Mountains), is a tadlak jewel. Its floor, heavy round columns, sink top, even bathtub are all covered with the rosy finish.

This palette continues in Patrick and Martine's spacious bedroom, which has its own vast bougainvillea-carpeted terrace. Here, as in all the rooms, the only wall decorations are sumptuous nineteenth-century Orientalist paintings. ("A family weakness," says Patrick.) The antique furniture—intricately carved Moroccan and Syrian pieces inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl—was found for the most part in Paris, since, as Martine laments, "there's none to be had in Morocco." For fabrics the Guerrand-Hermès chose cottons patterned with French Provincial flower motifs that reminded them of Islamic decorations.

With Marrakesh's climate so warm and dry, more time is spent outdoors than in. The five acres of garden surrounding the house were in a state of general neglect when Patrick first surveyed them but their potential did not go unnoticed. "The garden's splendid savagery intrigued me," he says. "I threw myself into its renaissance." Almost as soon as the deed was signed, truckloads of fertilizer began mak-

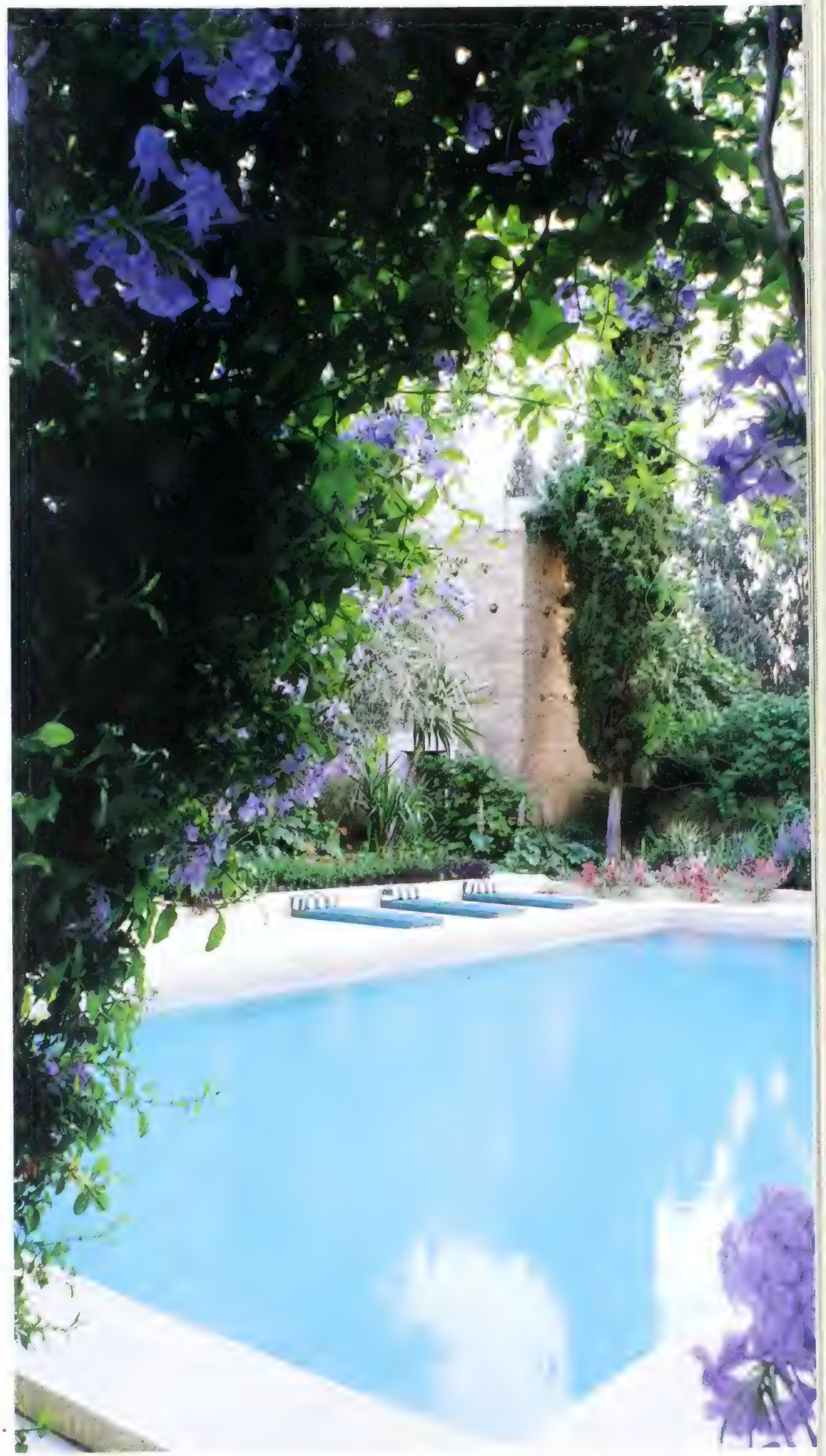
ing their way to Marrakesh from France. Even grass seed was imported—it arrived in 25-pound gunnysacks from America. Fifteen hundred rosebushes were planted and their flowers are displayed throughout the house in sumptuous bouquets arranged by Martine's mother, Kaki.

At the end of the garden lies a pool with a Moroccan-style men's changing room and steambath, "constantly being invaded by the women," says Patrick in mock exasperation. (The women's changing room is several all-too-exhausting yards away.) Guests indulge in poolside games of pinochle, gin, and a quaint local favorite called Moroccan's beard, while lounging on plush beach towels branded with the Hermès family name.

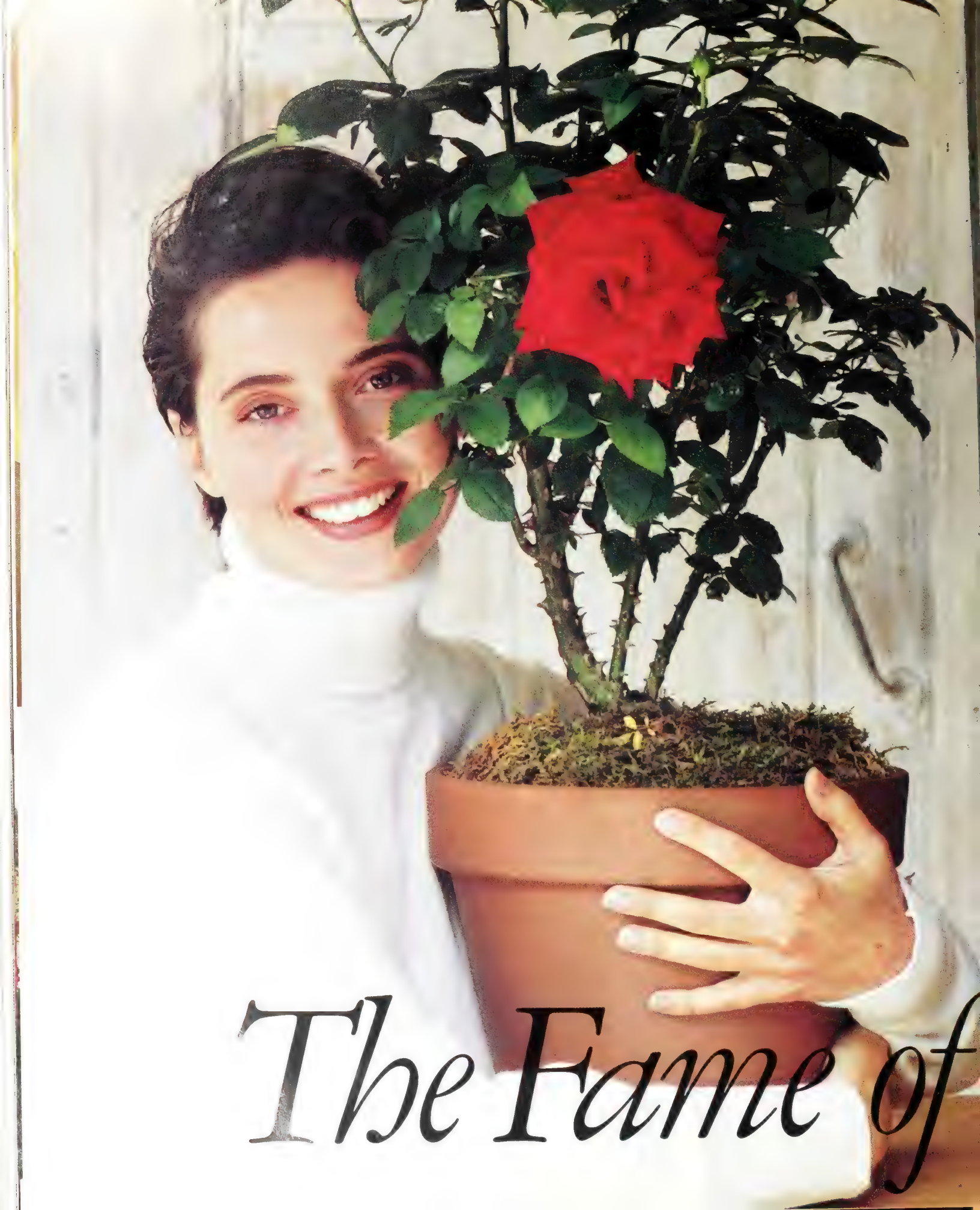
A bona fide bedouin tent, fashioned from heavy black camel's hair and sheep's wool and carpeted with kilims, stands in another corner of the garden. Occasionally the family gathers for quiet meals under its dark canopy. More often, however, the tent shelters glittering crowds of 25 or more who dine by the stippled light of silver lacework lanterns. These couscous and tajine feasts are often colored by spectacles in which dozens of Berber horsemen fire their guns in the air at full gallop.

La Source is noted for its inspired entertainment, but Patrick, citing the proximity of ski fields, the ocean, golf courses, and riding trails insists it is the outdoor life they most enjoy. "La Source is a country house for us," explains Martine, who makes a point of being in Marrakesh with her husband in the autumn for the pruning of the garden and again in the spring when "the flowers are stunningly beautiful." Is there ever a time when Marrakesh and La Source are anything less than enchanting? "Yes," replies Patrick. "In August temperatures rise to a hundred degrees in the shade. That's when we turn the house over to some friends of ours—the marquis and marquise de Contades—and they love it." He considers for a moment and adds, "But I think they live only at night." ▲

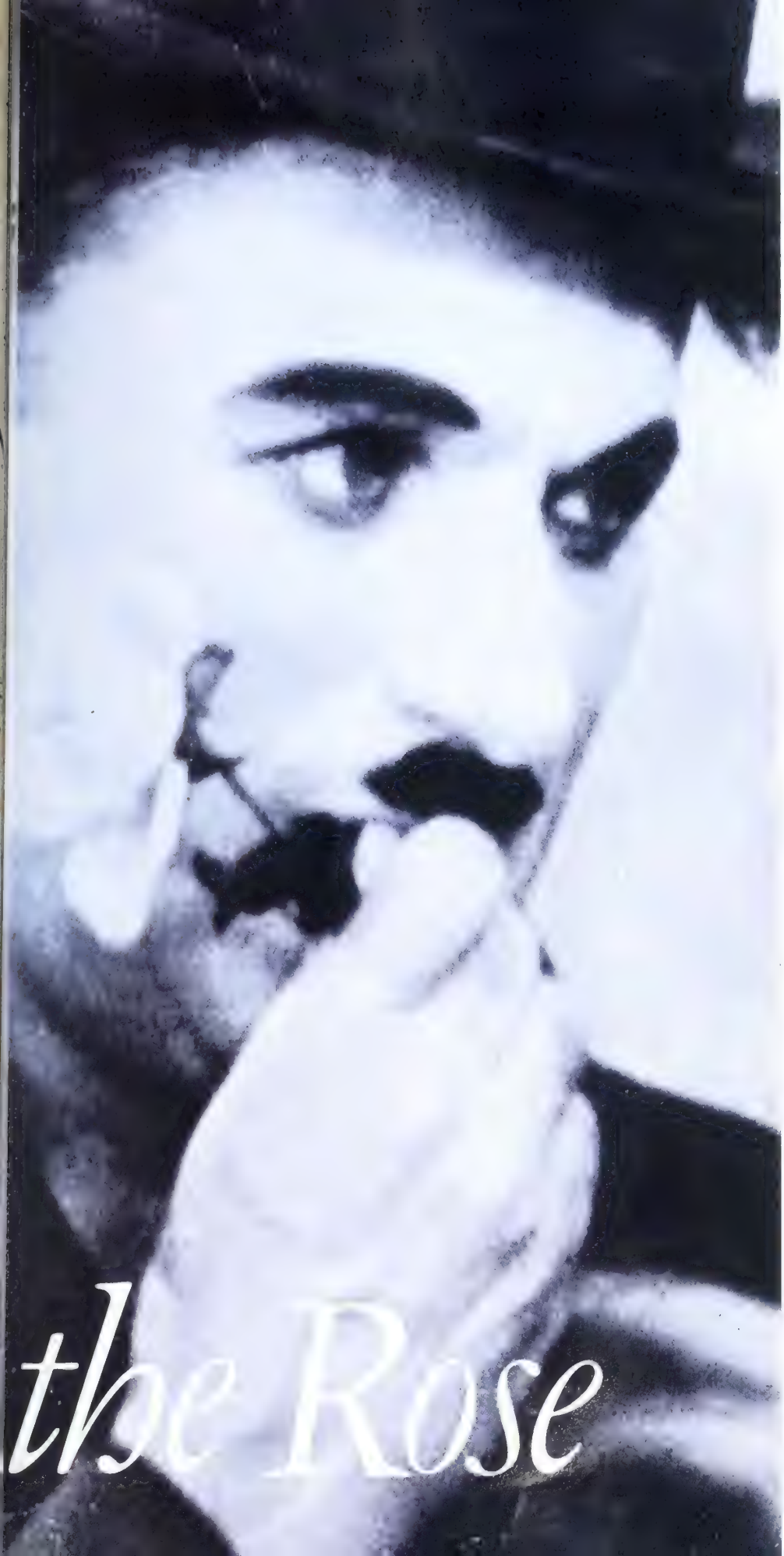
Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte



The bathroom, opposite, is finished in tadlak, a marblelike plaster. The divan and cushions are covered in a Brunschwig French cotton. Right: Vines of flowering jasmine and plumbago create an enchanting setting for the pool tucked into one end of the garden. The tower in the corner houses Moroccan-style changing rooms.



The Fame of



the Rose

Why the classic full-blown beauty is the flower of the moment



By
Stephanie Mansfield
Produced by Ruth Ansel

Ingrid Bergman has one named after her. So do Princess Stéphanie and Dolly Parton. Bette Midler and Linda Ronstadt croon over them, Geoffrey Beene and Pat Buckley dote on them, and Mike Nichols has cast them in a supporting role. Voluptuous, intoxicating, and ephemeral at its sensuous peak, one flower has cast a spell over kings and courtesans, poets and princes, and, of course, Gertrude Stein: the rose. The most fussed over flower in history is now the hottest in horto-chic. "Everyone's in love with roses," says Manhattan florist Marlo Phillips. "We'll be eating them soon for all I know."

"They're the most grateful flower," says social arbiter Pat Buckley, wife of William F. Buckley. "The care you give them comes back tenfold." Buckley, who has been known to take a blow dryer to the soil to avoid root rot, prefers white, pale

Actress Isabella Rossellini, opposite, in a Polo by Ralph Lauren sweater with the Danish-grown tea rose 'Ingrid Bergman'. Left: Charlie Chaplin masters the silent language of flowers. Above: The musk rose 'Will Scarlet'. Details see Resources.



It's hard to imagine M

Floral footwear, above, designed for HG by Manolo Blahnik. Carolina Herrera in clothes she designed, above right, and one of her rose arrangements, opposite top left. Below: Schumacher's Cabbage Rose carpet. Below right: Old roses grown by Peter Schlesinger.





yellow, and floribundas that bloom repeatedly. Fabric designer Fernanda Niven, who found inspiration for her Cowtan & Tout chintzes in the old roses of her Southampton garden, is especially proud of her 'Mme. Alfred Carrière'—"because I know how hard it is to grow. It would be happier in England." Cornelia Sharpe Bregman, former model and actress, adores white roses: "They're so peaceful and serene." Kenneth Jay Lane, whose diamond rose clasp for pearls was inspired by a rose image in Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*, singles out 'Jazz'.

Geoffrey Beene's affinity for roses dates back to his first encounter with a climbing rose in his grandmother's Louisiana garden. He has grown roses at his country house for years and does his own simple arrangements. Beene sniffs at the notion that roses are sexy. "It's a lushness of beauty." He also sees the flower as without class distinction. "The rose is everything to everyone." But party designer and planner Philip Baloun says the appeal is more elitist and a direct result of English manor envy. "Roses are equated with gentility. That's what people are looking for."

Savvy shop owners have begun shipping roses direct from their farms in Guatemala and Ecuador. Jorge Zambrano, manager of Manhattan's Rosa Rosa, takes delivery of 800 dozen (yes, dozen) roses four days a week and usually sells out by early afternoon. "People send their limos," he says. Clients include Joan Rivers, Carolina Herrera, and "a Mrs. Steinberg who calls from her car phone every day, making a $4 phone call to see if I have a $5 bunch of roses." A block or two down Lexington Avenue, Roses Only sells Ecuadoran roses





Barbara Bush





Patrick Kelly model



Madonna

erica weeping over an armful of gladiolus

for $6 a dozen. "The price of roses has always been inflated," says manager John Crowell. His clients include Ivana Trump, who orders roses for the Plaza Hotel lobby twice a week and makes sure "nothing is wasted" by having the faded blossoms taken to the hotel basement, hung by their stems, and placed in dried arrangements in the Plaza suites.



Cornélia Sharpe Bregman

Rose Kennedy





Sleeping Beauty

At the moment champagne roses are hot. So are the lavender 'sterling silver' roses. What's also hot is the full-blown look—"the fleeting floral moment," as Marlo Phillips describes it. "If the petals aren't on the floor by the end of the party, people aren't happy." Phillips is famous for cramming masses of roses into simple bowls. Two years ago, while impatiently waiting for the buds to open, she took a hair dryer to the arrangement and created the ultimate full-blown look, a floral Farrah Fawcett. Said to be Dominick Dunne's inspiration for the pricey, upwardly mobile florist in *People Like Us,* Phillips was hired by Mike Nichols to supply a rose arrangement for his film *Working Girl.* The only problem was that by the end of the day, the roses had peaked and had to be replaced. After three days of shooting, Nichols's florist bill threatened to put the picture over budget.



Michael Douglas



Marie Antoinette

Lauren Hutton



In California, Roses of Yesterday and *(Text continued on page 164)*

City Lights

Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley finds inspiration in a Manhattan panorama. By Nancy Marx Better Photographs by Karen Radkai





In his twelve years as a decorator with Parish-Hadley Associates, Gary Hager admits that few projects have captivated him as much as this Manhattan duplex, which he worked on with colleague David McMahon. "Everything in it has interest, scale, texture," he says. "Everything was designed to be unlike what other people had. These clients had a strong interest in quality and in having original objects."

Hager's clients, a Wall Street investment banker and his wife, wanted a fresh modern look for the apartment they share with their three young children. "They wanted it to be crisp and clean but not hard or formal," he says. "I call it soft geometry—the lines are simple and spare, but they have a serene elegant quality." That gentleness comes from Hager's muted palette; awash in neutral colors, the apartment changes its expression in different lights. Hager took his inspiration from the greenish gray water of the East River, which is visible from nearly every room: "I wanted it to look like the sea on a stormy day."

The decorator's first challenge was to give the apartment a sense of proportion. "We started with a fantastic space, and we wanted to improve it," he says. To give the front hall scale, he painted the walls like a giant checkerboard with more than a dozen subtle colors, from pink and tan to green and gray, topped with an umber glaze. From a distance the effect is like a highly burnished leather quilt. To give the front hall more structure, he suggested enclosing the main staircase. He also convinced his clients to raise the living room doorways and put black nickel doorknobs low on the ebonized ash doors to make the twelve-foot ceilings look even higher.

This adventuresome spirit extended to a variety of objects Hager selected, made by artists from all over the world. Many of the handcrafted tables and lamps are finished in white gold or bronze, which he finds

Decorator Gary Hager's neutral color scheme and handcrafted metallic pieces create a living room that reflects changes in light. Hager combines a creamy rug by Gregory Newham and a café au lait fabric with a gilded mirror copied from a Jean-Michel Frank original, sculptor Bruno Romeda's bronze coffee table, and Josef Hoffmann's ebonized oak armchairs from Galerie Metropol, NYC. The limestone mantel and silvered lamp are by Parish-Hadley. Details see Resources.



"I call it soft geometry—the lines are simple
and spare, but they have a serene elegant quality"





warmer than silver or steel. To set off the dark herringbone parquet floors, he commissioned a Gregory Newham woven rug in pale beiges and smoky grays and a neutral fabric for the sofas. His favorite pieces include his honey-ash console with unusual lyre-shaped legs fabricated by John Savittieri and a bronze coffee table fashioned by sculptor Bruno Romeda. The centerpiece of the room is the sleek limestone mantel by Parish-Hadley, topped by a scalloped mirror. "The mirror is a copy of one I have by Jean-Michel Frank," Hager says. "It's a whimsical object—a relief from any seriousness." In the fireplace stands a pair of seventeenth-century andirons, which the decorator bought from Danny Alessandro in Manhattan. "The living room is a big strong room, so the fireplace had to be gutsy," he says. "It had to have integrity to hold up the room." Hager also clad the windowsills in black granite with black nickel grills to complement the architecture: "I thought they should be part of the overall room, as much as the windows."

The living room, left, has a collection of artists' designs, including Hager's honey-ash console executed by John Savittieri and a bench with a woven seat by Robin Goss. The night scene is by Yvonne Jacquette. Above: The reflection in a mirror designed by Hager provides a glimpse of the living and dining rooms. With walls covered in silver tea paper from Roger Arlington, the dining room comes alive after dark. The 1908 Carl Witzmann chairs are from Galerie Metropol. Above the Michael La Rocca table, a painting by Franz Willems from Barry Friedman, NYC.

In the dining room Hager used black and silver to create a more sophisticated aura. "Because this room comes alive after dark, I wanted to take advantage of the night view." The walls are covered in silver tea paper, which reflects and diffuses light. The mist black granite table was made by Savittieri, and the black stained and polished beechwood chairs are a 1908 Carl Witzmann design executed by J. & J. Kohn. "This is a room that evolves from morning to night," he says. "It's not a static environment."

The library, whose walls are glazed a sea green, is reminiscent of the water beyond. Even Poseidon would feel at home here. Since his clients use the room for relaxation, Hager designed a built-in entertainment system—set into curved plaster reveals—around the black granite fireplace. "This had to be a more intimate, insular sort of room," he says, "cozy with places for reading, watching television, listening to music." Hager's ultimate goal was to achieve tranquillity: "This apartment is an oasis in the city, and I wanted it to echo the peacefulness of the river and sky." ▲ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

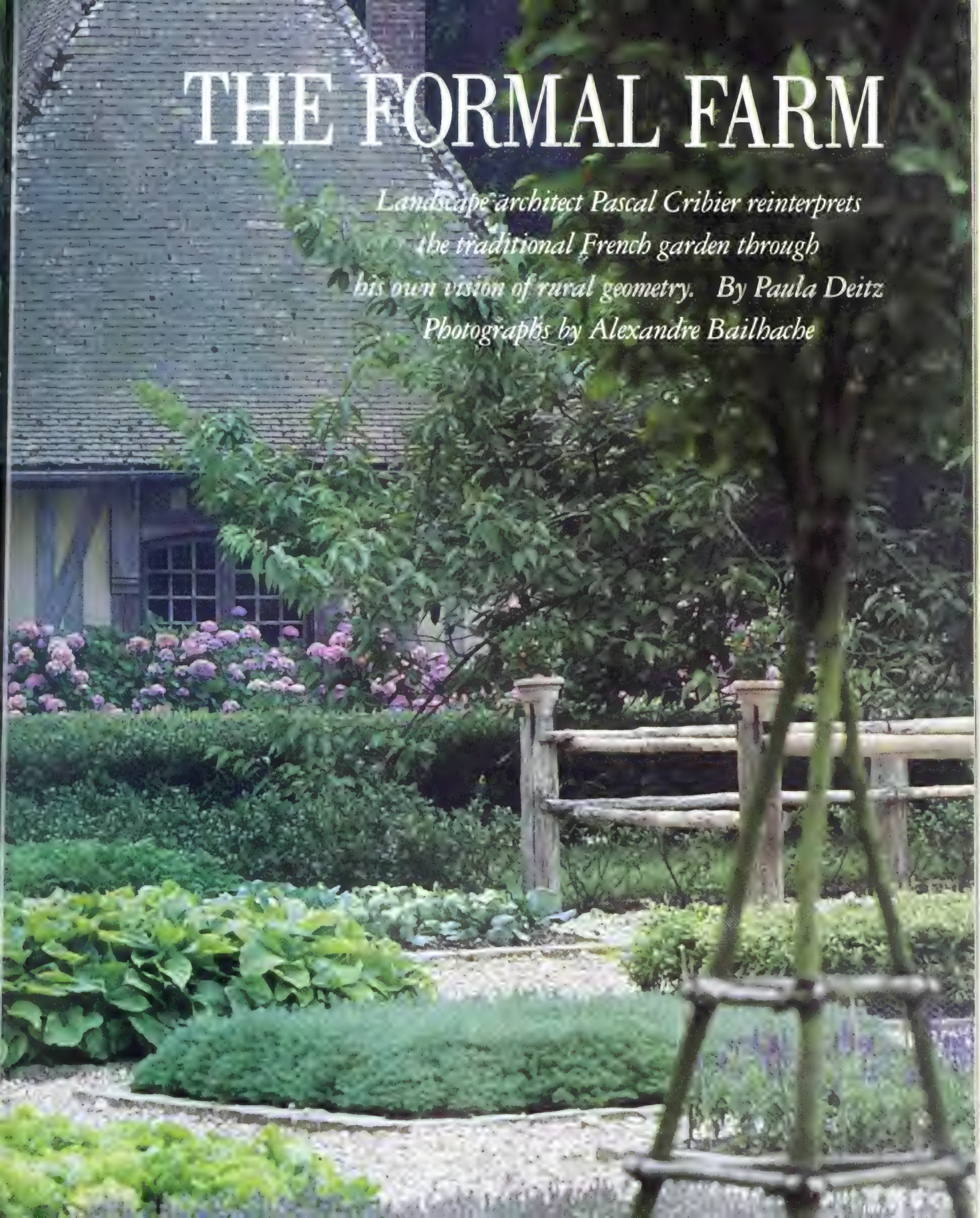


At Le Chapeau, a working farm in Normandy, trappings of living harmlessly rise above a contemporary version of a classic kitchen garden planted in rows of square beds

THE FORMAL FARM

Landscape architect Pascal Cribier reinterprets the traditional French garden through his own vision of rural geometry. By Paula Deitz

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache





In the Seine Valley of Normandy, winds from the Channel sweep across the flat landscape, and a faint mist hangs over miles of apple orchards. Alongside fields of flax alternating with pastureland stand half-timbered houses where the same families have lived for centuries. One domain northwest of Rouen, near the commune of Limésy, has been in the same family for six hundred years, but not since the eighteenth century have its gardens and park played so prominent a role in life on the estate.

In the 1700s, Toustain de Frontebosc, an ancestor of the Bagneux, the present owners, wrote a scholarly manuscript concerning the principles of Norman horticulture and agriculture, including tenets he practiced in the environs of his own château. With all due respect to the spirit of Frontebosc's treatise and to the venerable French tradition of plantings based on clarity and geometry, Pascal Cribier, a 34-year-old landscape architect, has staked out a fresh interpretation of these ideas on the Bagneux property to create a veritable garden for the twenty-first century.

Adalbert and Anne-Marie de Bagneux retreated to a four-room farmhouse on their domain, La Coquetterie, when the eighteenth-century château burned down after World War II. Using the regional vernacular of half-timbering with brick infill, they expanded the house but kept its charm intact. Adalbert de Bagneux was mayor of Limésy from 1929 until his death in 1973, and since then his wife has carried on to complete their projects at La Coquetterie.

Pascal Cribier's office in Paris is at the edge of the Luxembourg Gardens, with a view over the tops of the radiating allées of horse chestnut trees that give this park its distinctive quality. The view in autumn, with its rows of golden to bronze leaves, is particularly symbolic of Cribier's favorite theories about the effectiveness of planting in quantity, with a composition that relies on slight variations of a repetitive motif instead of major contrasts. He also understands the spirit of a working domain where, as Madame de Bagneux says, "gardeners like best to mow lawns and clip hedges and would rather tend vegetables than flowers." It is Cribier's ability to grasp the genius of place and express it in a modern design idiom that has inspired an ever-increasing demand for his work.

Madame de Bagneux's basic requirement for La Coquetterie was clear: a garden close to the house that would be beautiful year-round and easily maintained. Cribier, however, characteristically takes the position that gardens around a house make the structure itself too important. "Instead," he says, "the garden should be a collection of variables of which the house is only one element," and in a little sketch to make his point, geometric shapes spin off and away from the main house.

Within a large graveled stable yard in front of the house, framed at one of its far corners by cow sheds, Cribier has laid out an enchanting potager, or kitchen garden, called the Jardin des Carrés. In the traditional potager, like the one in the re-created Renaissance garden at Villandry, the carré, or square, is the basic form for the entire series of beds, each planted with only one kind of vegetable or herb. At La Coquetterie the potager consists of 36 two and a half meter squares set in a grid of twelve rows of three across. Here too, vegetables, flowers, herbs, and low evergreens are distributed, one variety per carré, each square a miniature version of single-crop agriculture. Whole fields of lavender or tobacco waving in the wind are the sort of image Cribier has in mind when he says "in large quantities, in a kind of saturation of plants, each one becomes more valuable as part of a whole." Each square is framed with what must be the rarest paving blocks in France—stones recently removed from an inner courtyard of the Palais-Royal to make way for contemporary stone and marble columns by the sculptor Daniel Buren.

Under soft gray skies and amid a sea of gravel paths, this arrangement of squares appears cool and spare, and the muted shades of greens, grays, blues, yellows, and whites have a luminous quality. Squares of similar colors, like the beds of purple petunias and lavender, seem to call out to one another. Contrasts of texture—stiff blades, floppy leaves, and rigid stalks—are as important as color in modulating the regular grid. The sum of these parts is as satisfying as the enclosed gardens of the Renaissance, and yet it feels refreshingly new, modern, and open.

No other area near the house is left simply to be neutral—not even the gravel space for parking. Here twelve linden trees set out in a rectangle will be pleached and clipped over the years so that their

Clipped box globes in the entrance court, opposite, are set on the diagonal among sandstone pavers typical of the region. Pascal Cribier calls the geometric shrubs "sentinels." Above: Seen in profile, plants in the two and a half meter square beds (here lavender, Siberian iris, and perovskia) suggest miniature versions of agricultural crops in large fields. Colors within the grid change seasonally as flowers come into bloom and fade and vegetables mature.







The Jardin des Carrés follows the French custom of potagers with only one variety of plant to a bed. Selections at La Coquetterie include basil, sage, rosemary, and thyme as well as hostas, iris, tobacco, and santolina. Some of the vegetables are rotated yearly.





branches form a floating hedge, suspended above the family cars (sometimes as many as 25) that assemble on weekends and holidays. In front of a laurel hedge on the lawn bordering the potager is another example of what Cribier calls "la force végétale" (the natural vigor of plants): here he has trained three triangular pylons from living hornbeams, their supple trunks, three together, bent and tied into forms Madame de Bagneux calls her Eiffel Towers. Crowned by bushy leaves and braced with cut branches, these have become living stakes for tomato vines.

A dirt gardener himself, Cribier enjoys the sense of taming these forces of nature and of containing both the wild and the ordinary in a strict geometry of space. Along the piers of the cow sheds he has placed terra-cotta pots filled with immense bouquets of wild grasses and herbs. And in the entry court to the house, 25 box clipped into small globes appear to have sprouted up between the typically Norman sandstone pavers, like sentinels in military formation—a disciplined rank that nevertheless allows for diagonal paths to the doors. From this courtyard one can survey the entire potager seated in comfort against the sword-shaped leaves of one of Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne's fanciful patinated-bronze benches. (The design was originally commissioned for the Lila Acheson Wallace garden at Colonial Williamsburg.)

To protect the swimming pool on the back lawn from the constant winds off the Channel, Cribier has set a tall hedge of yews within an existing low stone wall. He is making adjustments as well in the family's long floral border at the bottom of the lawn that, along with the hedge behind, creates a strong horizon at the end of the garden. In summer and on into autumn this border glows with the richer hues of zinnias, asters, and cosmos—and dahlias donated by the village curé.

At a time when most contemporary architecture in France appears to be striving for the boldly *(Text continued on page 164)*

Beyond a summer border at the bottom of the garden, an early morning mist blown in from the Channel hangs over woods and fields. Some of the trees silhouetted on the horizon were planted in the 18th century by the horticulturist and scholar Toustain de Frontebosc, an ancestor of the Bagneux family.



Carroll Petrie, right. Above: In the library David Easton grouped China Trade paintings on walls lined with gaufré Cauchois velvet from Brunschwig. Damask from Clarence House covers the sofa and two tufted armchairs. A pair of Empire chairs is upholstered in taffeta. Opposite above: Striped Clarence House Taffetas Raye is gathered at the windows. Details see Resources.

The Height of Elegance

Milton and Carroll Petrie moved five floors up without leaving home. By Pilar Viladas
Photographs by Oberto Gili

In the library of Milton and Carroll Petrie's Fifth Avenue apartment there is a pillow that says: "Behind every successful man is an exhausted woman." This is obviously Carroll Petrie's idea of a little joke because you have never seen a less exhausted looking woman. Elegantly dressed and coiffed, perfectly poised, and radiating her famous southern charm, Mrs. Petrie looks energetic and assured—a woman who knows exactly what she wants and wastes no time getting it.

What Mrs. Petrie wanted, in this particular case, was a different apartment. She and her husband, the retailing tycoon and noted philanthropist, entertain a great deal, and they needed a place with a larger dining room and more space for staff and service. They found just that—five floors up from where they were living. What Mrs. Petrie didn't want, however, was a *new* apartment; the look of the old one suited her just fine. So, with the help of two decorators who had worked on the old apartment—David Easton with John Christensen (the architectural planning, the living room, library, and entrance hall) and Robert Denning of Denning & Fourcade (the dining room)—and one, Pauline Boardman (the bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchen, servants' quarters, and contracting), who had not, she proved that you can indeed take it with you.

Easton's goal was to create a sense of Classical symmetry in the new apartment. Three small corridors were made into one large columned entrance gallery with bookcases, a black and white marble floor, and yellow faux bois paneling. He aligned the doors that open off the hall into the liv-





ERIC BOMAN





The living room's pale pink walls and gray green faux marbre trim provide a backdrop for Louis XVI fauteuils covered in a Brunschwig brocaded stripe and paintings by George Romney and Hubert Robert. The carpet was custom-made in France with an Empire design.





ing and dining rooms and added a wall to shorten the living room's narrow proportions and create a small library.

In the living room the same Louis XVI fauteuils and pastel silk sofas and armchairs sit on the same Empire document-inspired carpet, but a switch from the old apartment's yellow walls to the new apartment's pale pink sets a more delicate, feminine tone: "I have a weakness for pink," confirms Mrs. Petrie.

Next door in the library, Easton gathered China Trade paintings from all three of the Petries' houses and hung them as a collection on the red walls. Accented by apple-green upholstery and curtains, this room has a warmth and intimacy that is not lost on its owners: "We almost always go there when we're alone," comments Mrs. Petrie. The dining room is covered in the same rose damask as in the old apartment. This room's ceiling is painted, as was its predecessor's, but its design of rose garlands and birds against a blue sky is what Robert Denning calls "a more developed [illegible]n—very Watteauesque."

[illegible] Easton gave the entrance gallery, above, a classical symmetry. Right: In the dining room Robert Denning used the same Lee Jofa rose damask he applied to the walls of the Petries' former apartment. Again, he had the ceiling painted with a blue sky but this time with garlands of roses. An Empire chandelier was transferred from the old library. The Louis XV console is gilt wrought iron with a marble top. Overcurtains are of Rose Cumming chintz.

Thanks to Pauline Boardman, Milton Petrie's bedroom looks suitably masculine (with the exception of his famous collection of teddy bears), and his wife's is luxurious and feminine—the perfect spot for Mrs. Petrie to relax with her two poodles and long-haired Chihuahua, who were out being groomed during our visit. "They spend more time at the hairdresser than I do," she jokes.

The unorthodox three-decorator arrangement worked just as well the second time around—a tribute to Mrs. Petrie's powers of management, if not of persuasion. But then, as Denning says, "Carroll is the ideal client. She makes up her mind and pays her bills. And she likes and lives with the results. What else can you ask for? It's flattering."

It is also interesting that someone of Mrs. Petrie's considerable wherewithal would opt for minimal changes when she could have given her new apartment a radically different look. "It speaks well of knowing yourself," says Denning. "Few people have such assurance." It is an assurance, adds Easton, that comes from experience. "Carroll has seen a lot of the real thing—great houses, great rooms."

Now that the Petries' New York base is completed, Mrs. Petrie is at work on her next project—a condominium at the Breakers in Palm Beach. And after that? The tireless southern belle replies, "I think I'll take a rest." ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



The unorthodox three-decorator arrangement worked just as well the second time around—a tribute to Carroll Petrie's powers of persuasion

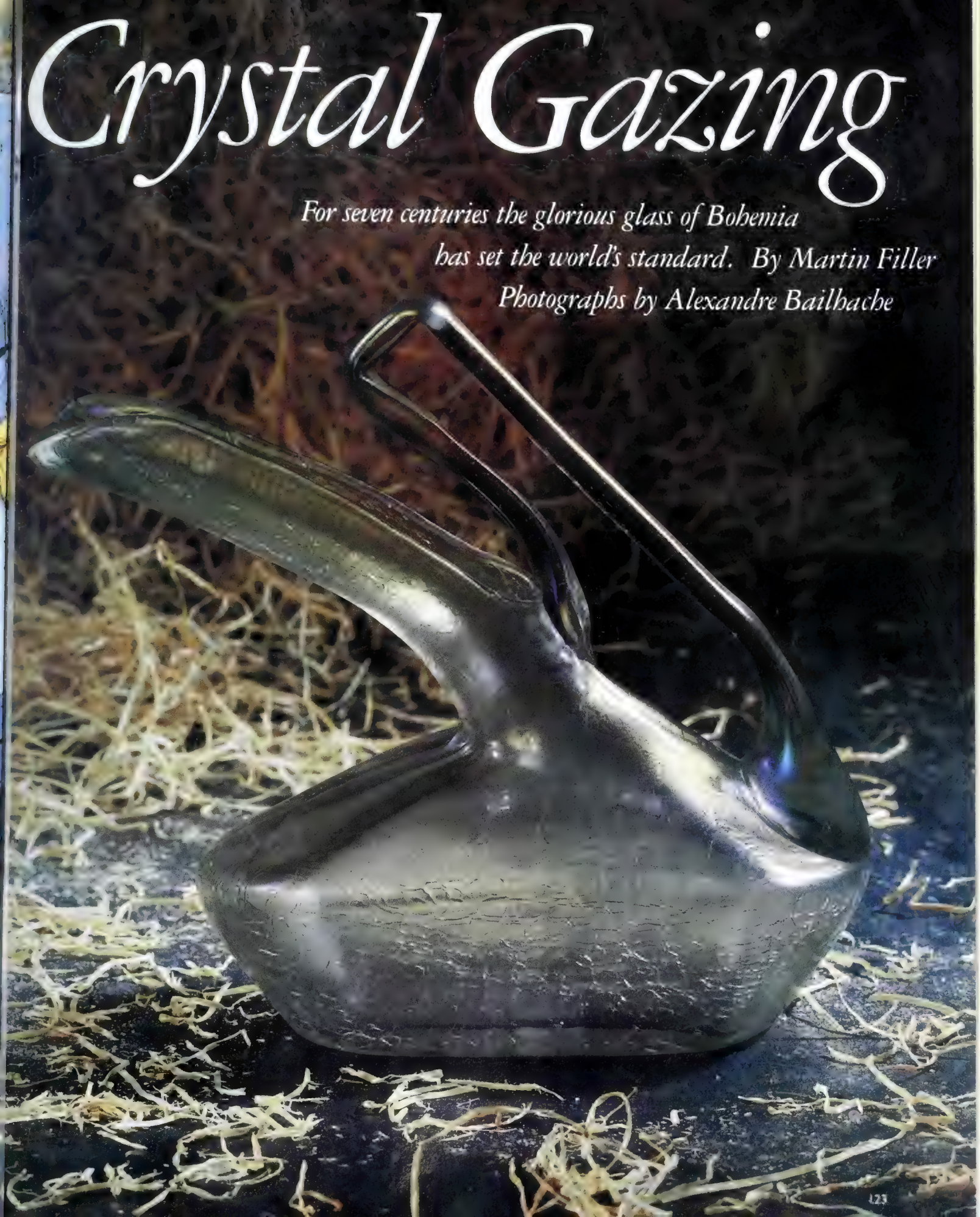


The industrious, ingenious craftsmen who made Bohemia the glassmaking center of the world are depicted on an enamel-painted Silesian beaker dated 1680. Opposite: An Art Nouveau lamp shade of cranberry glass, designed by Max Pollak, was exhibited for the first time in 1902.

Crystal Gazing

For seven centuries the glorious glass of Bohemia has set the world's standard. By Martin Filler

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache



Some artifacts not only epitomize a particular moment in design history but also reflect epochs of political, social, economic, and artistic change. Few man-made objects connect those themes more completely than Bohemian glass. Since the Middle Ages, the rich natural resources and abundant forests of Bohemia (part of present-day Czechoslovakia) have provided the raw materials and fuel for what became the world's most versatile and wide-reaching glass industry. By the mid eighteenth century Bohemian glass could be bought as far away as the shops of colonial Boston, the markets of Mexico City, and the bazaars of Constantinople. Schools in some obscure Bohemian hamlets taught up to a dozen languages to prepare village boys for careers in international trade. Princes and prelates gave and received state presents of prestigious Bohemian crystal, which remained a global watchword for excellence until the cataclysm of World War II.

The venerable reputation of the Bohemian glass industry has long been eclipsed by other European manufacturers. Now, in a country far more famous for its crystal today than Czechoslovakia, a major retrospective of seven centuries of Bohemian glass is being held. The exhibition "Verres de Bohême," on view at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris through January 28, is more than just a dazzling panorama of antique and contemporary glass treasures. Rather, over two hundred examples of master craftsmanship illuminate a neglected body of work rarely seen in such depth and quality. It concentrates only on the very best.

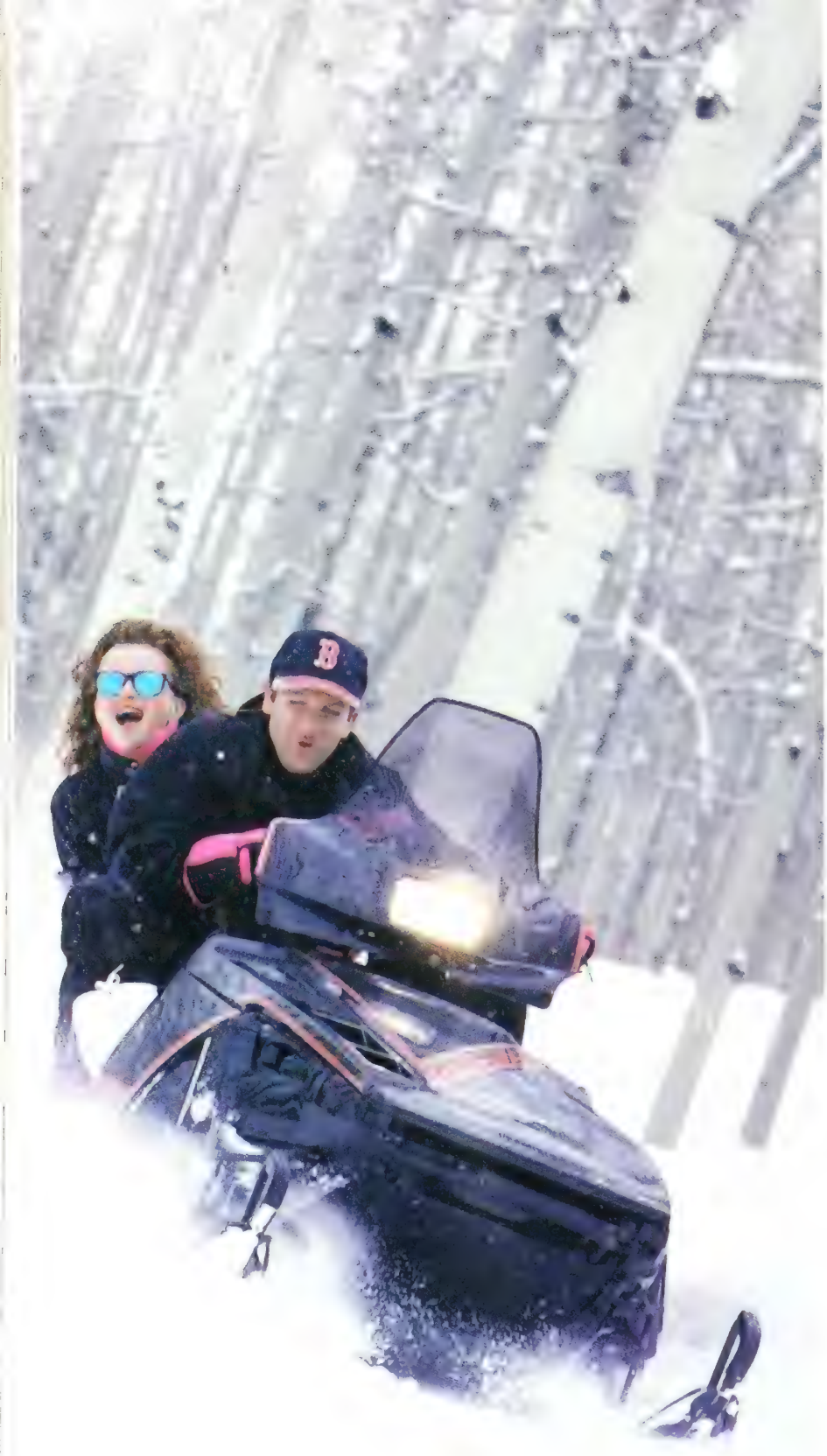
As this exhibition demonstrates over and over again, the factory owners of Bohemia were clever, adaptable, and receptive to new ideas as part of a comprehensive marketing strategy that would be the envy of many current CEOs. During the Renaissance, the glass of Murano was rightly regarded as the world's finest. The soda-based Venetian pieces were purer than the yellowish or greenish potash-based Bohemian material. What better ploy for covering up the imperfections of Bohemian glass than appropriating and modifying the dense intertwining grotesques and flower, leaf, and vine motifs used on the fashionable Italian glass? The Bohemians eventually found themselves with an enduring classic, and glassware based on those early designs is still being made in Czechoslovakia.

The demand for novel colors and rich ornamentation led the Bohemians to the frontiers of creativity in search of new techniques. When a Prussian glassmaker finally developed a deep-red ruby glass during the 1670s, it caused a sensation and became a jealously guarded secret. Within a decade the Bohemians had learned the formula and made it their own. True to form they went even further with it, creating extravagant Baroque [illegible]s swirled with twisting strands of ruby glass and gold filigree resembling ribbons wafting *(Text continued on page 160)*



Bohemian glassmakers have constantly experimented with innovative techniques. From left: Covered ruby glass goblet dates from the late 17th century when the secret Prussian formula became known in Bohemia. The double-layer Zwischengold stemmed glass and armorial beaker are both mid 18th century; a close-fitting gilded liner was fixed with clear adhesive inside the outer glass. Two Baroque glasses, a goblet engraved with a portrait of Holy Roman Emperor Leopold I, late 17th century, and goblet with grotesques, 1715–20, have gold and ruby stems.







We had scouts looking all over the country for us, from Montana to New Mexico,'' says Lynda Guber of the search she and her husband, Peter, made for a mountain retreat. ''Then a broker in Aspen called one day and said, 'You have to come up immediately.' A few hours later we were driving up this extraordinarily beautiful winding path to the ranch. Peter and I both laughed because it was like the song 'On the Road to Mandalay.' ''

One glance at the view east across the Aspen valley toward Red Mountain and the continental divide was all it took to convince the Gubers this was the road well taken. Naturally the Gubers named their new ranch Mandalay. This romantic allusion to a locale that has been the subject of a Rudyard Kipling poem, a vaudeville song, and a 1926 silent movie is appropriate to the Gubers. Peter Guber is half of the Guber-Peters Entertainment Co., responsible for producing such films as *Flashdance, Rain Man, The Witches of Eastwick, Gorillas in the Mist,* and *Batman.* The Academy Award–winning partnership so impressed the Sony Corporation when it bought Columbia Pictures Entertainment last year that 47-year-old Guber and partner Jon Peters were hired to head the studio. Redheaded Lynda matches her husband stride for stride in energy. A decorator, former schoolteacher, and educational reform activist, she is currently making her film debut as screenwriter and producer of a film tentatively titled *Spiritual Girls on the March.* The two met when they were students at Syracuse University and have nearly set a Hollywood record with 24 years of marriage.

In Aspen, a town that might more fittingly be called Rockywood for the plethora of film folk in its midst, the Gubers' presence hardly raises an eyebrow. After all, Jack Nicholson, Kurt Russell, Goldie Hawn, Don Johnson, and Disney boss Michael Eisner are only a few of the luminaries who have flocked to the remote valley.

Of course, Aspen has always been a

Lynda and Peter Guber, left, trailblaze through the aspens on their Colorado estate. Right: Goatskin lampshades hang from oxen yokes in the barn where the Gubers gather to play pool and saddle up their horses. Next to a wall of chaps, hats, and saddles, an Alaskan dogsled doubles as a chaise longue. Details see Resources.



Aspen on Location

Hotshot producer Peter Guber creates the ultimate Western movie set

By Kent Black Photographs by Oberto Gili

boomtown. First there was silver in the late nineteenth century, and now there's gold in real estate, retail, and tourism. Guber, though, dismisses the attractiveness of glitz at 8,000 feet. "Sure, the social scene is there if you want it. But we chose the ranch for seclusion. At home in Bel-Air I sometimes feel that if I wind my watch too loud, the neighbors will call and complain. Here I could fire off a howitzer and no one would comment."

Contractors estimated two years for the project, but Guber, accustomed to tight schedules, got the job done in 130 days

The Gubers' transformation of Mandalay, in fact, was like a sustained artillery barrage. The house was bought in March 1986. Renovation began the following month. "Peter was absolutely determined that the ranch be finished by Labor Day," says Lynda, still awestruck by the undertaking. Although local contractors estimated two years, Guber, accustomed to tight production schedules, got the job done in 130 days.

Just short of tearing down the original clapboard house, the Gubers enlarged the foundation, raised the roof, re-sided the structure with logs from Montana, replaced the plumbing and electrical wiring, reconfigured rooms, and refloored all 7,200 square feet with Mexican tile and wide pine planks salvaged from a warehouse in Pennsylvania.

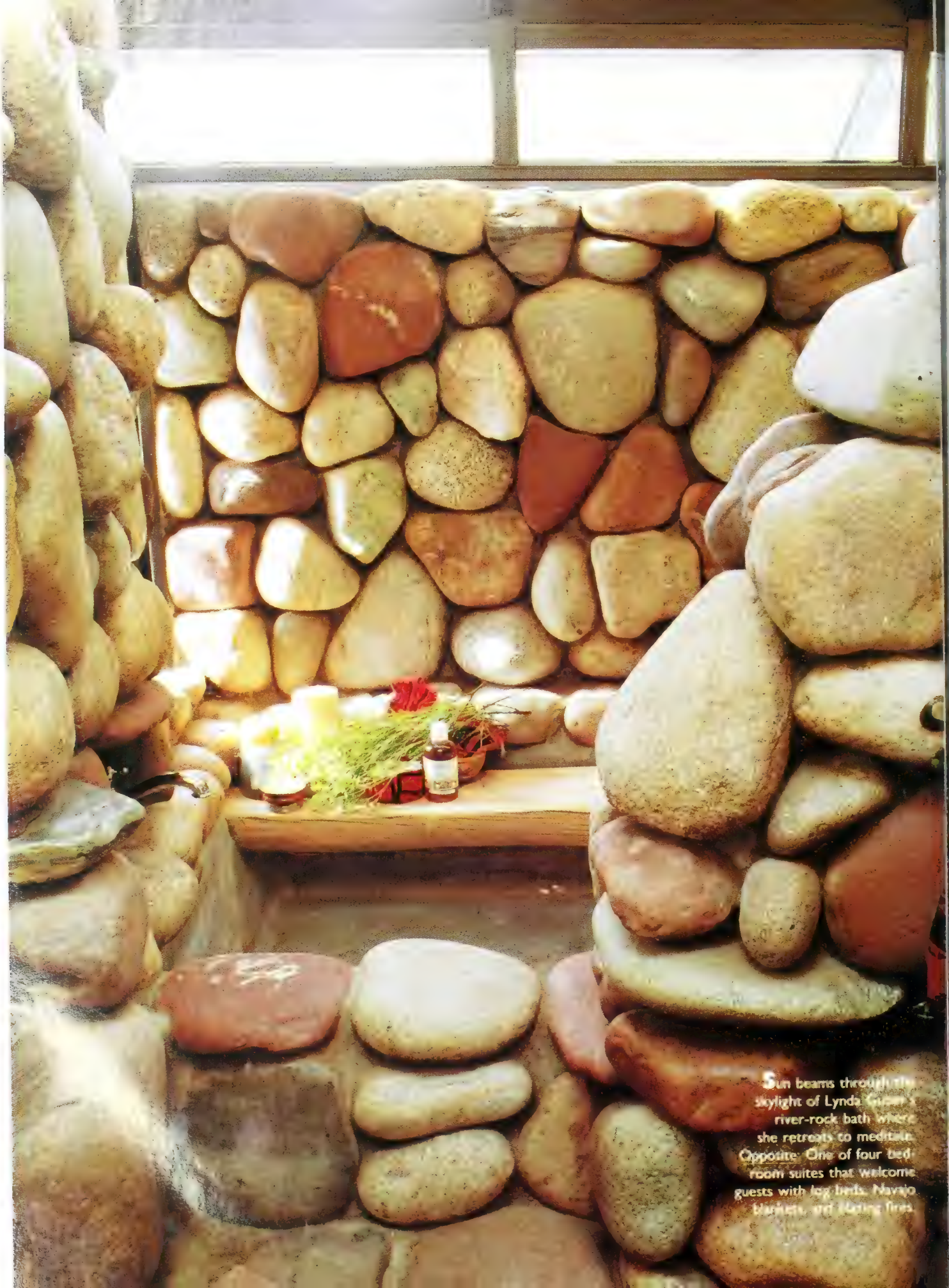
Los Angeles interior designer Dayna Van Kleeck, who acted as the Gubers' design consultant, traveled all over the West with Lynda hunting down furniture and objects. Peter meanwhile took on the weighty responsibility of owner-builder, and for a month he camped out in one small room of the house to oversee the crucial stages of the renovation. "We started out at six in the morning when the specialists arrived. At three in the afternoon the first shift would go home and another crew of stonemasons or tilers would come in and work until nine. *(Text continued on page 162)*



The western theme of the house unfolds opposite the front door, left, where a cedar-root table supports an Indian portrait, a Pueblo pot, and a tomahawk head. Above right: Saplings line the cathedral ceiling, and Navajo Germantown weavings, blankets by Beacon and Pendleton, and a Ralph Lauren Home Collection fabric on pillows decorate the living room, which is both cavernous and cozy. Right: Tucked into the side of a hill, the house is surrounded by dramatic views of the Aspen valley.







Sun beams through the skylight of Lynda Gurney's river-rock bath where she retreats to meditate. Opposite: One of four bedroom suites that welcome guests with log beds, Navajo blankets, and blazing fires.





Sharp Focus

An American photographer in Paris arranges the fragments of his domestic life. By Edmund White Photographs by David Seidner

David Seidner is a 32-year-old American photographer who has the requisite courage and inner strength to see the world in bits and pieces—which is precisely the way it is most of the time. One definition of creativity is the ability to hold contradictions in suspension, to postpone our natural need for closure in order to explore what is disturbingly open-ended. By this definition Seidner is one of the most powerfully creative talents around. His pictures are usually of fragments—bodies glimpsed in motion, faces broken down and analyzed by mirror shards, figures half canceled out by superimposed images.

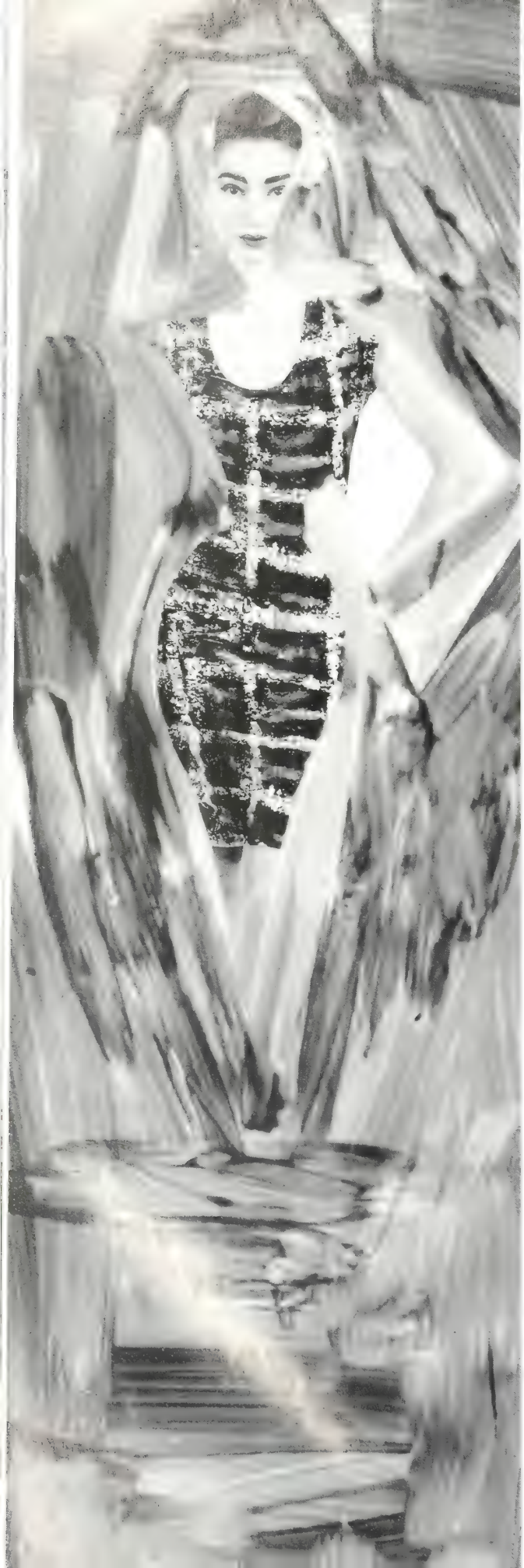
"I like to orchestrate accidents," he remarks with that level gaze and unsmiling expression so at odds with his natural gift for intimacy—and for antic fun. Tall, crop-haired, blond, broad-shouldered, he has that slightly uncomfortable look of a bodyguard put into a suit, but in fact he's thoroughly at ease in the international art scene. Like his photographs, Seidner himself is never simple; he's bristling with complexities. For someone of his precociousness, for instance, he's almost shockingly dissatisfied with his achievements to date. Holding up an impressive book of his photographs, *David Seidner* (Rizzoli), he hums "Is That All There Is?" Like all genuine artists, he measures his work to date not against the competition but against his own potential, which is daunting.

Perhaps to dramatize his multiple personality, Seidner divides his time between two cities, New York and Paris, though always in small installments. "Paris is calm next to New York," he says. "It's far from the hype. In Paris I have a house, a convertible, fresh flowers, and the luxury of hours of quiet. New York is a place to earn a living. It's also the best meeting place—the most intense concentration of interesting





David Seidner's living room, left, has the calm of a theatrical space drained of drama. Jean-Michel Frank upholstered furniture blends with an African stool and table and ceramics by Lachenal, Primavera, Clément Massier, and Royal Copenhagen. Right: In his office, meticulous order prevails. On the wall hang Seidner's exhibition prints, a drawing by Yves Oppenheim, and, at top right, a small photograph by Irving Penn of Lisa Fonssagrives, a model of the forties and fifties who is the subject of a book Seidner is editing. Details see Resources.



people in the world. In New York you can sit down to dinner with a writer, a doctor, a painter, a stockbroker, and a taxi driver all at the same table; whereas Paris is nothing but cliques—cinema, literature, and no real art world. But if New York is exciting, it's also a hard place to work. In fact, I wish my New York friends lived in Paris."

Seidner's Paris house, a turn-of-the-century atelier down a cul-de-sac in Montparnasse, is a reflection of his divided personality, as modern and relaxed as America and as subtle and refined as France. Although anonymous from the outside, it is richly luminous and detailed inside. As soon as the front door opens, the visitor is greeted by a dazzling jumble of handcrafted ceramics from the early 1900s; just beyond them is the living room, a dramatic two-story room softly lit by the pearl-gray light of Paris. Like a stage after the set has been struck, the room has the calm of a theatrical space drained of drama. The green walls, backdrops for so many of Seidner's photographs, are, as he would say, "narrative"—suggestive of forgotten stories, like an old billboard fluttering with layered posters. The melancholy is intensified by an old wood ladder posed against one wall, as though the stagehand had just gone out for a coffee break.

"When I bought this place," Seidner says, "it was a dance studio. I've even kept a few of the full-length ballet mirrors. Of course I had to redo everything else—plumbing, wiring, floors, walls—but I wanted to end up with something that felt old and lived in. I prefer sketches to finished paintings and ruins to intact buildings." The walls were built up by trial and error with layers of spackling compound applied with a spatula. The narrative look was helped along by the roughness of the original walls. The wood plank floors resemble ship decking after it's been sunbleached, again a look that was carefully contrived. Seidner streaked them with white wood stain, then sealed them.

On this stage Seidner has placed exquisitely anonymous furniture by Jean-Michel Frank who—nearly fifty years after he committed suicide in New York (to which, as a Jew, he'd fled the Nazis at the outbreak of the war)—remains the reigning spirit of French interior design. The Frank dining room chairs, which Seidner spotted at a flea market, are covered in a dull orange—



The photographer, above, caught in a moment of stillness. Left: One of Seidner's signature prints through painted glass. Below: A somber dining room relieved by wit; the table looks hewn from oak but is concrete and fiberglass. Unearthed at a flea market, Jean-Michel Frank dining chairs are upholstered in what Seidner insists is Pompeian red fabric.







"I wanted something that felt old and lived in. I prefer sketches to finished paintings and ruins to intact buildings"





Abalone spoons on a leafy dish, top. Top right: A carefully arranged still life. Right: The nearly monastic bedroom with stark wood paneling after Jean-Michel Frank and a Noguchi lamp. Above: A tableau shot in Seidner's studio when he was preparing for an exhibition at the Musée des Arts de la Mode.



a Pompeian red, he insists. The dining room table, which looks carved out of massive oak, is actually a concrete and fiberglass piece rescued from an arty junk shop.

Also found in a flea market were a pair of chairs carved out of real elm tree trunks. Seidner obtained the Frank sofa by trading some of his photos with decorator Jacques Grange. The ceramics, most of them Royal Copenhagen, have beautiful patinas that allude to the walls. For all its look of poetic decay, however, the house is rigorously organized, as a visit to the meticulously neat office on the balcony reveals.

Seidner is multitalented. As a teenager, he worked for a Los Angeles furniture designer, then moved to New York and took up fashion—"I change cities the way other people change shirts." He keeps copious journals and writes regularly for *Bomb*. He exhibited his sculptures before he ever showed photos. But his first love was photography, and it remains his governing passion. At age fourteen he had already begun to photograph at school. "The camera is like a beard or sunglasses—it permits anonymity," he explains. Anonymity suited the naturally shy youngster.

Seidner took his first fragmented photo when he went out to interview and shoot avant-garde composer John Cage and had only a telephoto lens for a full-length portrait. Improvising quickly, he took five different shots of Cage from head to toe which he assembled later—a perfect homage to a composer whose music incarnates the principle of randomness.

When he was nineteen, Seidner came to Paris to visit, but he stayed to study art history and literature. "My first day here I was flabbergasted by the crumbling walls, the flaking paint, the half-effaced narratives that suggested murders, births, intrigues." By the time he was 21, he'd had his first Paris *(Text continued on page 162)*

A dazzling array of turn-of-the-century vases inlaid with broken ceramics fill Seidner's entryway, left. The style is known as pique-assiette (freeloader), which here puns on the term's original meaning, "stealing from a plate." Opposite: The remnants of a dance studio—ballet mirrors sans barre—haunt the dining room. Playing with the illusion of romantic neglect, Seidner built the walls with layers of spackling compound to create the expressive surface that's often the backdrop for his photographs.





Phillips Hathaway, above, steals home after a day of auction house dealings. Right: In the living room a Biedermeier-inspired sofa and paisley-upholstered club chair by Hathaway's decorators, M Group.

I meant this to be a nocturnal cocoon, a place where I could come at night and be far away from New York," says Phillips Hathaway, reclining on a chintz-covered Louis XVI canapé in his Park Avenue apartment. "It was not meant to be lived in during the day."

Although the inspiration came from Parisian apartments of the nineteenth century, the place feels more like a gentleman's rooms in London's Albany. True, there are significant French elements to these rooms: the canapé, a nineteenth-century architectural drawing by Paul Lebret, a Louis XVI secrétaire à abattant, and a Charles X daybed. But there is also a playfulness at work here that seems far too eclectic for a punctilious Parisian abode.

In fact, the curious, droll, and ludicrous abound, like the sophisticated contents of a toy chest. Offsetting the seriousness of the secrétaire, for example, is a Scottish salmon painting; nearby, an unupholstered Italian Rococo stool with goat legs, which looks like a truncated animal, has its exposed spine covered with a black-lacquer tray on which, fittingly, rests a volume titled *Legendary Parties, 1922–1972*. Such items as the 1914 silver writing tray with Mickey Mouse pens, the huge green marble foot by the fireplace, and the butter churn by the door holding ceremonial swords, walking sticks, and $10 umbrellas bring together three centuries to produce an effect that is uniquely 1990.

Known as Pete, 34-year-old Hathaway, who is vice president of Sotheby's European furniture division, found the apartment four years ago with the help of Sotheby's International Realty's Lee Thaw. What he was looking for, Hathaway admits, was "something decidedly grander"—something that no doubt could accommodate his six-foot five-inch frame, a stature accentuated by his imperious posture and what in the South is called "big hair." The first time he saw the three rooms was "like walking into a suite at the Hotel Pierre in 1955," he says, dismissing "hideous" as too equivocal a description. "There was this fake gold-flecked Louis XV boiserie and a white grand piano in here and nothing but a harpsichord in the library," recalls Hathaway, lighting a cigarette with his horn-encased lighter and gesturing around the living room. "Still, it would have taken an idiot not to see the potential."

Although he knew what he wanted, Hathaway was less certain about how to go





The Phillips Collection

Sotheby's French furniture expert Phillips Hathaway lives among the finds of a lifetime

By Kent Black Photographs by Michael Mundy

about it, so he called on M Group, a partnership of architect Hermes Mallea and decorator Carey Maloney, the latter of whom Hathaway had first met in the early 1980s when they shared an office at Christie's. The room was so small, says Maloney, that "if we leaned back in our chairs at the same time, we'd bump heads."

Since the apartment was not as grand as Hathaway wanted, M Group took steps to enhance its dimensions in a variety of ways. Uneven beams were sheathed and supported by pilasters, which also created a consistent aesthetic. South-facing windows blocked by a high rise were turned into shallow closets, the doors covered with squares of distressed glass. This enlarging effect was duplicated on either side of the pocket doors leading into the library/dining room. Since Hathaway wanted the walls to have a Mediterranean feeling, M Group hired Jean Charles Dicharry to paint a light green glaze; the result looks as if a century of rain has washed out the original paint. Perhaps the most impressive new touch, however, is the faux mahogany in the library, bedroom, and bathroom. The Texas-born Maloney wasn't satisfied that the faux just be good; his rule is that "it has to look better than the real thing."

M Group's most important contribution, acknowledges Hathaway, was its ability to deal with the fact that, as he says, he has never been able to part with a single thing he'd collected: "Luckily, I had them to act as editors."

Admits Maloney, "When most clients call up and tell you they have just bought a new chair, you groan or cross yourself. When Pete calls to say he just bought a new chair, you can't wait to see it." Asked about the less pleasurable aspects of working with Hathaway, the decorator drawls diplomatically, "Many of our clients are collectors or involved with businesses such as Sotheby's, so when they don't like something, they don't say, 'I'm not sure,' they say, 'Good God, I wouldn't put that in a doghouse.' "

Maryland-born Hathaway was influenced early on by the English and Continental furniture collected by his parents and their parents. Many of his earliest acquisitions—soldier prints given to him by his father—now hang throughout the apartment, "though most of them are stuffed into the closet," he says with a laugh. These prints, as well as six others of the battle of Trafalgar, an eighteenth-century chief constable's tole hatbox, and a gaucho's belt studded with silver coins, add a decidedly martial flavor to the proceedings.

Hathaway's flair for collecting emerged precociously *(Text continued on page 160)*



William IV chairs surround an Empire center table in the library/dining room, right, where Hathaway's childhood collection of 19th-century soldier prints and nautical scenes line the walls. Both the mirror and daybed are Charles X. Below: A Louis XVI fruitwood secrétaire is topped with a 19th-century English tole hatbox and a Scottish painting of a fish.





"Some architects are not very personal," sniffs Frederic Schwartz, turning up his nose in professional disdain. The 37-year-old architect is referring, of course, to the fact that many of his high-profile brethren in the architectural community have adopted a one-style-fits-all approach to design which effectively ensures that your house will look like my house and that our house will look like their house.

To Schwartz this is worse than an aesthetic shame: it's a missed architectural opportunity. He and his partner, Ross Anderson, have built their reputations on an entirely different foundation. They believe there are as many styles as there are clients, as many solutions as there are problems, and that the architect's job is to serve as matchmaker. "We are *very* personal," announces Schwartz, and he and Anderson have the portfolio to prove it. Their funky neon-lit Mexican restaurant in Manhattan's Tudor City looks virtually nothing like their sleek corporate offices for Finlandia vodka in Rockefeller Center, and neither could ever be confused with the contemporary variation on the classic Shingle Style cottage the partners just finished in East Hampton. What this means, as you may have deduced, is that your house needn't look at all like my house.

Even by Schwartz's standards, the apartment he recently completed on Central Park West is decidedly more personal than most. Quirky and idiosyncratic, flamboyant and brazen, this is one house that can be safely classified sui generis. According to the architect, the stimulus for this unabashed individuality came from a very private, though spirited, young man in his mid twenties who was looking for considerably more than simple residential accommodation for himself, his bearded collie, and his 37 chairs.

"A wonderful client is a wonderful thing," says Schwartz. "And this client was unbelievably wonderful." By that the



In the living room a custom V'Soske carpet modeled after a map of Manhattan gives the room exuberant punch to the floor that contains leaded-glass doors, an extended quotation from Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities*, and a glorious 2-D garden of overscale stenciled roses give to the walls. The two tubular-steel and cane chairs are by Mies van der Rohe, and the black wood armchair is by Gerrit Thomas Rietveld. All three are 1920s originals.

sight nothing seems to resemble Eudoxia less
design of that carpet, laid out in symmetrical
whose patterns are repeated along straight and
lines, interwoven with brilliantly colored spires,
étition that can be followed throughout the
ool. But if you can pause and examine it
y, you become convinced that each place in the
orresponds to a place in the city and all the
ontained in the city are included in the design,
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h can find, concealed among the
er, the story of his life, the twists

Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*, pg. 96





Architect Frederic Schwartz left no surface untouched in the Central Park West apartment of a young collector

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Evelyn Hofer

The Writing on the Wall


ANDY WARHOL
A RETROSPECTIVE

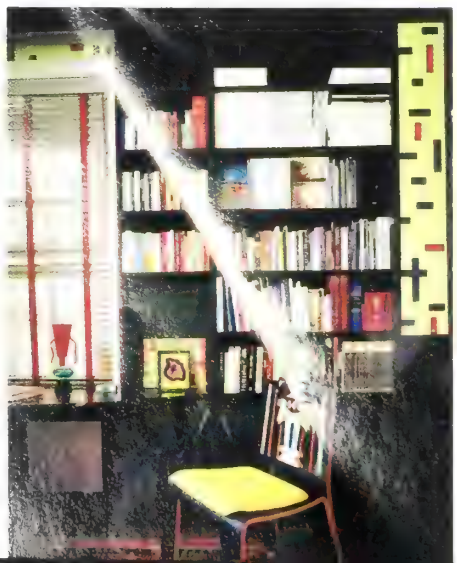
In the bedroom, left, Schwartz added a sprightly Formica ColorCore television cabinet of his own design. Resting on the Barcelona table from Knoll International is Ettore Sottsass's 1982 Mizar vase for Memphis. The owner's noteworthy collection of modern and contemporary furniture classics includes, in the living room, above and right, pieces by Alvar Aalto, Isamu Noguchi, Mies van der Rohe, Robert Venturi, and Frank Lloyd Wright, among countless others. Fabrics are from Clarence House. Details see Resources.



"A wonderful client is a wonderful thing," says architect Schwartz. "And this client was unbelievably wonderful"



A frieze courtesy of Italo Calvino encircles the stenciled dining area, above, where Schwartz's Skyscraper chair presides at the head of the table. Robert Venturi and Frank Lloyd Wright supplied the other chairs. The dinnerware is from Swid Powell. Opposite: Ettore Sottsass's 1981 Casablanca cabinet for Memphis anchors the other end of the room. Below: In the library a Mondrian-style wall pattern adds colorful counterpoint to ebonized ash bookcases. Robert Venturi chair for Knoll.



architect means that his client came well prepared, not only with an adequate budget but with a sophisticated visual sense he had cultivated at Harvard and was eager to nurture at home. In other words, Schwartz's client viewed the renovation of his apartment not merely as an adventure in the domestic arts but as an adventure in the decorative arts.

As an obvious point of departure, Schwartz began with the noteworthy collection of furniture his client began assembling at age seventeen—mostly chairs by the acknowledged masters of twentieth-century design. Although many are familiar classics, these are not garden-variety "licensed" reproductions but originals—with a smattering of even rarer prototypes—that span the decades from Gerrit Thomas Rietveld's de Stijl and Mies van der Rohe's Bauhaus to Robert Venturi's Postmodernism and Ettore Sottsass's Memphis. "Even though these are museum-quality pieces," Schwartz explains, "this is an apartment, not a museum." So rather than opt for a minimalist gallery installation of white walls, wood floors, track lighting, and little else, Schwartz took a livelier tack that engages the collection and the apartment in what he calls a "dialogue."

Before he could prepare the prewar apartment to hold its own in the anticipated conversation, Schwartz felt it necessary first to return the rooms to their original middle-class respectability. Moldings, cornices, and other traditional details were meticulously preserved, restored, or, where necessary, re-created in a low-profile effort at continuity that he dubs "invisible architecture." The sole change in the layout was the reconfiguration of a maze of garret-size service rooms into one large open dining and kitchen space. Otherwise, everything is again as it was in 1910—except, of course, for Schwartz's contribution to the dialogue, a showstopping decorative overlay that engulfs nearly every surface in this once sleepy two-bedroom apartment.

It is rare, even by contemporary standards, for an architect to indulge himself in so spirited an outburst of creative energy. Perhaps Schwartz was inspired by his open-minded *(Text continued on page 162)*

of desires and fears, even if the



Knight in Ireland

Olda FitzGerald writes about life in the family castle with her husband, the Knight of Glin. Photographs by Thibault Jeanson





One of a series of Gothic lodges built in the 1820s by John Fraunceis FitzGerald, an ancestor of the present Knight of Glin, overlooks the estuary of the River Shannon. Right: in the castle's Blue Crown Bedroom, decorated c. 1770, an Adam-style Irish armchair has been covered in Fortuny fabric.

Everyone who has lived in Glin Castle [illegible] Limerick appears to have been constituted by a passionate attachment to the place. When my husband and I moved into the many-windowed battlemented castle—built by his ancestor the 24th Knight of Glin in the 1780s—I soon discovered that this house on the banks of the River Shannon would always be my greatest rival for my husband's affections. Some living force from the past has been carried through without a break to the present, and it seems to bring back things—and people—that belong.

The castle's "sugar icing" battlements and its "toy fort" Gothic lodges were added in the 1820s by the Knight of Glin's dashing son and heir, John Fraunceis FitzGerald (known locally as the Knight of the Women for his amorous exploits). Myth and folklore have surrounded all the hereditary "fairy-tale" Knights of Glin since the fourteenth century, though this cadet branch of the Norman Geraldines was invariably on the losing side of the battles it fought. After supporting their kinsman the earl of Desmond in his unsuccessful fight against the English, their original castle—of which only a stump remains—was laid siege by Queen Elizabeth's soldiers. As if to prove this ancient Irish family could still hold its head high among the mushrooming English nobility and gentry who had usurped their lands since the sixteenth century, Glin Castle rose proudly from its foundation, a lone symbol of the fading Gaelic way of life. Ironically, it is Glin that remains intact today while the splendid mansions built to satisfy the ascendancy's colonial ambitions lie strewn around the whole of County Limerick as ruined hulks.

Glin Castle is not a decorator's dream. Never completely done over, it is instead a house that has gradually grown together, room by room, to become a living page out





A sporting scene by Desportes and [illegible]ency gilt sconces are placed above a [illegible]18th century Irish mantelpiece in the [illegible] room, above right. Right: Neo-Jacobean oak dining room furniture was ordered from London in 1830 by John Fraunceis FitzGerald, whose portrait hangs to the right of the door. Above the mantel is Jean-Baptiste van Loo's portrait of Sir John Willes, a forebear of Olda FitzGerald. Opposite above: A second-floor hallway displays family mementos. Opposite below: In the entrance hall a Neoclassical ceiling, c. 1780, retains its original colors.













Beyond a round mahogany table, c. 1720, a grandly architectural Neoclassical mirror from Dublin dominates the library chimneypiece. The marble mantel is garnished with Chamberlain Worcester china. In the corner stands a mahogany bureau bookcase with scrolled pediment and apron made c. 1750 for a house in Kilkenny. The gilt oval mirror crowned by an urn and eagle exemplifies the virtuosity of Ireland's Georgian craftsmen.









A bust of Milton, left, surmounts a bookcase in the library. Above: Ceiling plasterwork in the entrance hall includes insignia of the 24th Knight of Glin. Right: An engraving after a Susannah Drury gouache of the Giant's Causeway serves as a backdrop to a grouping of Thai and Chinese objects. Below left: A wooden birdcage lantern illuminates the back stairwell. Below: Oswald Birley's 1911 painting of Countess Annesley in the library. Below right: A lodge turret.

of the history of Irish artists and craftsmen. The powerful and beautiful eighteenth-century mahogany tables and chairs that have gathered around our household are carved with such an extraordinarily vivid animal-like quality one almost expects them to walk away emitting low grunts and growls. Every wall is plastered with paintings of Irish subjects by Irish painters like a foreign envelope with stamps; some of these we have brought from places as far away as New South Wales and Vancouver Island. Since the diaspora of the hated Anglo-Irish landlord class brought the dispersal and rejection of their culture, it is only now that Irish works of art they commissioned are beginning to be appreciated in their native country.

Never completely done over, the castle has grown together room by room

"When the sky is blue and the river is blue," I brightly tell one of my friends as we walk around the house in the teeth of a gale blowing up from the estuary, "you can't imagine what a beautiful view it is across the water to County Clare." My friend clearly doesn't believe me. I can hardly believe it myself as the gray wind-lashed waves of the river are only just visible through the mist and rain. Hurrying into the gleaming hall through chaste gray stone pillars under a butterfly-shaped fanlight, we shut and bolt the door behind us. Instinctively I listen for the sound of a door knocker, though none exists—due to the eerie tradition that three knocks by an in-













Staffordshire pottery, left, on a mantel carved in Dublin in the 1780s by Pietro Bossi. Above: FitzGerald crests on a chairback in the entrance hall. Right: A painted English chair in the drawing room. Below left: The garden room holds 19th-century Wedgwood pottery. Below: The grotesque mask on a table is a hallmark of 18th-century Irish cabinetwork. Below right: Prints of Olda FitzGerald's judicial ancestors preside over a Coalport tea set.

visible hand herald a death in the family.

Four soaring Corinthian columns support a ceiling which still has the original paintwork of over two hundred years ago. An Irish harp, a French horn, wheat sheaves, spidery vines, and a wild boar dance in delicate plasterwork against an apple-green ground. Tall windows flood the room with light, and the double flying staircase leads up to a Venetian window framed by a cornucopia of plaster flowers. Sometimes, standing here with my hand on the inlaid wood of the stair rail in the immense peace of this great house, I feel certain now will be the time I see a ghost, but all that greets me is the tapping of roses on the windowpane and the rustling of the wind in the *Pinus radiata* as it drops pine needles gently onto the lawn below.

One almost expects the animal-like tables to walk away emitting low growls

Upstairs, the bedrooms each have a dressing room and bathroom to match. Rugs cover the wall-to-wall carpets; comfortingly plump chintz-covered beds sit beside chaise longues and pretty rosy-painted Victorian china wash sets. The huge old-fashioned baths deliver piping hot water from their brass taps, while fluffy white towels air on the warm pipes.

Our season lasts from April to October. During that time, we entertain a wealth of visitors interested in Irish decorative arts. Some come to dine and stay the night; others, perhaps enthusiasts from the Art Institute of Chicago or the Brooklyn Botanic











The four-poster, c. 1820, in the Blue Bedroom is hung with an early 19th century glazed chintz discovered in London. Alongside the plain footboard is a curvaceous Victorian daybed upholstered in a Cowtan & Tout Bowood chintz. The washstand set is English pottery. Below right: Battlements added in the 19th century give a medieval air to the castle's classically symmetrical south façade. Details see Resources.

Garden, join us for feasts laid out on our dining room table. It always seems to me that the gay, albeit rather wooden, portraits of my husband's ancestors gaze curiously down at the flowers we bank on the sideboard, against the glowing crimson walls. All is peace and composure in the drawing room where we have our coffee. A handkerchief-size Aubusson lies in front of the delicate Bossi chimneypiece beneath circlets of pale green leaves enclosing an oval of blue feathers on the ceiling. All around the room faded prim Anglo-Irish ladies sit up straight with hands folded demurely in their laps, staring blankly out of gilded frames. Their faces give no clue to the hearts that once beat so proudly beneath blue bodices and white fichus.

Through the library, as a gilded mirror glows dimly against the Prussian blue of the wall, the contents of the Sheraton-style bookcase provide the ideal refuge on a wet afternoon. Out through the secret door in the bookcase, one travels across the back hall and into the smoking room, a dovelike and inimitable gray with great mirrors reflecting the company gathered within. The elaborate brasses around the grate sparkle in the firelight. Conversation flows, and crystal glasses of palest Irish whiskey encourage professors to indiscretions.

Hurry up the stairs to the third floor and the largest and best country house nursery in the world. Dolls and teddy bears are piled on the window seats, the fireguard has a double rail for airing nappies, and the huge toy cupboard has shelves of old-fashioned children's books. I always stay here gazing out over the garden low, crooked castellated farm buildings slightly blurred by the trails of smoke idly drifting up from kitchen chimneys. On the other side of a gray stone wall is a huge and noble kitchen garden. A headless marble Ariadne chained to her rock in a rustic temple stands near acres of vegetables and herbs edged by cascading sweet peas and a cutting border for the house.

If we decide to leave the nursery, a small door in a pink passage will open to let us enter the strange underwater luminous world of empty rooms and attics. Up the ladder steps, we can throw open the skylight—lo and behold, with a rush of air we are on the roof. By now a miracle has occurred: the storm clouds have vanished and the rain has stopped. Although the weather often plays this game of nerves with me, it can seldom resist the final curtain call. As the blue ceiling of the sky stretches away to the distant Galway hills, the steel ribbon of the Shannon snakes its way to Limerick and beyond. On the other side of the water, golden gorse brightens the irregular fields of County Clare. I heave a secret sigh of relief that my earlier words can now be seen to be true: it *is* a beautiful view. With this sudden gift, I forbear to boast. ▲

Editor: Amicia de Moubray

The castle is available for rental or overnight stays. Contact Glin Castle, Glin, County Limerick, Ireland; (68) 34173, Fax (68) 34364. An exhibition, "Vanishing Irish Country Houses" (Feb. 10–Mar. 11), is being presented by the Society of the Four Arts, Four Arts Plaza, Palm Beach, Fl 33480; (407) 655-7226.



Over the Top

The latest redesign of the Mercedes SL convertible stops traffic

By Pilar Viladas



The Mercedes-Benz SL's profile is equally sleek topless, above, or with the removable hardtop in place, bottom. Below: The interior offers an array of creature comforts.



In Los Angeles, as everyone knows, you are what you drive. I had never given this maxim much thought, as I considered myself a modest person who drove a modest car. But when I test-drove a 1990 Mercedes-Benz SL two months before its American debut, I was forced to reassess my position because for one brief heady week I was queen of the road.

Total strangers stopped me at red lights. "Did you get that in Europe?" one woman inquired knowingly as she emerged from her own Mercedes. I was quizzed on the car's particulars by everyone from Japanese executives to gas station attendants—all of whom, it seemed, had been waiting a long time to see this car.

But then so had Mercedes-Benz; the new SL is the first major redesign of the company's renowned convertible in eighteen years. Beginning as an offshoot of the legendary 300SL Gull Wing in 1954, the car commenced its second generation run in 1963 with the 280SL, the roadster with the removable "pagoda" roof. The third generation, which started with the 1972 350SL and finished last year with the 560SL, was a smash hit—over 230,000 cars were sold worldwide. So how did Mercedes improve on a winner? The two new versions of the SL—the 300 (with a 228-horsepower, 24-valve inline six-cylinder engine and choice of five-speed automatic or manual transmission) and the 500 (322 horses, 32-valve V-8 automatic four-speed transmission) bring 1990s refinements in design, performance, comfort, and safety to the venerable line.



...od, steeply sloping ... compact roof, and integrated headlights and taillights ... art of the Mercedes S... ggressively aerodynamic n... a.

On the outside the new SL is aggressively aerodynamic, with integrated headlights and taillights and a steeply sloping compact roof. (Every SL has both an electronically operated soft-top and a removable aluminum hardtop.) On the inside, two microprocessors and an onboard diagnostic system keep both car and driver purring happily. The new SL is powerful and fast but remarkably quiet, and it handles beautifully. It boasts increased shoulder and hip room and enough headroom to please a six-foot-six passenger. Seat belts are integrated—at last!—into the seats, which adjust electronically to ten different positions and can be programmed to three different memory settings; these also control the positions of steering wheel and mirrors. The climate control system has a programmable automatic setting, an electrostatic air filter, and a feature that recirculates warm air from the engine even after the car has been turned off. An infrared remote security system is supplemented by a locking system for six interior storage compartments, to safeguard valuables even when the car is parked with the top down. ABS antilock brakes are standard in the car, as are air bags, and an integrated roll bar deploys automatically when a rollover is imminent.

Response to the SL has been predictably overwhelming. There is a six-year waiting list for the car in Germany; in the U.S., which will get over half of the annual production run of 20,000–25,000 cars, the wait is as long as six months. And what price glory? The 300SL automatic will sell for $73,500, the 500SL for $83,500—and most of the cars sold in this country will be 500s. Even by today's standards that's a lot of money. But then the privilege of being queen (or king) of the road doesn't come cheap.

One night I drove the SL to dinner at the Ivy, an L.A. restaurant with a clientele so glamorous that Rolls-Royces and Ferraris barely raise an eyebrow. When I emerged from the restaurant after dinner, I have to admit I experienced that little thrill that is peculiar to the land of the car: the SL had been parked right in front, in the place of honor. Right this way, your majesty. ♠



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Phillips Collection

(Continued from page 140) at age sixteen. During a vacation with his family on Martha's Vineyard he "found these two nineteenth-century organ pipes and bought them for $50," he recalls proudly. "I rode back to the house on my bike carrying them as if I were Lancelot. I think my family thought I was crazy." The gaudy but amusing pipes stood in the corners of various Hathaway residences until he had M Group extend them, attach a number of large brass rings, and set them up in the living room as curtain rods.

Part of Hathaway's flair comes from just this penchant for creating new functions for disparate objects. Like the butter churn accommodating umbrellas and walking sticks, a bit of an eighteenth-century Venetian birdcage has been incorporated into the frame of the painting by Sorine, brass-trimmed hooves are used as ashtrays and paperweights, and an Indonesian musical instrument holds the TV.

After graduating from Boston University in 1977 with a degree in art history, Hathaway took a year to travel around the world, acquiring objects such as the two nineteenth-century kneeling Buddhist monks from Burma that stand guard inside the library. Although Hathaway's parents' influence had initially inclined his taste toward English furniture, his move to Sotheby's French department in 1984 convinced him of the superiority of French design and craftsmanship. Now responsible for Continental furniture for the eighteenth century and the decades immediately preceding and following it, Hathaway often laments the unavailability of the really fine pieces of this period. "Most," he sighs, "are completely beyond my reach."

As for Hathaway's nocturnal requirements for the apartment, they are not simply to provide a haven away from the Manhattan throng. He is an inveterate host. "Despite the relatively small space, I wanted to be able to give large cocktail parties as well as small dinner parties," he explains. Thus, when the library is converted into a dining room, the poker tabletop comes out from under the bed and goes on the Empire center table to accommodate ten diners—"twelve, if I really want to jam them together."

For soirées he hires Sotheby's chef, Bernard Mignot, to take charge of the kitchen. It is the only room in the house in which Hathaway has not left an indelible imprint. Aside from a huge pair of longhorns along the top of a wall, the room is the same nondescript industrial space with brick-design linoleum that came with the apartment.

Given Hathaway's disinterest in the culinary arts, it comes as no surprise that he knows little beyond where to find the corkscrew. As if this separation needed any further emphasis, the entrance to the kitchen is camouflaged into the fabric of the wall and hidden by a screen that M Group designed using Charles X wallpaper—a slight problem for uninitiated guests in search of ice.

After four years of planning and construction, Hathaway says he's getting ready for a change. "I've already started talking to Carey and Hermes about redoing the place. Despite the fact that we fought like cats and dogs over details, we really had a lot of fun working together." Motioning toward the library wall where the Trafalgar prints hang, Hathaway gets a certain glint in his eye. "I am thinking about buying this pair of eighteenth-century life-size cast-iron garden figures and putting them back here. I'm beginning to feel the need to simplify—all these patterns are driving me crazy. Still, I don't think there is much chance of my going minimalist and ending up with a futon and a bonsai," he says wryly. "Where would I put all this stuff?" ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Crystal Gazing

(Continued from page 124) in a breeze.

Just as it was for medieval alchemists, the quest for gold was an obsession of Bohemia's glassmakers. The instability of the precious metal during the glassblowing process made it difficult to work with. Gilding applied to the exterior of a vessel wore off with use. An ingenious solution was Zwischengoldglas (between gold glass), an ancient Roman idea revived by the same Prussian who invented ruby glass but again taken to new heights by the Bohemians. A Zwischengoldglas piece is made from two tightly interfitting glasses—a thinner liner and an outer shell—fixed together with a clear adhesive. The surface of the inner glass is embellished with elaborate gilded scrolls and sometimes also painted in polychrome. The gold is protected from abrasion once it is inserted and sealed within the exterior one.

The Bohemians remained responsive to the latest design trends and offered approximations of virtually every new product on the international market. They produced milk glass to imitate more expensive ceramics before Europeans discovered how the Chinese made porcelain. When the English potter Josiah Wedgwood introduced his matte black basaltware, the Bohemians came up with opaque black hyalith glass incised with chaste intaglio patterns not unlike Wedgwood's. His famous blue and white jasperware was also reinterpreted in blue glass and white enamel or with engraving. Sparkling cut-glass motifs were interspersed among Classical details on glassware as the nineteenth century progressed.

The Biedermeier period, typified by the house-proud burghers of Central Europe who became the Bohemians' primary audience, was another high point in the development of the most important local industry. Painted and engraved pictorial beakers commemorating everything from romantic sentiments to historical events became popular collector's items (a new activity among the growing middle class) as well as ubiquitous souvenirs sold at the spas and resorts that proliferated along with travel.

Industrialization allowed glass production to reach an unprecedented volume by the end of the nineteenth century, but Bohemian artisans, like their contemporaries all over Europe, returned to the crafts tradition in reaction to the predominance of machine manufacturing. The glassmakers of Bohemia embraced the luxuriant Art Nouveau style with particular enthusiasm. The art glass of the Loetz firm has been especially prized as among the most imaginative of the period, though yet another foreign influence provided the initial spark of inspiration—in this case the incomparable American glass virtuoso Louis Comfort Tiffany.

The ceaseless political upheavals of the twentieth century, which witnessed the birth of the Republic of Czechoslovakia in 1918, its takeover by the Nazis in 1939, its domination by the Soviets a decade later, and its repression after the Prague Spring in 1968, all had obvious impact on the Bohemian glass industry. Age-old foreign connections were broken, production interrupted or ceased altogether by war and political turmoil. The variable output of those troubled times makes the last segments of the "Verres de Bohême" exhibition considerably less absorbing than the first. Nonetheless the most recent pieces—startling experimental works by the emerging generation of Czech glassmakers—herald a new renaissance as the Iron Curtain begins to fall all across Central Europe. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

An important premier issue in fine porcelain and bronze...

Springtime Scamper

The Red Squirrel, nature's treetop acrobat, inspires a delightful new work of art

On a sunny May morning, a frisky red squirrel scurries amid the blossoms of a dogwood, his fur coppery- red against the sky. A natural acrobat, he can leap from tree to tree in search of food to store away. But just for an instant he stops and feels the sun's warmth. With a flick of his tail, he'll be gone.

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Superb craftsmanship can be seen in every detail—the squirrel's bright eyes, his delicate ears and lively expression.





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Shown actual size

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Aspen on Location

(Continued from page 128) When they were done, our cleanup crew would take over. At ten I would walk around with an assistant and make notes for the contractors."

Not surprisingly, like many Guber productions, Mandalay is an entertaining and dramatic creation. One enters the split-wing house through double doors of swamp cypress fashioned by local sculptor Eddie Running Wolf, whose carved deer heads on either side of the entrance serve as door pulls.

The front foyer leads to the living room, which is the focal point of the house. The 60-by-30-foot space, with its picture windows facing south and east over the valley and skylights set in a cathedral ceiling lined with saplings, is both cavernous and homey. Huge unfinished wood posts and beams loom over intimate furniture groupings that combine such western flavors as a 130-year-old Navajo rug, Edward S. Curtis prints, Frederic Remington sculptures, saguaro cactus, and Mission oak chairs and benches. There is scarcely a corner in the entire house, in fact, that has not been branded with a westernism. Even the stairwell leading down to the first floor has a handrail of tooled leather.

These lower depths contain the Guber screening room featuring eight overstuffed rawhide chairs, coffee tables made from Indian drums, and a wall lined with Guber's own Hall of Fame: nearly two dozen framed shots of the Columbia chief with the likes of Jack Nicholson, Madonna, Richard Nixon, Fidel Castro, and Michael Jackson.

The real stars at Mandalay, however, are those close friends who come to visit. Four guest suites come equipped with fireplaces, Navajo rugs, the bleached horns of bighorn sheep, and panoramic views. Most telling of the Gubers' concern for their guests' happiness is the mini department store in the converted wine cellar that contains shelves and racks stuffed with ski and hiking boots, tennis shoes, rackets, sweat suits, ski outfits, riding gear—in short, every item that could possibly be used in the great outdoors. "Actually I am just a little embarrassed about that room," giggles Lynda. "I knew I was going too far when I started coordinating all the outfits."

The deluxe guest accommodations extend beyond the main house to the barn a quarter mile down Mandalay Road. The Gubers and their friends gather here to cross-country ski, snowmobile, and saddle up. And those special guest accommodations? When a party gets going, four Dutch doors facing the room are opened so the four horses can stick their heads out and take part in the action.

Though assuming the helm at Columbia means less time for the Gubers to spoil themselves at 8,000 feet, they're determined not to relinquish holidays at the site of their most complex and personal production. After the long road to Mandalay, they'd like to stop by once in a while and admire the view. ▲

Editor: John Ryman

Sharp Focus

(Continued from page 136) one-man show as a photographer. Soon he was known as a serious original talent, and the fashion establishment pounced on him. Now, ten years later, Seidner has a flourishing business as a photographer for such clients as Yves Saint Laurent, Claude Montana, and Bill Blass.

Although he complains of being lazy, the man is actually a dynamo, generating countless new projects. Currently he is editing a book of the best fashion pictures taken of his friend Lisa Fonssagrives, a top model of the forties and fifties (and wife of photographer Irving Penn). Seidner is also putting together his own pictures of men, a new subject for him, as well as working with a Paris lab to resurrect nineteenth-century printing techniques (collotypes, platinum prints, prints on glass). And he recently experimented with printing photos on canvas.

"My work is all about setting a scene," Seidner says, his seriousness leavened by an air of unreality you might find from someone being teleprompted from Mars. "It's artificial, not documentary." The same atmosphere of artifice and theatricality characterizes his house—but it's a sober, not a flashy, theatricality.

Perhaps that's the final contradiction in this romantically ambiguous young man—his work is artificial without being insincere, and he makes his living from fashion without ever being merely modish. This combination of the eternal and the fleeting owes something, no doubt, to Baudelaire, the poet who invented modernity for the French in the last century. As Baudelaire wrote, "The beautiful is made up of an eternal and unvarying element, the exact quantity of which is exceedingly difficult to determine, and of another element that is relative, circumstantial—which is, if you will, by turns or all at once representative of the period, fashion, morality, passion." The topical and the eternal come together in David Seidner's taste—the final satisfying resolution of his ambiguity. ▲ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

Writing on the Wall

(Continued from page 146) client. Or perhaps to relieve the pressure to measure up, aesthetically, to the work of Alvar Aalto, Marcel Breuer, Charles Eames, Isamu Noguchi, Frank Lloyd Wright, and the other masters of Modernism who supplied the furniture. But for whatever reason, Schwartz clearly abandoned himself to his obsession with pattern, ornament, and color.

From the Hall of the Giant Rose Entry to the Mondrian Orange Dining Room, from the Symbols of the Universe fire screen to the Wright and Wrong leaded-glass pocket doors, from the anatomically correct His and Hers andirons to the New York, New York map carpet, from the Bubble Bath Bathroom to the Rolling Thunder television stand, no surface has been left untouched—or unnamed—by the architect and his retinue of first-class stencilers, stained-glass makers, ironmongers, cabinetmakers, weavers, and other assorted artisans. There is a sense of joyful abandon, an unapologetic insouciance, about the visual feast Schwartz has laid out. Witness the over-the-rainbow palette: wild rose, sunny orange, dusky orchid, snapdragon, viva la pink, valentine, shark's tooth, orange chiffon, dew green, lavender glow, cardinal, lemon lime, and lemon meringue. It works as part of the kaleidoscopic spectacle, but it is just as certainly beyond the wildest dreams of even Benjamin Moore. Like Schwartz's color spectrum, the apartment is excessive and obsessive, but it is also calibrated and controlled.

"There is a practical side to this apartment," says Schwartz, "a lot of problem solving. But there should be a poetic side to architecture, too. Maybe that's where the Italo Calvino quote comes in." The architect is referring to the extended passage from the Italian writer's novel *Invisible Cities* transcribed on one wall in the living room. The quotation is a personal favorite of both Schwartz and his client—an elusive bit of prose amid the pragmatic poetry. ▲

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

Johnny is learning to write.



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Formal Farm

(Continued from page 115) new, Pascal Cribier belongs to a school of young landscape designers who prefer to crystallize images for the present from the art and architecture of the past. Although the resulting forms may appear minimal, they evoke the richness of centuries of French culture.

What also touches Cribier's work directly are visits to such favorite haunts in Paris as the concentric oval beds of the École de Botanique in the Jardin des Plantes, where more than 10,000 kinds of plants are classified for the public. Cribier regularly exchanges ideas with colleagues such as architects François Roubaud and Patrick Ecoutin in the kind of collaboration of friends that has always stimulated French artists. After Cribier briefly described the proposed Jardin des Carrés at La Coquetterie to Roubaud, the latter sketched the imaginary grid of squares, conveying in spirit all the texture and magic it now has in reality.

Curiously, these Parisian designers tend to see the history of French gardens through the eyes of a California landscape architect, Barbara Stauffacher Solomon, whose influential book *Green Architecture and the Agrarian Garden* Cribier keeps close at hand. In an imaginative combination of drawings and photographs of European landscapes, this American observer conveys the essence of the tradition that Toustain de Frontebosc wrote about centuries ago and that has again beautifully come to life at Limésy. ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

Fame of the Rose

(Continued from page 103) Today does a brisk mail-order business in antique rosebushes, catering to clients like Barbra Streisand, Bette Midler, and Walter and Carol Matthau, all of whom have thriving old rose gardens. Roses weren't always this fashionable. Thomas Christopher, author of *In Search of Lost Roses*, points out that the rose was considered rather utilitarian in the late eighteenth century. Bulbs were in vogue then. And Philip Baloun says that during the recent Art Deco revival people were drawn to more "architectural" flowers like calla lilies. "Flower choices," he observes, "are definitely linked to interior design statements." For Christopher the rose's enduring appeal is based on its past. "The rose has this tremendous history."

The Bible mentions the rose twice. The Romans wore wreaths of roses. Cleopatra once gave a dinner for Mark Antony and covered the floor of her hall with roses eighteen inches deep. Red roses have been taken as a symbol of the blood of the early martyrs, and church windows were made in the form of roses. The Wars of the Roses are said to have begun in an English garden where Richard Plantagenet and the earl of Warwick plucked white roses as their symbol while the earl of Somerset and the earl of Suffolk snipped red ones. In France, Madame de Pompadour was especially fond of roses, as was Madame Du Barry, whose bedroom held a canopy embroidered with them. Empress Josephine, whose gardens at Malmaison became world famous, made it possible for flower portraitist Pierre Joseph Redouté to produce one of his major works, *Les Roses*. Beloved in literature from Shakespeare to Sackville-West, the rose inspired Oscar Wilde to write the bittersweet tale "The Nightingale and the Rose" and Lewis Carroll to paint white roses red to please his Queen of Hearts.

In modern times, roses have become celebrities in their own right. Anyone who wants a rose named after himself can call the American Rose Society in Shreveport, Louisiana, and ask to be put in touch with a hybridizer who will develop a flower. The Temptations are negotiating to have a rose named after them, as did the Tupperware company. Eva Gabor has a showy hot pink rose, while Princess Stéphanie's is a brash young hybrid tea. Dolly Parton's is a lush orange and Minnie Pearl's—what else?—a miniature. "Cary Grant's was exciting," says the society's office manager, Carol Spiers. "He and his wife were calling up all the time." Though Ivana Trump may not have a rose named for her yet, "you never know," she says.

From Gypsy Rose Lee to Sweet Rosie O'Grady, from the yellow rose of Texas to the one in Spanish Harlem, the rose is an American classic. Even if the swimsuit competition becomes passé, it's hard to imagine Miss America weeping over an armful of gladiolus. And Valentine's Day just wouldn't seem right with a box of chocolates and a dozen freesia.

Putting fashion aside, Geoffrey Beene has the last word. "The rose," he says, "is eternal." ▲

Editor: Ruth Ansel



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Model Apartment

(Continued from page 93) antiques galleries and turned up the missing details in record time. For the sitting room Rainey and Zervudachi found a Louis XV sofa and hours later discovered a rare eighteenth-century needlepoint tapestry cut exactly to fit.

Working with the existing layout of the apartment, however, proved more challenging. The light-filled double drawing room gives way to a warren of small rooms divided by a narrow hall. Egged on by Jerry's chants of "Go on—more, more," Rainey's sister, Victoria Lloyd, and her partner, Marina Guinness, transformed this passageway into a gallery by covering the apricot-colored walls with prints. Their choices range from a Hogarth and Fuselis to amusing eighteenth-century French and English fashion illustrations of hats, wigs, and hairstyles.

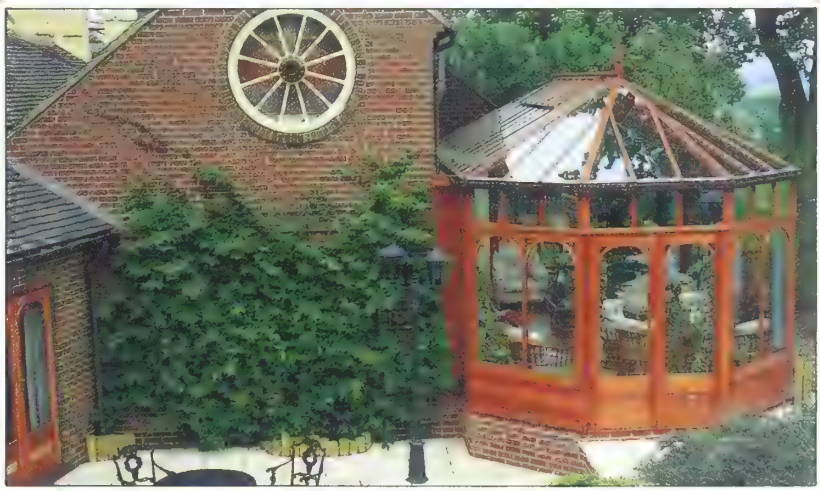
Jerry, nonetheless, isn't entirely steeped in the eighteenth century. Andy Warhol's silkscreen-on-canvas portrait of her is the focal point of the sitting room where it is flanked by Carlo Maria Mariani's 1981 *Ciparisso I* and Conrad Martin Metz's 1776 painting of boy cricketers. George Sherlock's modern yet classical sofas fill up the rest of the room, and silk noil curtains frame the windows. Everywhere there is ordered chaos of the most engaging kind: silver- and tortoiseshell-framed family photographs line the dressing table; children's hats and toys blanket the floors; jeweled butterflies cling to curtains; and books flood the tables and shelves. The children's and Nanny's rooms are patterned with chintz, while cricket paraphernalia and a rubber head of Jagger from the television show *Spitting Image* add color to the nursery. For her own bedroom Jerry opted for a William IV four-poster Jagger bought years ago from Christopher Gibbs. It now lacks its canopy (for Jerry fears enclosure) and is instead draped with nineteenth-century silk and Egyptian cotton. Rare nineteenth-century Japanese fabric handpainted with guinea fowl serves as curtains. And the display of extraordinary textiles continues in her dressing room where an array of plumed and embroidered party dresses perch on the outside of a wardrobe.

Jerry loves to entertain, and now with her apartment finished and her children removed from the vicissitudes of New York, there's more reason to celebrate. London suits Jerry Hall, and judging from the flurry of friends and family who stream in and out of her door, Jerry's Mesquite ways are just right for London. ▲ *Editor: Amicia de Moubray*

Resources

DECORATION

Page 50 Gazebo, by Bonetti and Garouste for Etamine, solid blue, 54" wide, $77 yd, border 54" wide, $107 yd, all-over pattern, 54" wide, $121 yd, to order at Le Décor Français, NYC (212) 734-0032. French Art Deco coffee table, $4,500, Josef Hoffmann nest of tables, c. 1906, $6,500, Karl Trabert table lamp, 1930, $1,100, Emil Lenoble ceramic vase, c. 1925, $6,500, *The Athlete*, bronze figures by Franz von Stuck, c. 1904, Portuguese Art Deco silver tea set, 1930, $9,500, Maison Desny brass bowl, c. 1928, $6,000, René Crevel handmade carpet, c. 1928, Emile Hoppe mantel clock, c. 1908–10, $11,000, Russian avant-garde paintings, Robert Marc abstract composition to left of mantel, 1980, $5,500, at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950. Art Deco stone head, $9,000, at Malmaison Antiques, NYC (212) 288-7569. **52** Trapani furnishings, to order at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Early 19th century curtain, $4,000, at Linda Fresco, NYC (212) 737-4182. Louis XVI screen with hairdressing architectural cartoons, $16,500, at Florence de Dampierre, NYC (212) 966-1399. Sofa, armchair, rug, curtains, pillows, special order from Jacques Grange, Paris 47-42-47-34. Sardanapale on armchair, 1.3 m wide, Fr850m, from Madeleine Castaing, Paris 43-54-91-71. Late 18th century Russian chandelier, c. 1925 Lambert-Rucki painting over mantel, Regency bench with scrolls in front of mantel, two Augustin Pajou drawings to right of window, rocaille drawing above, at Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. Rectangular Régence-style stool next to sofa, part of larger set, late Renaissance helmet on pouf, $2,500, 1940s g[illegible] tassel chair, $1,500, Art Deco marble [illegible] ture on mantel, $12,500, *Icarus* drawing [illegible] mantel, by Bumbeck, 1945, $5,000, *Tête de [illegible]* drawing beneath, by Bumbeck, 1945, $4,000 Malmaison Antiques, NYC (212) 288-7569. Early 19th century porcelain drape-design seat to right of armchair, $2,500, marble bust of Nubian man on table, $8,500 for male/female pr, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Classic lamp, Giacometti reproduction, $490, shade (no marking), $70, round Pompeian table, $3,040, to the trade at Sirmos, NYC, for showrooms call (212) 371-0910. Tina Fraser ceramic vase on windowsill, sold as pr, to the trade at J. Garvin Mecking, NYC (212) 677-4316. Turn-of-the-century Italian sconce, $18,000 pr, to the trade at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. Thorn chair on mantel, limited edition, by Michele Oka Doner, $5,800, at Art et Industrie, NYC (212) 431-1661. Burning Branch fireplace tools, by Michele Oka Doner, $950 set, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Cholmeley on chairs, Biedermeier Stripe on cushions, Norfolk on walls, to the trade at Quadrille, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Leonard B. Hecker, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Hugh Cochran, Dania; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Armchairs, designed by Geneviève Faure, $2,800 ea, to order from Geneviève Faure, NYC (212) 288-2946. Joseph Louis Pottin, Henry Walker d'Acosta paintings, 19th-century Chinese vases, at Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. Louis XV clock, at L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, NYC (212) 517-9176. Louis XIV mirror, at Philippe Farley, NYC



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(212) 472-1622. French tiles, PS 4"x4", $3.50 ea, at Country Floors, NYC, for dealers call (212) 627-8300. Louis XVI andirons, $5,000 pr, 1940s bookcase, $4,000 set of 4, at Malmaison, NYC (212) 288-7569. Chinese export gaming tables, at Hyde Park Antiques, NYC (212) 477-0033. 19th-century lamps, $2,250 pr, at Hubert des Forges, NYC (212) 744-1857. Round William IV tables, at Philippe Farley, NYC (212) 472-1622. Oushak carpet, $78,000, at F. J. Hakimian, NYC (212) 371-6900.

WRIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD

Pages 80–81 Byfield Velvet on furniture, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, for showrooms call (212) 691-0700. R. M. Schindler Wolfe House custom-made lamp next to fireplace, to order from Robert Nicolais, Los Angeles (213) 939-1477. **82–83** Imperial Triangles on dining chairs, to the trade at Schumacher, call (800) 423-5881. Frank Lloyd Wright Cabaret china dinner plates, $30 ea, bread/butter plates, $20 ea, at Tiffany & Co., call (800) 526-0649. Dining chairs, similar custom pieces to order from Gardner Woodcraft, Pasadena (818) 449-2594. **84** Dorothy Thorpe wineglasses, similar items at Off the Wall, Los Angeles (213) 930-1185. Charles Rennie Mackintosh Newbury silver-plated flatware, by Sabattini, forks and spoons, $265 pr, knives, $130 ea, ladles, $420 ea, from Italarte, for dealers call (209) 275-0566. **86–87** Frank Lloyd Wright Midway table, $2,310, chairs, $965 ea, by Cassina, to the trade at Atelier International, for showrooms call (718) 392-0300. Teak chaise longues, $2,970 ea, from Weatherend Estate Furniture, for representatives call (207) 596-6483.

THE MODEL APARTMENT

Pages 88–89 Organza/ satin dress in Cecil Beaton print, feathered taffeta dress, to order from Antony Price, London 629-5262. **90–91** George Sherlock chairs, to order from George Sherlock Antiques, London 736-3955. **92–93** Bed, similar items at Christopher Gibbs, London 629-2008.

RETREAT TO MARRAKESH

Pages 96–97 Les Arcades Column Border Print, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beechwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **98** Brunschwig's Les Arcades Print, Les Arcades Border Print (see above).

THE FAME OF THE ROSE

Page 100 Cashmere turtleneck sweater, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, special order at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC (212) 606-2100. **102** Cabbage Rose 9'x 12' carpet, to the trade at Schumacher, call (800) 672-0068.

CITY LIGHTS

Pages 104–05 Custom-colored handwoven carpet, silk throw, to the trade to order from Gregory [illegible]ham, Kingston (914) 338-1030. Infinity, by [illegible]mot Field, to the trade at Lee Jofa, NYC, Chi[illegible]llas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los [illegible] San Francisco; Curran, Atlanta, High Po[illegible]e, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Ten[illegible] Assocs., Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; [illegible] Higgins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, [illegible] Goldman & Assocs., Seattle. Mirror, ha[illegible] by Bill Sullivan, NYC (212) 713-5323. [illegible]ze [illegible]ge table, similar pieces to order from Bi[illegible]ta, Cannes (93) 77-32-94. Josef Hoffmann [illegible], c. 1904, similar items at Galerie Metropol, N[illegible]212) 772-7401. **106–07** Console table, other [illegible]om furniture designed and/or fabricated, to orde[illegible]rom John A. Savittieri, Jersey City (201) 915-4600. [illegible]andwoven seat, mohair throw, similar handwove[illegible] fabrics, to the trade from Robin Goss, Saugert[illegible]212) [illegible]. **107** Chinese Pewter pewter-leaf wallpaper (#MW4), 30" wide, $190 per 10' panel, to the trade at Roger Arlington, for showrooms call (212) 752-5288. Carl Witzmann chairs, 1908, similar items at Galerie Metropol, NYC (212) 772-7401. Custom-size X-frame console table, to the trade to order from Michael La Rocca, NYC (212) 755-5558. *In the Spotlight,* c. 1928, by Franz Willems, at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950.

THE HEIGHT OF ELEGANCE

Pages 116–19 Custom-made silk trims, to the trade to order at Scalamandré, for showrooms call (212) 980-3888. **116** Cauchois Velvet custom gaufré, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 96–97). Damas Recta, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. **117** Taffetas Rayé, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). **118–19** Vaison Brocaded Stripe, Les Roses Moiré Lampas on benches, Veronese Antique Velvet custom gaufré on ottoman, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 96–97). **120–21** Syon Damask, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above for pgs 104–05). Tewksbury, 48" wide, $69 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms call (212) 758-0844. Imberline Caserta on chairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above).

ASPEN ON LOCATION

Pages 126–27 Oxen yoke lamp with rawhide shades, $800, at Hemisphere, Santa Monica (213) 458-6353. **129** Beacon Blanket fabric, 54" wide, $250 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Denver, Palm Beach. Antique Beacon and Pendleton blankets, similar items at Territory, Los Angeles (213) 937-4006. Ron Mann Needle lamps with Awahnee rawhide shades, hair-on-calfskin pillows, from Ranch, to the trade at Mimi London, Los Angeles (213) 855-2567, or call Ranch, Aspen (303) 920-1079. **130** Wrought-iron towel bar, $37–$45, at Umbrello, Los Angeles, Santa Fe. **131** Kiva aspenwood ladder, $300–$395, similar items at Chris O'Connell Spider Woman Designs, Santa Fe (505) 984-0136. Antique Mexican chair, similar items at Claiborne Gallery, Santa Fe, NYC.

SHARP FOCUS

Page 132 Marquis on furniture, to the trade from Bergamo, for showrooms call (718) 392-5000. **135** Akari light sculpture, by Isamu Noguchi, for dealers call Akari-Gemini (805) 966-9557.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Pages 142–43 New York, New York carpet, designed by Frederic Schwartz, to the trade at V'Soske, NYC (212) 688-1150, outside NY state (800) 847-4277. Custom Wright and Wrong leaded-glass doors, made by Nancy Howell, Fingertips hardware on doors, made by Solebury Forge, Hall of the Giant Rose stencil, painted by Joe Braby and Mark Strackbein, designed by Frederic Schwartz, through Anderson/Schwartz Architects, NYC (212) 608-0185. Judith Stockman gold-leaf terra-cotta sconce, $375, at Urban Archeology, NYC, Bridgehampton. **144** Custom Rolling Thunder Formica ColorCore television stand, made by A. Leinoff, designed by Frederic Schwartz (see above). Mies van der Rohe Barcelona table, to the trade from KnollStudio, at Knoll International, for showrooms call (800) 223-1354. Ettore Sottsass Mizar vase, $2,200, at Urban Architecture, Detroit, for dealers call (313) 873-2707. **145** Concini Gros Point on ottomans, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 116). Custom Divine Light sconces, made by Lehr Co., Symbols of the Universe fire screen/His and Hers andirons, made by Solebury Forge, designed by Frederic Schwartz (see above). La Récolte on sofa, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 116). Robert Venturi Chippendale side chair, Queen Anne side chair (finish not available) and sofa, to the trade from KnollStudio (see above). Alvar Aalto cantilevered armchairs, to the trade from ICF, for showrooms call (914) 365-2500. Isamu Noguchi glass/wood coffee table, $1,566, from Herman Miller, for dealers call (800) 851-1196. Javier Mariscal Hilton serving cart, $2,000, Ettore Sottsass Murmansk silver fruit dish, $6,100, at Urban Architecture (see above). **146** Custom Skyscraper chair, made by Tansuya, Point and Slab dining table, made by S. F. A. Leinoff, Canal Street radiator, Mondrian Orange stencil, painted by Joe Braby and Mark Strackbein, designed by Frederic Schwartz (see above). Robert Venturi Chippendale and Queen Anne chairs (purple cloudlike finish not available), to the trade from KnollStudio (see above). Robert Venturi Notebook buffet plate, $65, Grandmother buffet plates, $65 ea, silver-plated candlesticks, $250 ea, Steven Holl Planar buffet plate, $85, patina-on-brass candlesticks, $375 ea, Gwathmey Siegel Tuxedo buffet plate, $65, Richard Meier silver-plated tray, $260, for Swid Powell, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Bloomingdale's, NYC, Chicago; D. F. Sanders & Co., NYC, Boston, Washington, D.C.; to order at Neiman Marcus. Pyramid silver-plated flatware, from Georg Jensen, NYC, Chicago, Costa Mesa. Custom bookcase/writing desk, made by S. F. A. Leinoff, Two Tone Mondrian All Over Stencil, designed by Frederic Schwartz (see above). Robert Venturi Sheraton chair, to the trade from KnollStudio (see above). Ettore Sottsass Sirio flower vase, $1,300, at Urban Architecture (see above). Custom wood-slat blinds, from Bookbinder Modern Blinds, NYC (212) 966-1585. **147** Ettore Sottsass Casablanca cabinet, $8,700, at Urban Architecture (see above). Vieux Honfleur on shade, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 116).

KNIGHT IN IRELAND

Pages 156–57 Bowood, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle.

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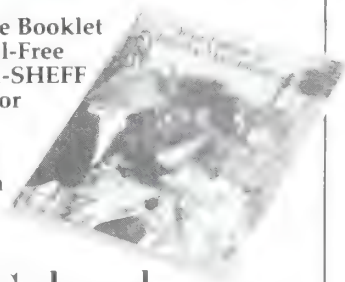
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Gandee AT LARGE

Patrick Vuitton gets carried away with special orders

Like his great-great-grandfather Louis, Patrick Vuitton is in the luggage business. He works in Asnières, a Paris suburb thirty minutes up the Seine, in a small office building near a small factory filled with men who spend their days hammering tiny brass nails into the LV-embossed leather bindings of those classic Vuitton valises that make such an impressive thud when they slide onto baggage carousels in airports throughout the world. Although Patrick defines his role in the family business as guardian of the Louis Vuitton tradition, his special responsibility is special orders. That is, if you, like a certain Italian dandy, need a trunk for transporting 72 shirts—and you want those 72 shirts arranged in 36 drawers—it falls to Patrick to provide you with just such a hard-to-find-even-in-better-department-stores item.



Patrick Vuitton at work in Asnières

In his years of attending to the special needs of the special few, Patrick has, as you might imagine, supervised the design and construction of some remarkable Vuitton malles. For example, in addition to devising deluxe travel accommodations for suits, hats, dresses, and shoes, he has devised deluxe travel accommodations for metronomes, caviar, and Scotch whisky. (The Scotch whisky case came with a compartment for salted peanuts.) One of the more unusual special requests to come Patrick's way came last year when an African king rang up to order a custom-fitted trunk to transport the gun collection he never leaves home without. After Patrick took exact measurements of the peripatetic arsenal, he spent six months trying to persuade the king that one trunk would be too heavy to carry and that he really needed three. When Patrick succeeded, Vuitton craftsmen got to work, and within weeks the king was armed and ready for the road.

On a less hostile note, there was an Arab statesman who, after buying and discarding thirty attaché cases, showed up in Patrick's office one day with a laptop computer and a bundle of papers—"things he normally carries around." Two hours later Patrick had designed the perfect attaché case, which included a secret compartment for the poems the statesman likes to pen when he's not attending to matters of state.

Despite all the extravagant special orders Patrick continues to add to his dossier, the record for the most extravagant special order is still held by the man who kept the Vuitton craftsmen busy for months back in the thirties when he ordered a set of forty steamer trunks—all in crocodile. Memorable, according to Patrick, but nowhere near, in terms of single-item-expense, the Macassar ebony-lined trunk he built ten years ago for 200,000 francs, which in 1980 dollars came to about $46,000.

I explained to Patrick, just in case he didn't know, that in certain circles in the United States it is considered chic to use vintage Vuitton steamer trunks as coffee tables, end tables, and television stands. He seemed a bit nonplussed by the news and said that, American practices notwithstanding, he would never fulfill a special order for furniture other than the collapsible beds his ancestors produced earlier in the century. Patrick noted that he had turned down, for example, a Vietnamese orchestra conductor who requested a Vuitton cabinet for his elaborate stereo system at home: "We only make luggage."

I asked if there is one person who qualified as the world's all-time biggest Louis Vuitton consumer. Is it Bianca Jagger, as I had heard? Or was it the late Italian film director with the serendipitous initials, Luchino Visconti? Patrick said no. It was neither. Instead he named both Bill Cosby and the late Yul Brynner as two of the most impressive collectors, but added that he believed Jerry Lewis's collection was probably the hands-down world's largest. "He comes in looking very serious," said Patrick. "He wants to make sure that he is getting exactly what he wants."

Although practicality is not an issue when it comes to such fast-lane travelers as those Patrick deals with, I was nonetheless curious to know just what his clients do with those coffin-size malle armoires, seeing as how they're too large to fit in the trunk of a Mercedes 560SEL, and porters have a tendency to flee when they see them coming. "There are people who have their own personal transportation systems," Patrick explained patiently, referring to the private jets, yachts, and railroad cars I had failed to consider. I said I had forgotten about those people and that I would appreciate it if he would name a few names—to jog my memory. "We believe in discretion at Louis Vuitton," he said. "It's very personal."

Charles Gandee

They're too large to fit in the trunk of a Mercedes 560SEL, and porters tend to flee when they see them coming

March

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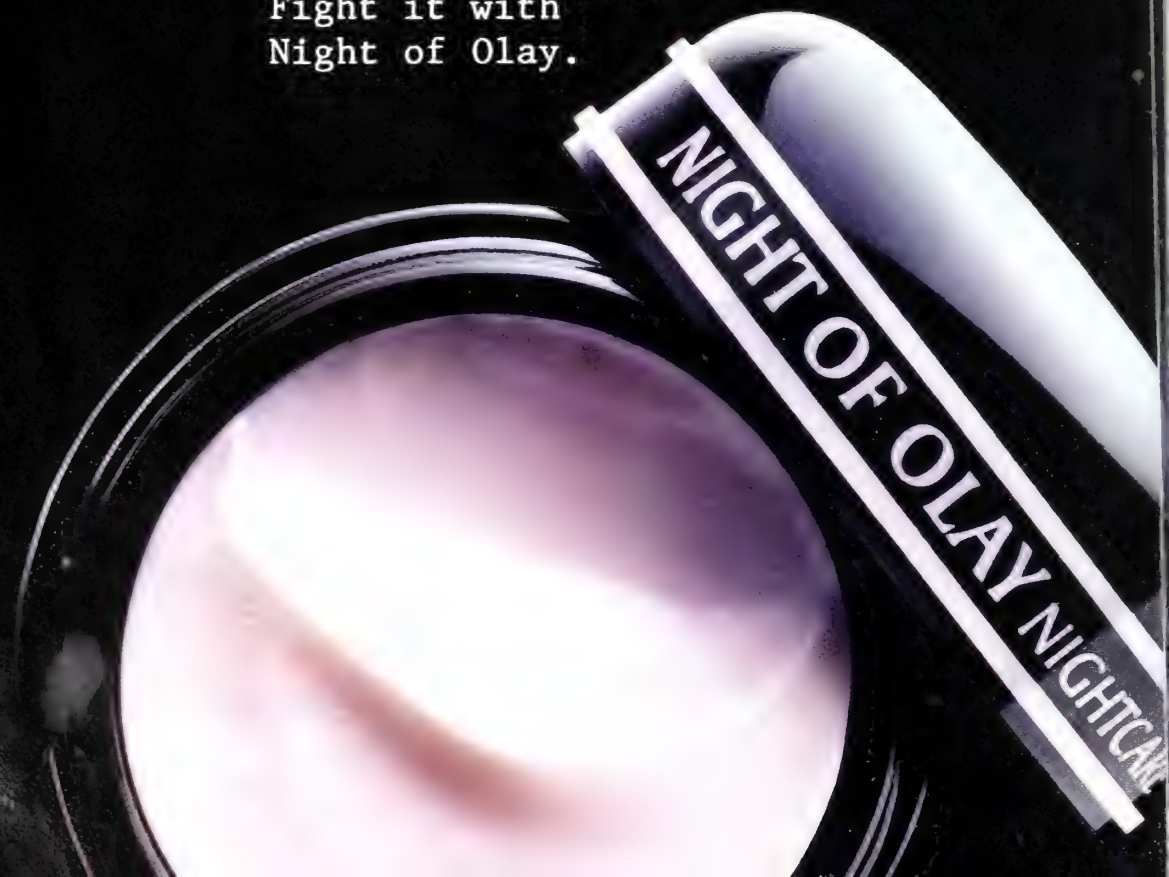
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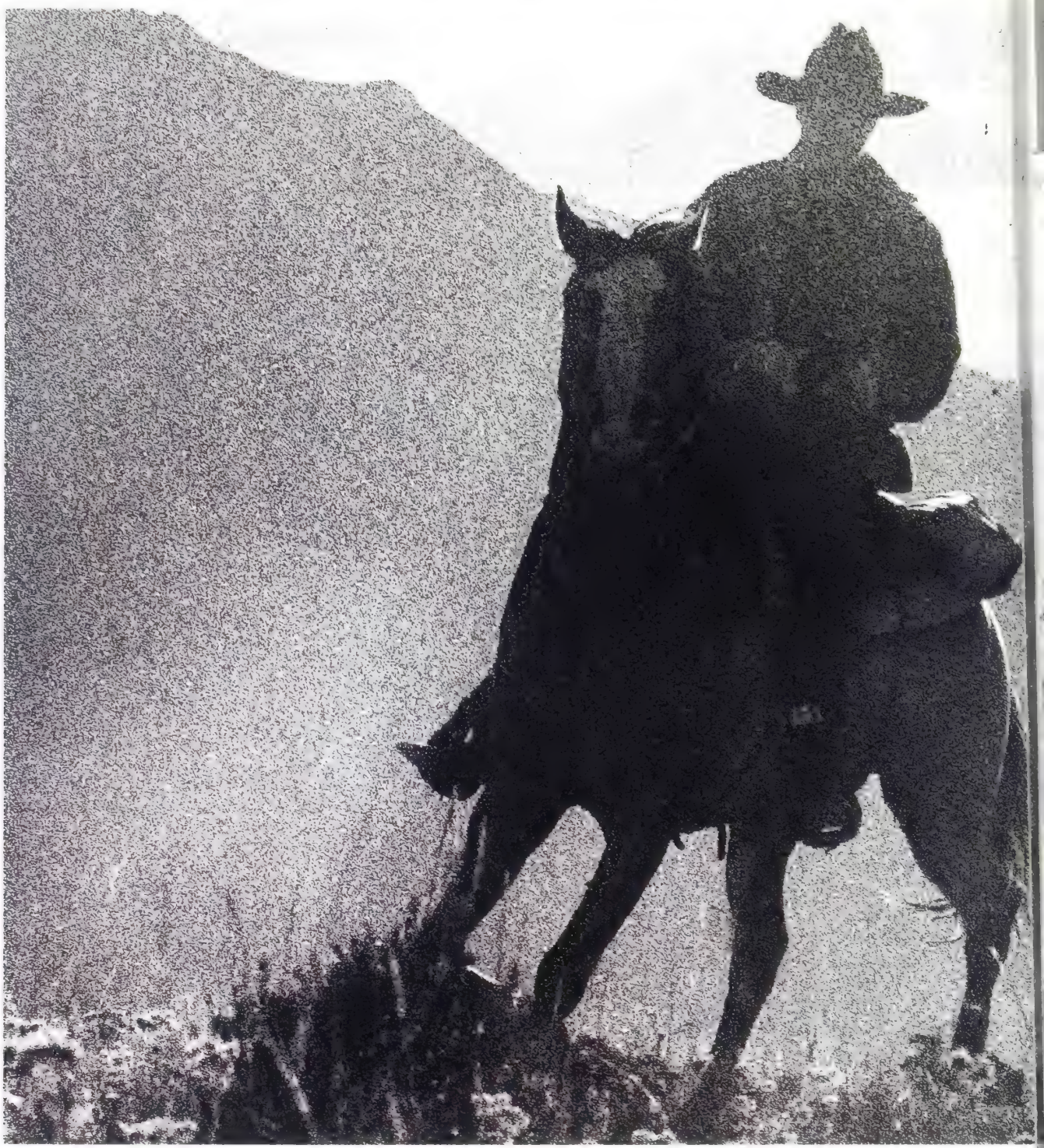
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MARCH



HOUSE & GARDEN
MARCH 1990
Volume 162, Number 3



COVER *Floral designer Kenneth Turner fills his kitchen with bouquets of flowers and vegetables. Page 174. Photograph by Alexandre Bailhache.*



H. Matisse by Himself *is part of the new exhibition "Matisse in Morocco." Page 162.*



om and Laurie cGuane, right, take a walk on their 3,300-acre Montana spread. Page 136. Top right: ichael Graves's Swan Hotel, complete with ozen waves and portholes, ranks as the newest wonder at Disney World. Page 142.

Pretty as a Picket Classic white fences define an all-American landscape. By Bob Felner **124**

Timeless Charm Kevin McNamara has decorated the setting for his clients' changing lives over two decades. By Penelope Green **130**

McGuane Country The novelist stakes his claim in Sweet Grass County, Montana. By William Hjortsberg **136**

Swan's Way Architect Michael Graves explores the playful side of Postmodernism with his new Swan Hotel at Orlando's Disney World. By Charles Gandee **142**

Lost and Found Memories of childhood flea market finds inspire a grown-up passion. By Joan Juliet Buck **146**

Enchanted Cottage In Ireland, a thatched Regency folly comes back to life. By Sybil Connolly **150**

Private Stock Jeff Walker, a vice president of Ralph Lauren, creates a look of his own at home. By Peter Wilkinson **158**

Travels with Matisse In 1912 and 1913 the painter went to Morocco to rediscover himself and the world. An exhibition of his work from those years reveals his success. By Rosamond Bernier **162**

Light Geometry Houston architect Carlos Jimenez achieves a strong but quiet counterpoint to the opulence of River Oaks. By David Dillon **168**

International Harvester London-based designer Kenneth Turner sows the seeds of floral fashion worldwide. By Christopher Petkanas **174**

Perfectly Frank Jean-Michel Frank was the ultimate master of traditional luxury and modern simplicity. By Stephen Calloway **180**

Classical Romance A nineteenth-century rotunda encompasses a small but stately realm. By Christopher Simon Sykes **188**

Reading Rooms Books step off the shelves onto fabrics, wallpaper, and furniture **196**



A 1920s French cafe chair from Jeff Walker's carriage house loft. Page 158

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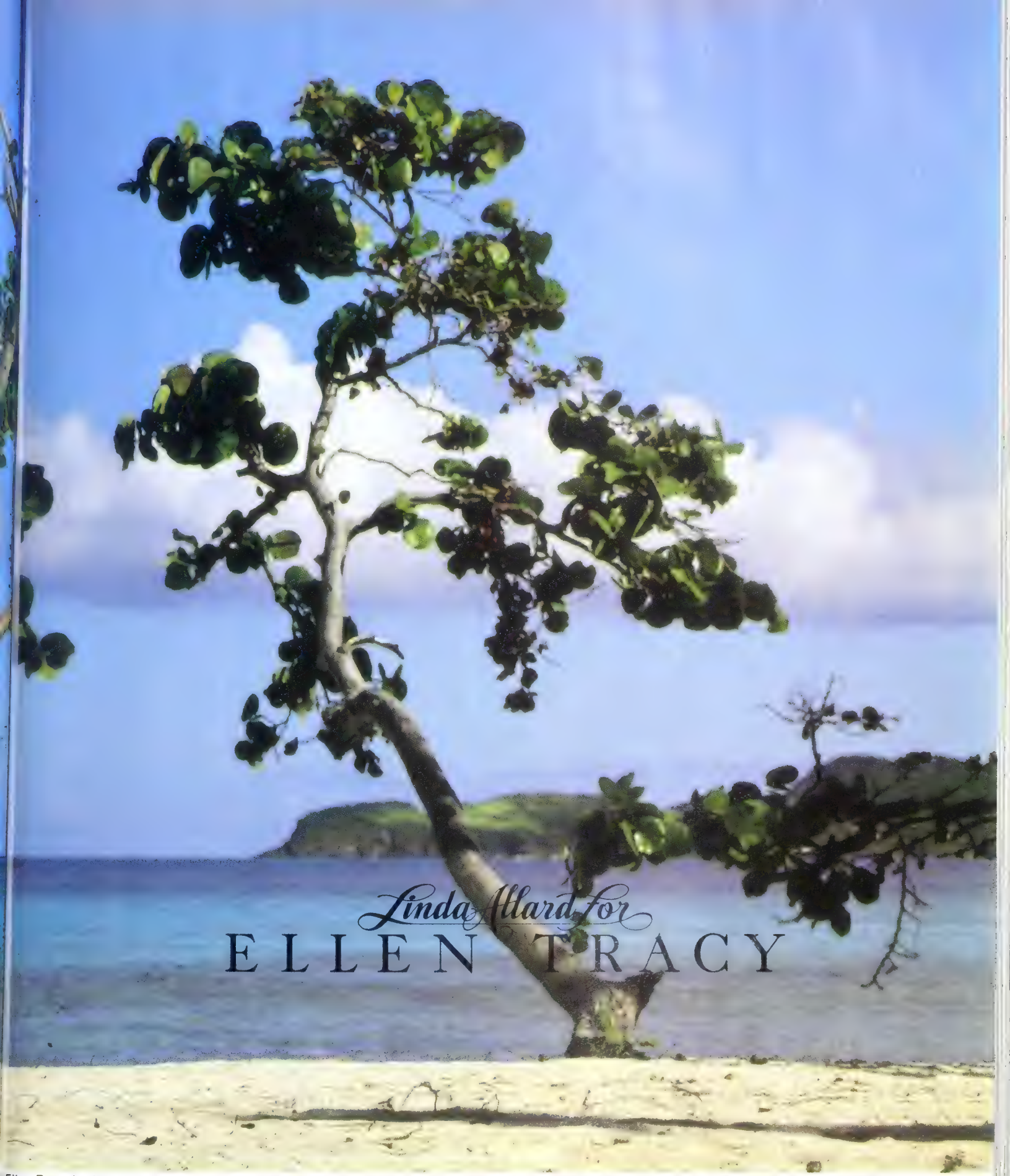


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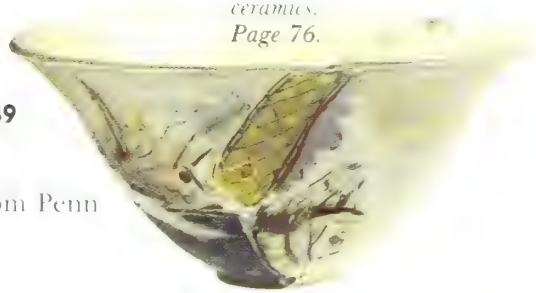


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MARCH



Muted tones blend with rich textures in Scott McDowell's ceramics. Page 76.

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Ceramist Scott McDowell impresses images from art and nature into clay



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A toast to the noble Bibb lettuce

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A contemporary guide to the art of social kissing

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The grandeur of a courtly past resurfaces

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The latest word in bed linen design

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Maya Lin is young, brilliant, accomplished and doesn't like to talk about it



A pair of slippers from Fourticq, one of Houston's most eclectic design shops. Page 110.

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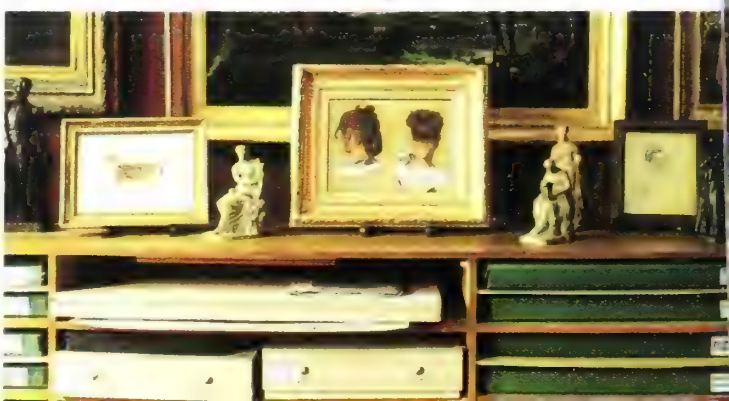


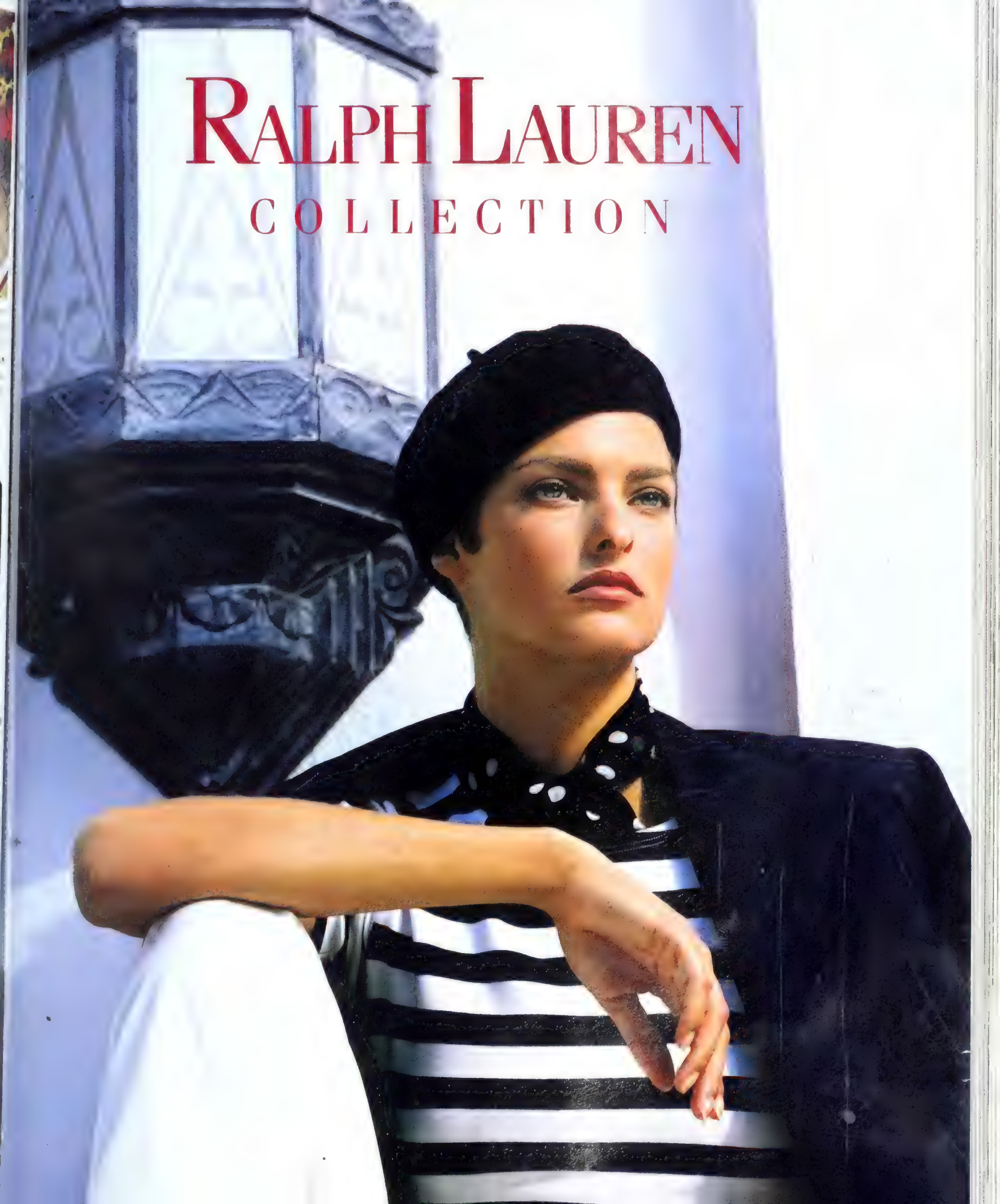
Tom Penn turns metal scraps into lyrical chairs and tables. Page 60.

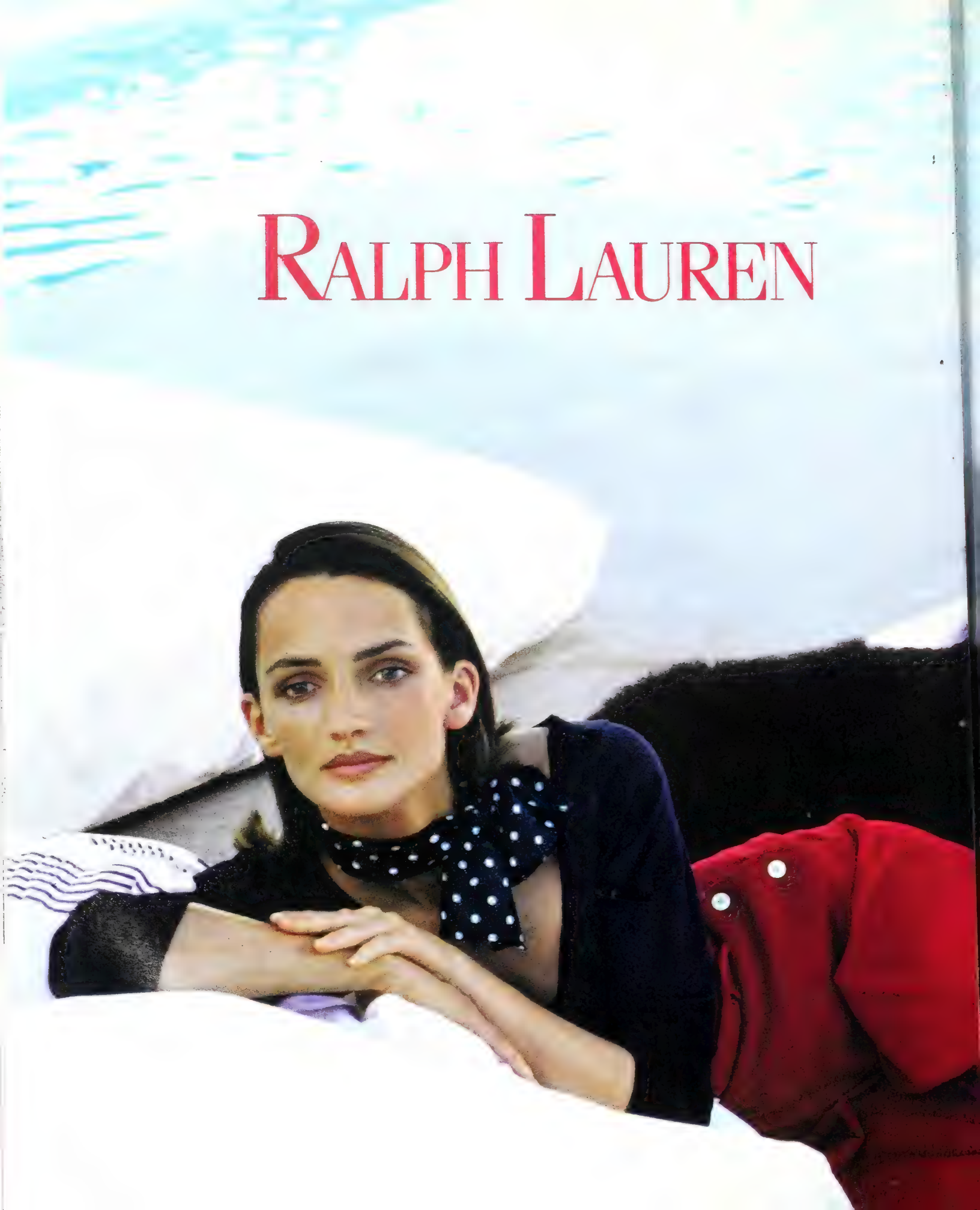


River Arras, *a potpourri of colorful images by Rodney Alan Greenblat. Page 96.*

Paintings and drawings from the 19th century line the shelves of Fischer and Kiener's Paris gallery. Page 92.




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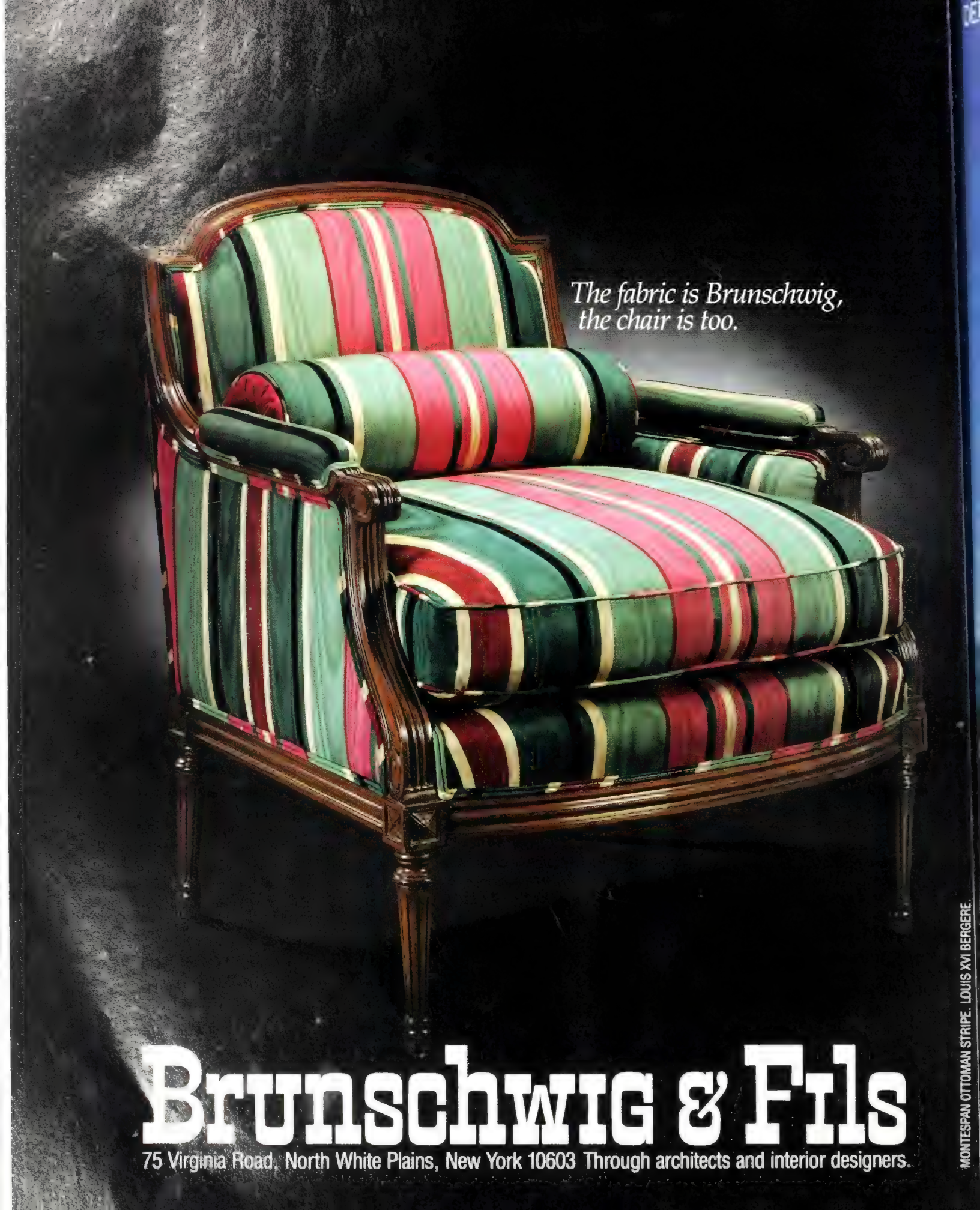
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CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

Martin Filler, an editor of House & Garden since 1979, has now become a consulting editor of HG and a contributing editor of *Condé Nast Traveler* and *Vanity Fair*. Though his range as a writer is wide, his "Architecture" column on Samuel McIntire in this issue reflects his chief interest, the interpretation of design history in contemporary terms. "Because it's the most social of all the arts, I'm particularly concerned with the human component in architecture," he explains. "As a critic, I find that the way a building looks is less important than what it can reveal about the people who made it."



SIMON DOBBELL

David Wheeler is editor and publisher of *Hortus*, a quarterly journal published in Wales that is "aimed at the literary-minded gardener whose interests extend beyond the mere practice of gardening." Wheeler journeys to southwest England in this month's "Travel" column to report on and photograph the luxuriant gardens of Cornwall. Currently he is working on *Gardens of the Cotswolds*, an illustrated book about another region of his native country.

Joan Juliet Buck reveals her passion for flea markets and relates how her apartment is decorated with her finds. A contributing editor of *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* and author of the novel *Daughter of the Swan*, Buck is fascinated by flea markets because "they offer the opportunity for some sort of triumph every week." Her favorite haunt is Paris's Marché aux Puces, but Buck decided to live in New York when she realized the advantages—"diners deliver, bookstores are open late, and phone rates are cheaper."



MICHAEL CHILDERS


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Contributors Notes



Camille Glenn believes it is important for people to know how life-enhancing good food can be. Glenn, who taught French cooking classes for nearly thirty years, is a gourmet-food writer for the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and author of *The Heritage of Southern Cooking*. In the "Food" column, she focuses on Bibb lettuce but claims to savor all varieties: "I've always been crazy about fresh foods, lettuce especially. I'm sure it grew in the Garden of Eden and the sacred couple feasted upon its goodness."

Ann Beattie, whose stories appear in *The New Yorker*, recently finished her fourth novel, *Picturing Will*. For HG's "Workroom" column Beattie celebrates the talents of her favorite ceramist, Scott McDowell, one of whose bowls inspired her to write the short story "Janus." "His pieces rivet your attention," she says. "They're paintings you can rub your hands over, sculpture you're urged to touch, suggestions to excite your imagination."



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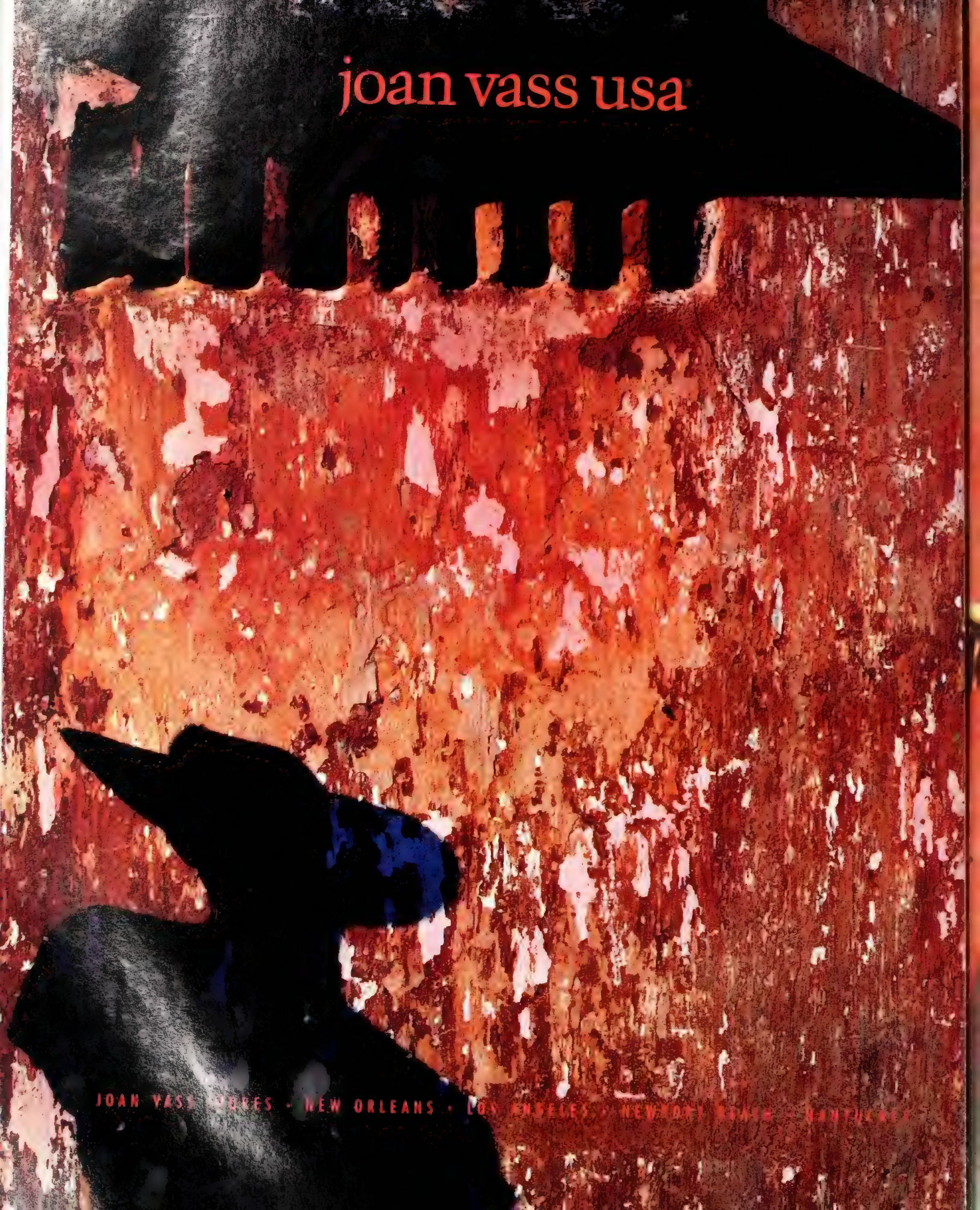
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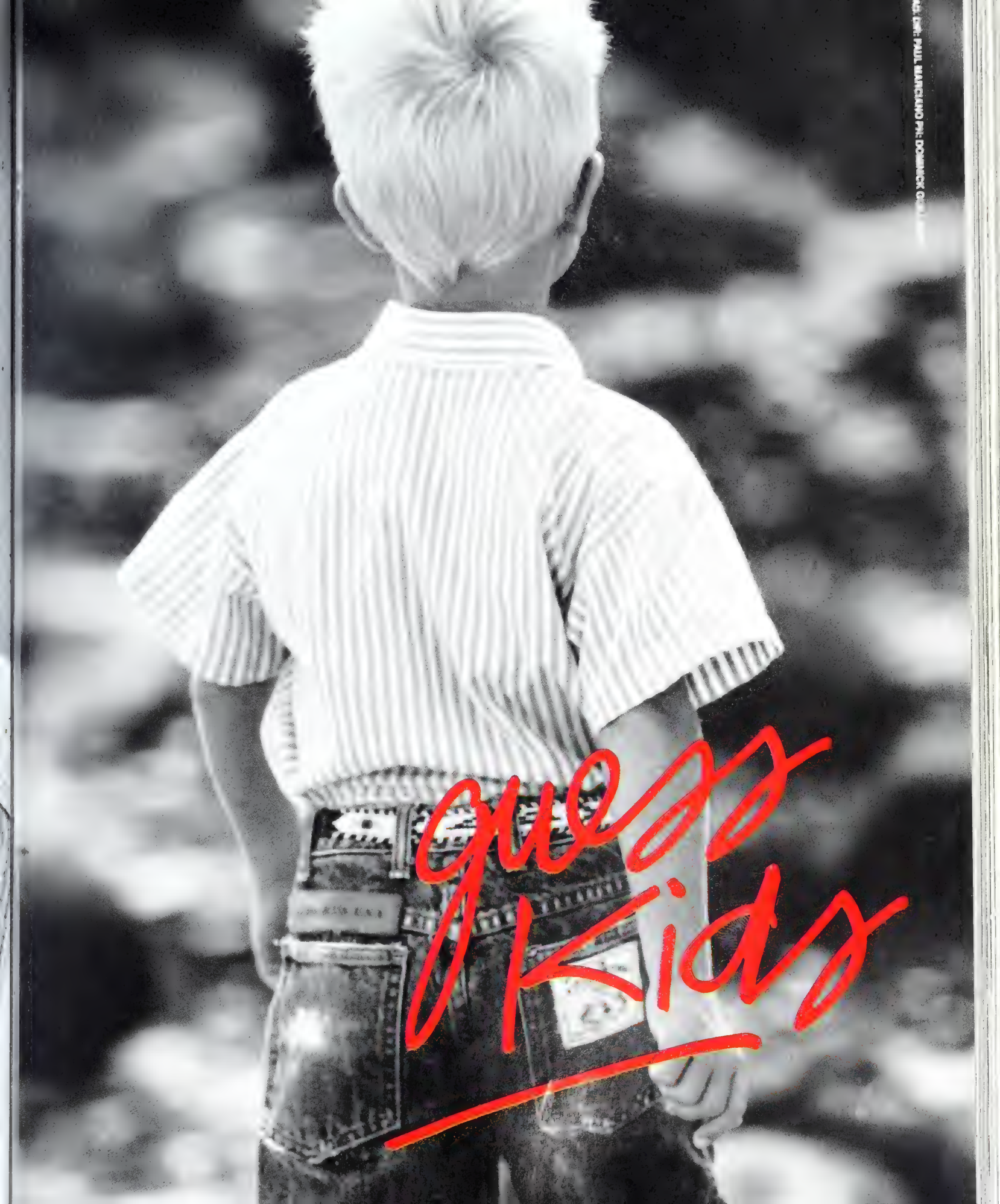
HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Amy Abrams and Eric Berthold



MICHALI SPITERI HAS BEEN helping to resuscitate the dying art of stone carving since he was fifteen. After working as an apprentice to his father in Rome, Spiteri *(right)* came to New York City five years ago, discovered a stateside demand for his craft, and set up shop. With his hands and a few tools the artist conjures Attic columns, capitals, garden ornaments, and fireplace mantels *(below)* from blocks of crude stone Italian limestone is his medium of choice because "it allows for more freedom of expression," although he also expresses himself in marble and granite. Spiteri's work can be seen at his showroom. By appointment only, (212) 421-2830.




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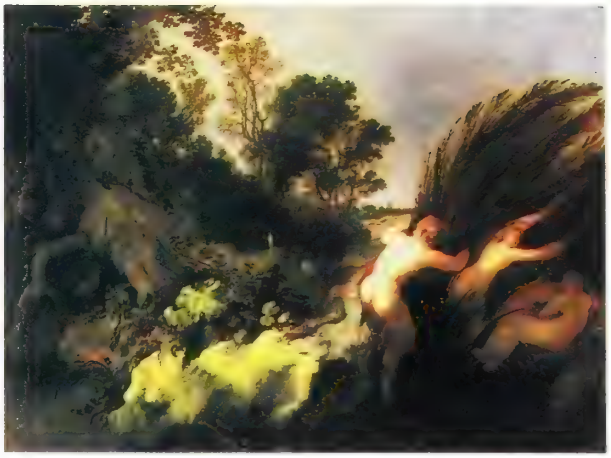


Dolphin andirons with verdi finish (*above*) herald a new collection of designs in brass, $365 a pair, from Virginia Metalcrafters, NYC. Call (800) 368-1002.





Robert Venturi's birch lowboys, colorful period interpretations, include the Louis XV (*top*) and the Louis XVI (*above*), $4,800 each. To the trade at Arc International, (212) 727-3340.



Among the treasures offered at the annual European Fine Art Fair in Maastricht, Holland (Mar. 10–18), is Movses van Uyttenbroeck's *Wooded Landscape with Pan and Syrinx* (*above*), from Johnny Van Haeften, London (1) 930-3062.



Spanish ceramics of the 18th and 19th centuries inspired Pepe Peñalver's hand-printed Marques de dos Aguas (*left*), $90 a yard. To the trade at Old World Weavers, (212) 355-7186.



Rafiki (*left*) is one of three new patterns by Jane Gaston for Creative Tableware, $93 a 5-piece setting. Call (201) 938-5800. Bone up on china with Robin Reilly's two-volume *Wedgwood* (*below*), $850, from Stockton Press. Call (800) 221-2123; in NY state (212) 481-1331.





Lacelike detailing graces silver-plated flatware (*above*) by Marisa Chupin for Siècle. To order at Barneys New York.



For his last collection the late British-born designer T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings fashioned a daybed (*above*) from Greek walnut and woven-leather thongs. Reissued to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, (718) 729-2850.

Onto the wall and into the woods with the new border by John Ryman (*below*), $12 a foot. At Zona, 97 Greene St., NYC (212) 925-6750.





Karl Lagerfeld, like our editors (see "Reading Rooms"), finds inspiration in the library for accessories (*above*), including a silk scarf, $210, Open Book earrings, $95; and Library bracelet, $350. At Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, and selected Nordstrom's.



Board the American-European Express (*above*), decorated by Bay Point Interiors with Brunschwig & Fils, for luxe passage between Chicago and Washington, D.C. Call (800) 677-4233.



British decorator Nina Campbell's tartans (*right*) for Osborne & Little find their way onto a wide range of decorative objects at Jonal, 1281 Madison Ave., NYC, a boutique offering both fashion and furnishings.



St. Paul's Cathedral in London (*left*) is Sir Christopher Wren's crowning achievement and the focus of an exhibition by the American Architectural Foundation (through May 8) at the Octagon, Washington, D.C. (202) 638-3105.

The British design invasion advances with the opening of a Colefax & Fowler boutique at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (*below*), which carries a potpourri of handcrafted and hand-painted home accessories



Diamonds are a rug's best friend, when it's Christine Van der Hurd's wool Harlequin rug (*above*), $2,400, a limited-edition hand-tufted design at Modern Age, NYC (212) 674-5603.

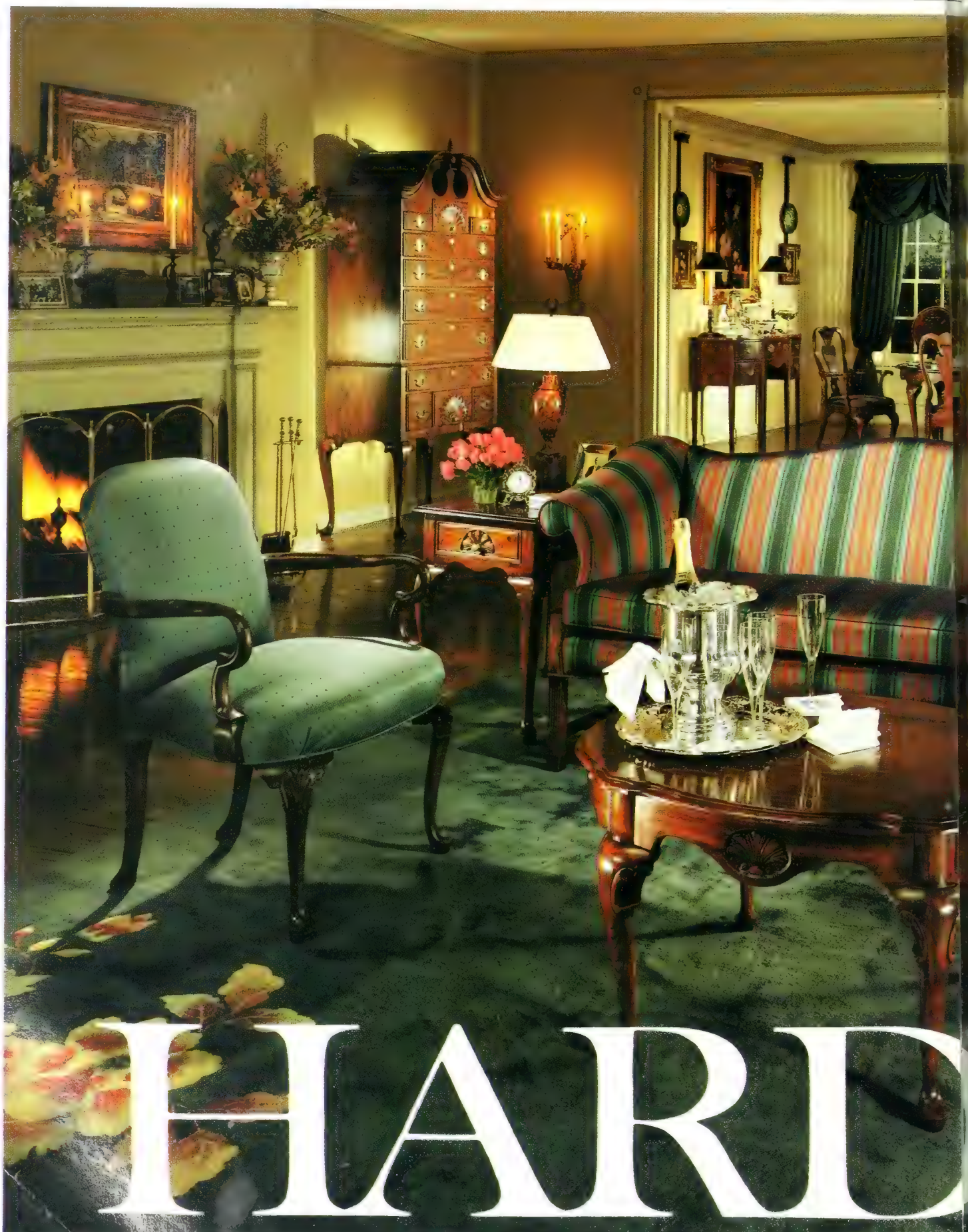


The Midwest edition of *Showcase of Interior Design* (*above*), $36, spotlights the best interior design firms in the heartland. Vitae Publishing, (312) 527-0341.





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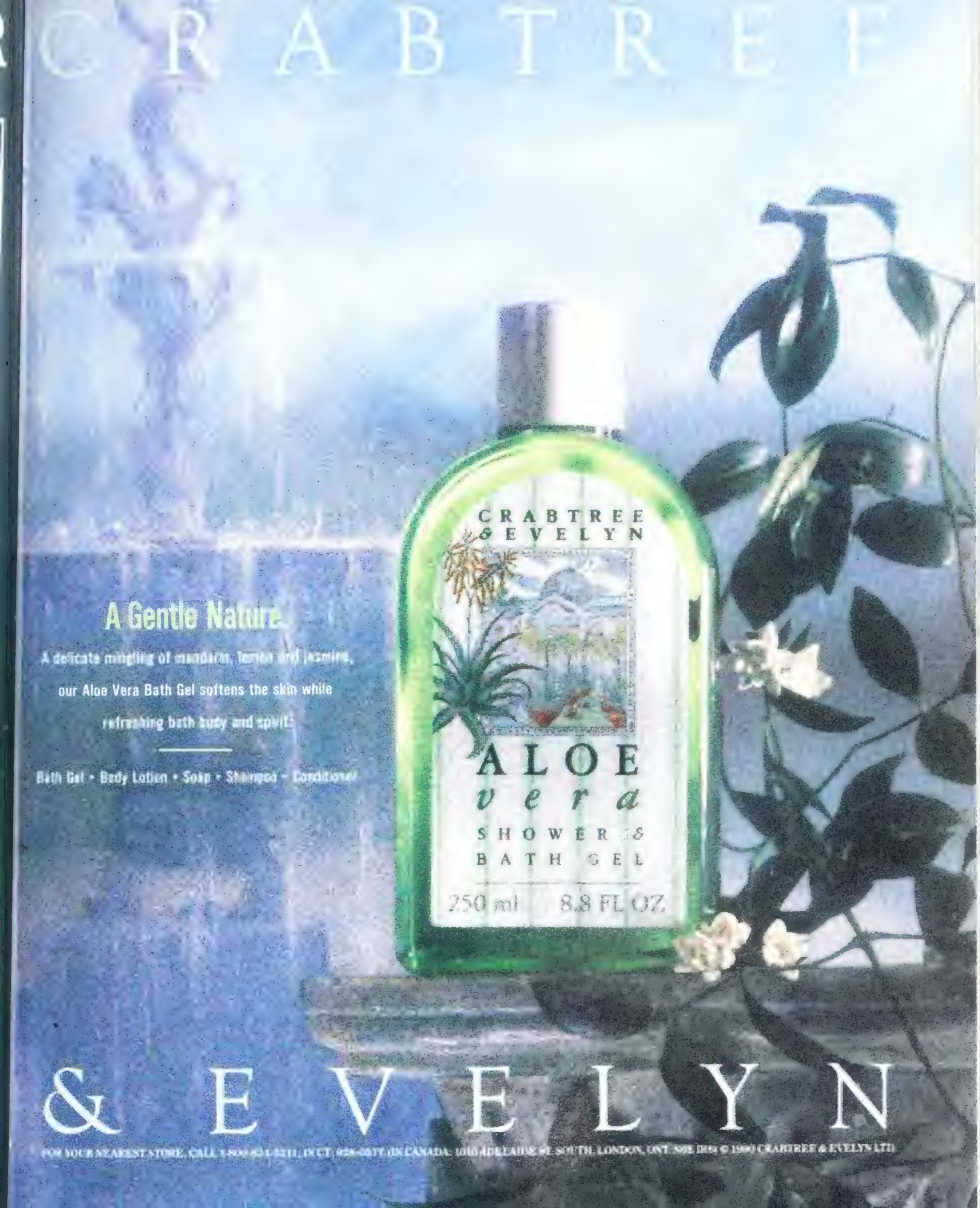
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"The minute I see a scrap of metal I know what it will become," says designer Tom Penn, far left. Left: His chairs and tables take shape on the floor of his studio.

Testing His Metal

With steel and a welding torch, furniture designer Tom Penn strikes out on his own. By Lynn Snowden

It's very dirty work, what I do," says Tom Penn, happily running a finger through the fine metal shavings covering a worktable in his studio. What Penn does in this cavernous place, just across the river from Manhattan in Long Island City, is design and create elegantly simple welded steel chairs and tables, silver and bronze vases, candlesticks, doorknobs, and other household accessories. Using assorted nasty-looking grinding tools, an arc welder, and an anvil, he manages to conjure these carefully crafted objects out of an array of metal scraps and a magpie's collection of grime-clogged gears and ancient road debris.

A former graphics designer, Penn longed to create something that would endure—something that wouldn't get thrown out with last month's magazines. That, coupled with a frustration over what passes for contemporary furniture, led him to "try to adapt everything in my environment to my own vision." So is he creating art or is it design? "I'm a designer. It makes my skin crawl when people identify themselves as artists. It's not for the individual to decide. If people consider it art, I'm flattered."

But artistic talent runs in the family. Penn's father is Irving Penn, the photographer, his mother is Lisa Fonssagrives-Penn, the sculptor, and his uncle is filmmaker Arthur Penn. "There's nothing I'd like less than for people to say I got work because of my family. But if I avoid their fields of endeavor, I'm pretty much left with dentistry and garbage collecting," he says with a puckish smile. It was fortunate then that he visited a welder's studio in France at the age of thirteen and was allowed to weld something. "It was like a star hit me. Shards of steel were being tamed. I loved the idea of taking chaos and putting it in order." This led to a lifelong obsession with collecting bits of metal—some of which have appeared in his father's photos—and a love of junkyards the world over.

As he explores new tools and methods, Penn's work is shifting away from the stark linear furniture forms he's come to be known for, and is now leaning to more organic, whimsical shapes. Mutability and a touch of mystery have come to be important elements in his pieces. He points out a table with legs that adjust to offer alternative heights and a candlestick whose base was inspired by a gear found in a French junkyard. "To transform things is my greatest joy," he says, his enthusiasm making him seem much younger than his 37 years.

Penn frequently goes on work binges, in which he sleeps only four or five hours a night. "It's an uncontrollable passion." He picks up a green patinated box that curiously blends a flat round top with a square side. "I was in a restaurant and bored with the conversation, so I tore a coaster. This came out of looking at that torn coaster. I had to make the piece so I wouldn't think about it anymore." Penn gazes up into the ceiling. "In my head there's so much rusty steel." (Tom Penn, c/o Cathy Wright, 212-772-8862) ▲



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Samuel McIntire laid a firm foundation for architecture in early America

By Martin Filler



McIntire's first major building, the Peirce-Nichols house, right, in Salem, c. 1782, displays his confident hand as both architect and woodcarver. Below: His Elias Hasket Derby summer house, 1793–94, is a small gem of the Federal style.



When artistic genius suddenly appears in unexpected places, it is all the more exciting, seeming to come out of nowhere like some spontaneous act of fate. That is rarely the truth, of course. The complex and intertwining ways in which men and their money are made at a specific time and locale sometimes create a climate in which native talent can flourish with little direct encouragement. And in all of American history, there have been few architects as gifted or unheralded as Samuel McIntire of Salem, Massachusetts. Formally uneducated, virtually untraveled, and largely indifferent to theory, he emerged at a moment in his profession when the opposites of those characteristics were believed to be a prerequisite for success.



Samuel McIntire in a pastel portrait attributed to Benjamin Blyth, c. 1785, was a self-taught master of several arts.

And now, two hundred years after he perfected the Federal style and began to construct some of the first great buildings of the young republic, his exquisitely graceful designs are attracting new attention. The revival of interest in Classicism has much to do with it, but so does the fact that McIntire was so obviously an American original. Yet the recent restoration of McIntire's most complete architectural scheme, his Gardner-Pingree house of 1804–05 in Salem, demonstrates that he was not just an American master but a virtuoso of a global golden age of architecture that also produced such giants as Adam, Piranesi, Jefferson, Soane, and Schinkel.

Neoclassicism was the eighteenth century's International Style, and neither McIntire's humble origins nor his lifelong residence in a provincial seaport far from the mainstream of high culture inhibited his growth or narrowed his vision. The son of a housewright, McIntire was born in Salem in 1757 and apprenticed in his father's workshop. Though practical and unpretentious, McIntire was also ambitious, and he studied the new English architectural pattern books that began to circulate widely after advances in printing during the Industrial Revolution. Those guides stimulated his innate talents as a draftsman, and the more sophisticated technique of drawing a design—as opposed to the improvisational on-site methods of a carpenter—set McIntire off from his workaday local contemporaries. But he wasn't snobbish, slavish to foreign tastes, or unmindful of the pragmatic values of his clients, and in those respects he was one of the first authentically American architects.



Versatility and finesse are the twin hallmarks of the McIntire touch. Above: Federal armchair with carving attributed to McIntire, 1801. Below: Eagle carved and gilded by McIntire, c. 1805.



The strong emphasis modern art has placed on radical innovation as the most desirable of creative attributes has tended to


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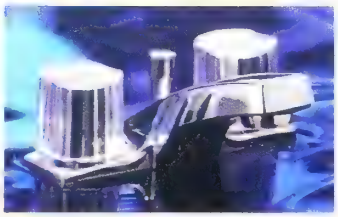
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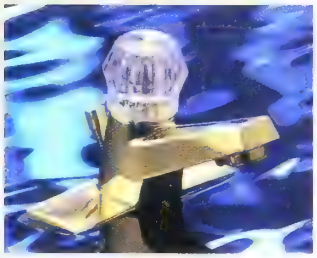


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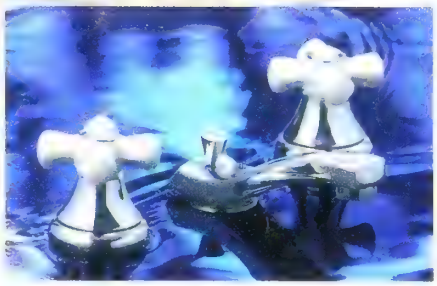




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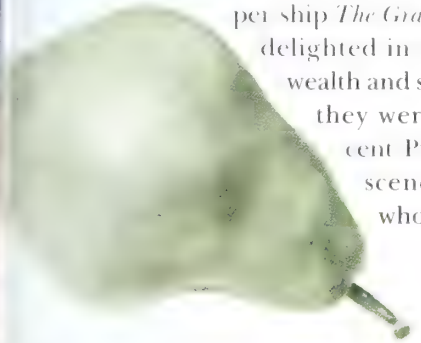


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obscure McIntire's proper rank in American architecture. Included in all survey histories, McIntire has been regarded mainly in an antiquarian context, respected but about as relevant to current concerns as George Washington. For many Modernists, American architecture didn't really begin until Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, and anything in the more distant past was merely prologue. Yet in their unself-conscious candor and engaging freshness, McIntire's houses and their interiors marked quite a departure from the dominance of Europe and opened a new direction in their own right. Though McIntire's initial ideas often derived from those of Robert Adam—the most pervasive international design influence of the time—one would never mistake one for the other. The prosperous China Trade merchants for whom McIntire worked—especially his most frequent patron, the fabulously rich Elias Hasket Derby, owner of the legendary clipper ship *The Grand Turk*—delighted in their new wealth and status. But they were also recent Puritan descendants for whom modesty, restraint, and discretion were still cardinal virtues.

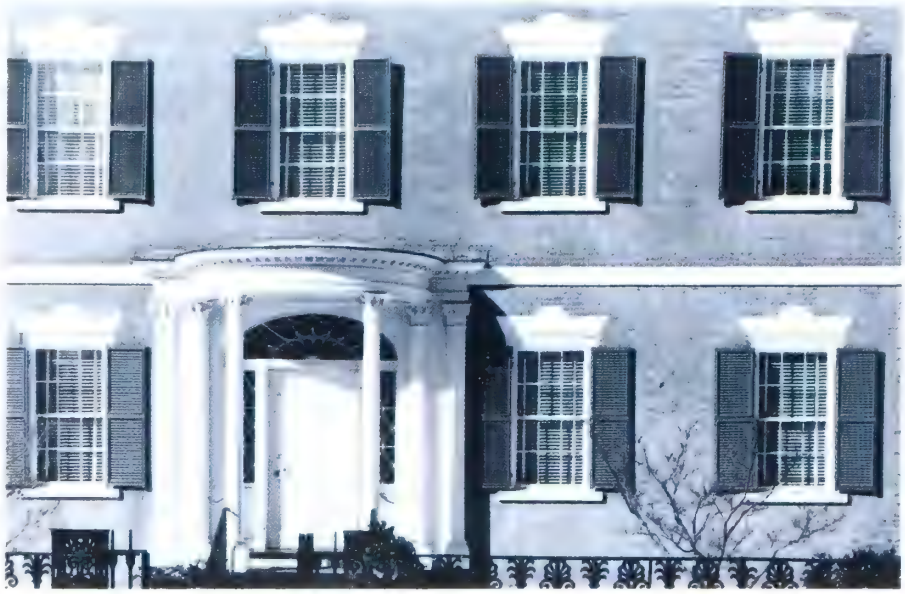


Clarity, economy, and harmony give McIntire's designs an air of timeless simplicity

Thus the rooms they lived in were much less opulent than Adam's sometimes garish and overrich extravaganzas for England's ruling class. Many present-day Americans familiar only with American adaptations of the Adam style—what is now called Federal—are astonished by the originals that inspired them. The delicate monochromatic painted details of a McIntire carved wooden cornice or mantelpiece are a world away from the gilded and polychromed equivalents in Adam's stately homes. Adam's masonry façades, lush with sculpture and festooned with ornament, make McIntire's chaste wooden or brick-and-limestone elevations seem almost minimalist. But that economy of material, clarity of surface, and sharpness of line all combine to give McIntire's buildings an air of timeless simplicity.

The crisp fine-edged quality so typical of McIntire's designs no doubt derived from his formidable manual skills as a woodworker, and he continued to be active as a carver until his death in 1811 at age 54. One reason why his designs still ring true is his unfailing sense of proportion. The major lesson he learned from Classicism was the necessary relation between the whole and its parts. As plain as the windows, lintels, and string courses of the Gardner-Pingree house are, it is their careful placement within the larger architectural order of the façade that makes the entire exterior resonate like a perfectly tuned musical instrument. That is equally true inside the house where the arching swags on mantels and door lintels set up a lilting rhythm as harmonious in detail and ensemble as the façade.

Drawing heavily on Georgian prototypes, the Federal style is commonly seen as derivative of English architecture and decorative arts. But a visit to the beautifully preserved landmarks of Samuel McIntire in Salem makes it clear that this was not the distant echo of an old order but rather the stirring fanfare for a vibrant new culture at its birth. ▲



McIntire had a faultless command of detail on every scale and understood its role within an overall design. His Gardner-Pingree house, above, 1804–05, in Salem is one of his most sophisticated compositions. Left: McIntire's life-size wood sculpture of a pear, c. 1805. Top left: Lunette carved with a relief of the Massachusetts coat of arms, 1805.



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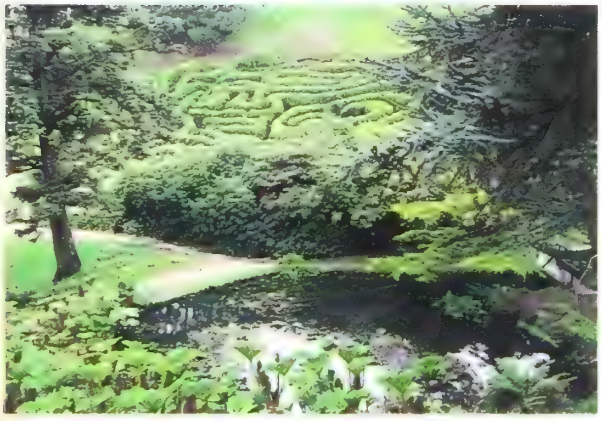
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Cornish Spring

A tour of gardens in Cornwall offers unexpected early blooms

By David Wheeler





An intricate maze of laurels planted in 1833, above, extends beyond massed rhododendrons in the valley garden at Glendurgan.

On St. Michael's Mount, above, terraces shelter abundant April foliage and color. Below: Exotica from as far away as South America thrives at Trebah.



The southwest "toe" of England, pushing out into the Atlantic Ocean, is one of the warmest and wettest regions in mainland Britain. It is not surprising therefore that Cornwall—particularly the southern coastal part of the county—should accommodate some of the most luxuriant gardens in the land. Their names alone can stir gardeners around the world: Caerhays, home of the Williams family, whose name is forever linked with rhododendrons and camellias; Trewithen, where originated *Ceanothus arboreus* 'Trewithen Blue', with large panicles of slightly scented deep blue flowers; or Glendurgan, a deep valley garden sliding down some two hundred feet to the Helford River, where frosts are almost unknown. Spring comes early to Cornwall—the season gets underway in February when the first daffodils, camellias, and magnolias start flowering. By April exotic gunneras can be six feet high with leaves four feet wide, and after a milder than usual winter like 1988–89 the growth on many shrubs seems to have been uninterrupted.

We spent a week in Cornwall in mid April last year, staying in a picture-book thatched cottage (originally an apple storehouse) rented from the National Trust for $285 a week. Wood Cottage looks straight across to Bosahan, another Helford River garden of immense interest. But you do not have to step far from Wood Cottage to see your first Cornish garden since its woodland setting, spiked with bluebells and foxgloves, is on the Trust's Glendurgan estate. This sheltered garden was first laid out and planted by Alfred Fox in the 1820s and '30s. In 1962 the Cuthbert Fox family, faced with modern-day expenses, realized they would not be able to maintain it out of taxed income, so the house and garden and several cottages in the hamlet of Durgan, some forty acres in all, were given to the National Trust to mark the bicentenary of George Croker Fox's merchant and banking business in Falmouth. Since then, the Trust has applied its hand without imposing upon the garden any sign of a closely watched checkbook. The giant tulip trees (*Liriodendron tulipifera*) are some of the tallest in Britain, and the shoulder-high maze, planted more than 150 years ago, is remarkable for its original use of laurels rather than box or yew and for its curious manner of suggesting an England, now gone, where time and eccentricity and the attendant labor force were abundant.

Glendurgan is considerably larger than its 26-acre neighbor, Trebah, also owned for a time by the Quaker Fox family; both gardens run down to the banks of the Helford where two more National Trust cottages on the tiny harbor are available to rent. With Bosloe, a smaller and more intimate garden on the other side of the lane, and Carwinion and Penjerrack (both associated with the Fox family) a short drive away, these few square miles of Cornwall ensure some of the best English garden visiting.

Although the National Trust is richly endowed with exquisite properties in this part of Great Britain, many fine houses and gardens are still privately owned and occupied by families whose gardening traditions go back several generations. At Chyverton, nearer the north coast but only half an hour's drive across the narrow Cornish peninsula, Nigel Holman continues the woodland planting begun by his father in 1925 to complement an eighteenth-century landscape garden. The house is a classical four-square Georgian gem ap-

proached through woodland and along a vast sweep of a drive that crosses a perfectly proportioned arched stone bridge—the ideal introduction to the ideal English house.

Nigel Holman's great sense of humor is matched only by his enviable knowledge of flowering trees and shrubs. He is the sort of man you can imagine having muttered Latin plant names in his crib but who can today lead a group of visitors around his garden without the slightest fear of intimidating or boring them. Work continues even during the garden tour: with swift strokes of his walking stick Holman attacks unwanted outgrowths. Not content with the beautiful flowering part of his woods, he seems to be forever clearing new areas of his estate to make room for ever more magnolias, rhododendrons, and other aristocrats of the Asian plant world, some of which he may be growing from seed brought back from present-day botanical expeditions.

> A few miles from popular Newquay, the gardens of Trerice are a world away from its burger bars and surf-crazy youngsters

These Cornish gardens share an abundance of exotic flowering woody plants. At Trebah, back on the Helford, there are happy-looking specimens from China, Australia, New Zealand, and South America, as well as the Atlantic islands of Madeira, the Canaries, and the Azores. For English visitors Trebah serves as a living herbarium while to travelers from overseas it can offer familiar glimpses of home.

Bamboos are the passion of Anthony Rogers at Carwinion. He was expecting a party from the Bamboo Society shortly after we were there, and as a treat for them he was preparing to remove all his plant labels to see how they fared at naming his collection. This was not to be some stuffy identification parade but a gentle tease typical, it seems, of these gentle Cornish gardeners. Rogers runs his small country house as a business, offering bed and breakfast, clotted-cream teas, and self-contained apartments to those who prefer not to stay in hotels.

Gardens in south Cornwall all exploit the same benign Gulf Stream climate; one, St. Michael's Mount, goes a step further. In the bay off Penzance, not far from Land's End, stands the magnificent fortified castle whose doppelgänger, Mont-Saint-Michel off the Normandy coast, is ruined now by tourism. The entire island, its small harbor, castle, and cottages are protected by the National Trust. St. Michael's can be reached by a five-minute trip in an open boat or, at low tide, by walking over the causeway. No public motor vehicles are allowed: it's walking all the way, and at the foot of the steep path a notice warns those with a weak heart or breathing problems not to try. (Having made the crossing, though, the less fit can at least stroll along the harbor walls and enjoy good food in the restaurant.) But for fitter souls the prospect is bright indeed.

You climb up and up, past hydrangeas and camellias, and eventually reach the entrance to the castle, whose first rooms, with views far out to sea, have a certain shipboard saltiness. If you have come purposely to explore the terraced gardens, almost washed by the sea, your first view of them, from high up on the seaward side of the island, might well bring on an unexpected touch of vertigo. Some 200 feet below are the little walled enclosures overflowing as early as April with color and abundant growth. Oddly, the English Channel and Atlantic winds, which can throw themselves at the island, seem not to take too great a toll on the plants. Large flowering heads of the tender magenta pink *Geranium maderense* would probably soon fall victim to the gales if they were not protected by the low embracing walls. Even in April there seems to be as much color in these enclosed spaces as can be encountered in the finest midsummer herbaceous borders.

In contrast to the gardens mentioned so far is Trerice, only a few miles from the popular resort of Newquay but a world away from its burger bars and surf-crazy youngsters. Trerice offers formality and straight lines to those who may by now be suffering from an overdose of woodland planting in seemingly endless profusion. The manor house was rebuilt around 1572, incorporating part of an earlier building in the south wing. Trerice is grand in spirit but domestic in scale; the whole garden, divided into four distinct areas on several levels, conceals surprising parcels of imaginatively designed and planted borders hugging warm granite walls. The house is open, too, and you should make time to enjoy its charming rooms.



Formal terraces at Trerice adjoin a house rebuilt c. 1572. Garden walls of Cornish granite conserve the sun's warmth for closely planted borders.

To those who have become familiar with the treasury of gardens around London and in the Cotswolds and Shakespeare country, Cornwall offers a refreshing alternative. A tour of Cornish gardens early in the season repays the visitor with splendid memories of the gentlest of English springs. ♠

For information on visiting the Cornish gardens: Caerhays (872) 501310, Trewithen (726) 882585, both at Truro; Glendurgan, Mawnan Smith (208) 74281; Chyverton, Zelah (87254) 324; Bosahan, Helford (32623) 647; Trebah, Falmouth (326) 250 448; Bosloe (208) 74281, Carwinion (326) 250258, and Penjerrack (no telephone), all at Mawnan Smith; St. Michael's Mount (736) 710507; Trerice, Newquay (637) 875404.



Painterly Porcelains

Ceramist Scott McDowell impresses images from art and nature into clay

BY ANN BEATTIE

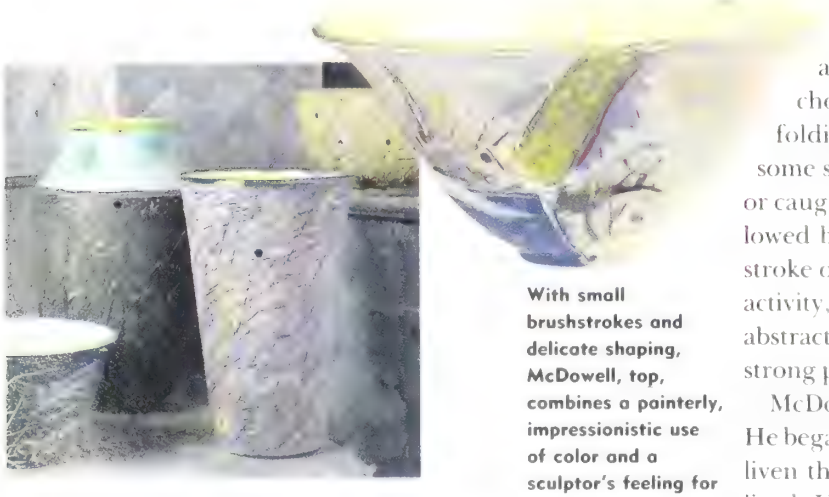
Years ago when I lived in New York, in Chelsea, one of my favorite diversions was to walk to 18th Street and look through the window of Scott McDowell's tiny storefront studio. The work went on in the back, but the little display room was an amazing treasure trove of his porcelain: vases, plates, cups, and, most enticingly, a table set with one-of-a-kind dinnerware that always made me blink because it seemed he had magically invented new colors. The place settings were always beautiful and rarely lacked some whimsical touch. Even the mat underneath the table had been painted—finding a bit of dropped food would have been like searching for a strand of hair on a Jackson Pollock. The Mad Hatter would have sat happily for hours.

I invented an imaginary life for Scott McDowell: he'd been to Carnevale—that explained the multicolored confetti pattern splattering his bowls; he'd been to MOMA—that explained the Monet-like haze of color on a serving platter; he ate at the Mexican restaurant around the corner—the green chili painted on a plate was an homage.

McDowell's pieces reminded me of the night sky. Of sea grass. Of the inside of a conch shell. Of phosphorescence on the ocean. Of a sudden flash of heat lightning. I thought that the person who created them was a poet. I tried to join in by letting my imagination take over, inspiring me to metaphors, or by trying to puzzle out the artist's Rorschach splotches. I was looking at an interesting person's preoccupations, learning from his sense of color, seeing how much a small gesture could alter a piece. It was difficult not to stop and examine details: some shapes looked like cells that had absorbed dye and could be seen clearly under the microscope; the opalescence glittered like sun on snow. McDowell was offering an interpretation of the world.

As you would expect, I bought quite a few of his creations. I was acquiring a landscape that happened to be the background of a dinner plate. The vase I put my tulips in was—like its owner—placid on one side and a little crazier on the other. I thought about the psychology of certain pieces. Little dramas seemed to be unfolding. Against a neutral cream-colored background, some shapes moved unimpeded while others were trapped or caught up in a complex rhythm. Squiggles would be swallowed by rectangles in a contrasting color; a gentle brushstroke of green paint would speed off, clearing the center of activity, heading for empty space. Many of the pieces are like abstract paintings yet allude to such archetypal images that strong personal reactions are evoked.

McDowell became interested in color in the late seventies. He began using china paints and luster glazes, he says, "to enliven the surfaces." He was also influenced by the place he lived: Venice, California. When he moved to New York, he lost access to California's glittery natural beauty, but he seems to have retained something of the colors and the feel of the place (though I suppose the state has no patent on pink and orange). His palette also includes the gray greens and silvery blues of Seattle, where McDowell lived and worked for three



With small brushstrokes and delicate shaping, McDowell, top, combines a painterly, impressionistic use of color and a sculptor's feeling for form and texture in his bowls, vases, plates, and cups, above and left.


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years until last month—he has just returned to New York.

"Now," he says, "the use of texture is more interesting—the way the different marks affect the forms and relate to the more subtle colorings." Increasingly, McDowell's work has taken on a sculptural quality. Regular geometric patterning has ceased to engage him very much; he seems more interested in anomalies and in the antic way certain geometric forms play on a surface. "I try to visually blow the designs to bits and see where the parts fall," says the artist. "The fun of creating the pieces is in seeing what they become rather than in executing an idea."

After slip painting (applying color to very wet clay), McDowell leaves some areas unglazed. When your eye stops at surface variations, you not only see and feel the alterations in color and texture, you also notice small brushstrokes and delicate sculpting. As always, the unexpected elements tempt you to move in close, pick up the piece, respond to its inherent motion by moving your finger around the edge. You become part of the action: yours is the smooth fingertip that touches the smoother square of gold; your eye completes a brushstroke that narrows and pales.

McDowell puts on a magic show: textures change, colors pair unexpectedly, markings arrive like butterflies

Of course, no one in this Freudian century would deny the intrinsic sexuality of these forms. OK, I'll say it: one of my favorite pieces, a narrow-footed bowl, enlarges to become quite flared at the top. And there we find a tiny flagellate that *has* to be an improbably colored red sperm on its way to the womb.

With a commendably childlike daring, the artist has let his own incredulity show in the pieces he has created. He has put on a magic show for us—colors we wouldn't expect to be paired, surfaces that change texture, geometric additions that seem to have arrived as unexpectedly as a butterfly.

There's one more thing: what's inside those jars and bowls. Having considered the exterior, you take a bowl from the shelf to find that your own good sense of aesthetics and your ideas about consistency have allowed you to predict nothing. You will be dazzled by a sudden depth of turquoise. Peeking into the bowl, you'll see flashes of color highlighted with gold—little farewell grace notes for the curious.

McDowell's works display a painterly, impressionistic use of color combined with a sculptor's feel for releasing the inherent sensuality that will enliven the forms. The closer you examine them, the more they radiate great mystery. Which is true of beauty. ▲

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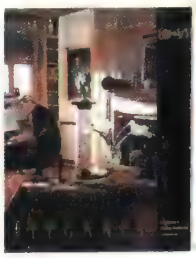
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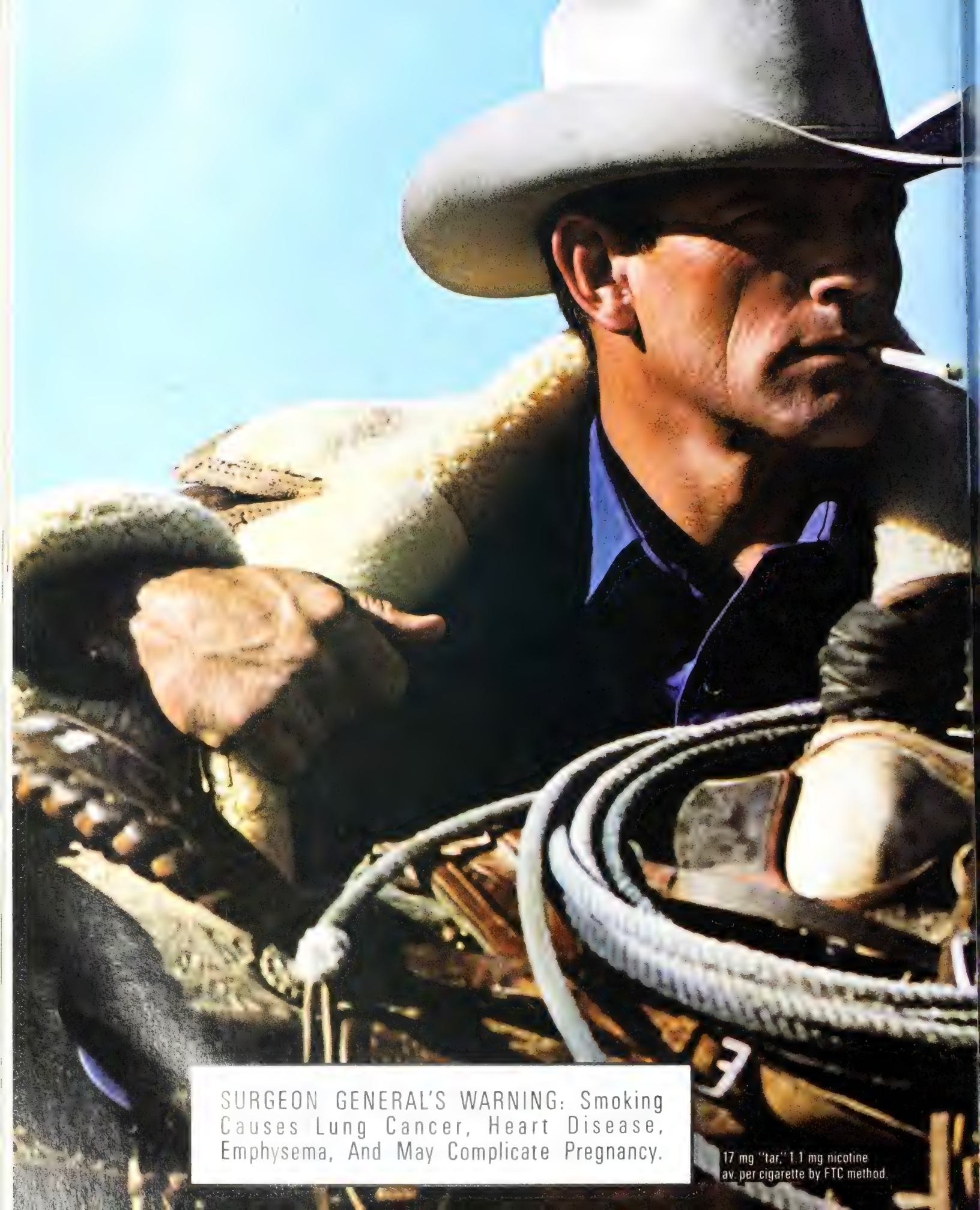


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Lettuce Rejoice

A toast to the salad days of the young but always noble Kentucky Bibb

BY CAMILLE GLENN

Lettuce, apparently, has been with us always. Herodotus wrote in the fifth century that the kings of Persia had lettuce on their tables about 550 B.C. Lettuce seeds were found in Egyptian tombs along with the descriptions of Egyptian gardens. In the fourth century B.C., the immortal physician Hippocrates, who lived on the Greek island of Cos, spoke well of the local lettuce—its tenderness and sweetness and health-giving properties. This variety, called Cos lettuce but better known as Romaine since it was mistakenly believed to have originated in Rome, did not form into heads but put out its leaves from a tall slim stalk, as it does today.

The Romans as well as the Greeks were great admirers of lettuce. Lucullus, the famous Roman epicure, is said to have been so fond of lettuce that he sprinkled wine and honey on the plants in his garden—one supposes to further increase their succulence and flavor.

Lettuce traveled from Italy to France with the popes who abandoned Rome for Avignon and was brought to the New World by Columbus himself. The ancient Romans, the Greeks, and the French used lettuce much as we do today, serving it as a salad with the simplest and best of dressings made of olive oil, vinegar or lemon, salt, and sometimes a touch of mustard. Over time, of course, improvisers have added anchovies, mushrooms, artichoke hearts, and fresh herbs—Louis XIV of France, gastronome extraordinaire, was fond of seasoning his lettuce with tarragon—but usually when Europeans, especially Italians, refer to salad they mean just lettuce.

There are only a few basic types of lettuce; most of those available today are mutations of older strains. All but one, that is—the mystery lettuce called Bibb. Known as Kentucky Limestone lettuce by some, for the alkaline soil and water in central Kentucky where John Bibb developed it around 1856, the Bibb remains unique in the salad world—a charming cross-breed of uncertain parentage.

The heads of the original Bibb were not overly compact but were exquisitely small—the perfect proportions for two servings. The true Kentucky Bibb remains so today. But how did John Bibb control the size? What lettuces did he cross to achieve the dainty heads of balance and pleasing texture, the lovely shadings of vibrant greens and yellows? The key to the original cross-breeding, or mutation, has never been found. Horticulturists at the University of Kentucky, along with other growers and hybridizers all over the U.S., continue to cross-breed lettuces in an attempt to find the secret to the Bibb's inheritance, and the secret continues to evade them. All such trials have produced a larger head as well as a loose-leafed lettuce. John Bibb left no documents or papers on his experiments, and he divulged his methods to no one.

Who was John Bibb? This is almost as much as we know: he was born in Virginia in 1789 but moved to Russellville, Kentucky, with his family when a small boy. He fought in the War of 1812 and became a brigade major in Canada. In 1814 Bibb became a member of the bar in Frankfort, Kentucky, but he practiced law for only two years. He lived a long life quietly puttering the time away in his small greenhouse where he propagated the lettuce that he so jealously guarded. When he did give a few leaves of lettuce to his neighbors, so the story goes, he carefully cut them above the roots of the plant.

A gardener and helper in Bibb's small greenhouse, knowing his secretive ways, stealthily slipped some seed to Viola Genenwein, whose family lived in Louisville. The Genenweins were farmers who had immigrated from Germany and settled with other German families in the Ohio Valley. Fortunately, they were wise in the ways of plants and gardening, and Bibb lettuce was saved for posterity. Before long Bibb



Developed by John Bibb in 1856, the crisp and tender Kentucky Bibb is, with endive, one of the salad aristocrats.


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production evolved into a thriving and prosperous nursery business for the Genenweins in addition to other nurseries all over the world.

The Genenwein Nursery in Louisville is still one of the finest growers of Bibb anywhere. On a bright Kentucky day, it is thrilling to see thousands of small perfect heads of lettuce sparkle in the reflection of the hothouse glass overhead. If a head should grow large or untrue, as occasionally happens, that plant is pulled up and discarded. The strain must be kept pure, and it is.

The Bibb is a delicate plant that has to be grown and handled with care. It cannot withstand an excess of moisture, and it thrives only in a cool atmosphere. It is definitely a hothouse lettuce. The growing season for Bibb at its best is from October to May. In an outdoor garden in the late spring, it becomes bitter and tough. It loses all the charm and character that make Bibb lettuce great.

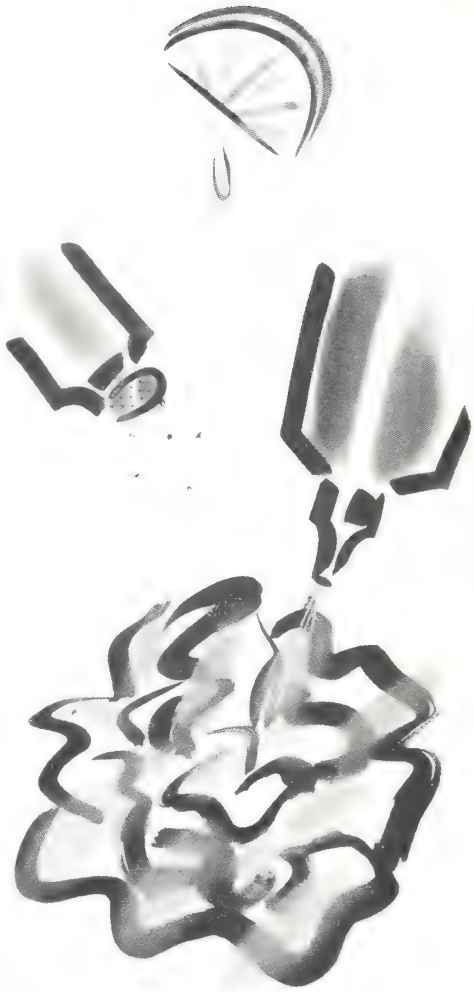
Bibb and Belgian endive are firmly ensconced today as the cream of the salad crop. A straightforward green salad blending their noble flavors and personalities cannot be surpassed. While Belgian endive is of ancient lineage and Kentucky Bibb is a recent addition to horticultural history, both are served in the White House, in the embassies of France, Italy, and England, in American and European restaurants of renown, and, of course, in our own elegant salads.

BIBB AND ENDIVE SALAD WITH NASTURTIUMS

- 2–3 heads Bibb lettuce
- 2 heads Belgian endive
- 3 tablespoons parsley, chopped
- 8–12 nasturtiums
- 1 teaspoon kosher salt
- 3–4 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup heavy cream or crème fraîche
- Cayenne pepper

Rinse and dry the greens. Cut each head of Bibb in half. Cut endive leaves into slivers. Divide the Bibb among the salad plates and sprinkle with slivered endive. Add 2 nasturtium flowers and a couple of nasturtium leaves to each plate.

Measure the salt and lemon juice into a small bowl. Slowly add the cream, beating constantly until the dressing is slightly thickened. Add cayenne to taste. Allow guests to serve themselves. Serves 4–6.



BIBB, ENDIVE, ARTICHOKE, AND PROSCIUTTO SALAD

- 3 heads Bibb lettuce
- 2 heads Belgian endive
- 3 artichoke bottoms, cooked and sliced
- ½–¾ pound prosciutto, thinly sliced
- ½–¾ pound asparagus spears, cooked
- 3 tablespoons fresh tarragon leaves
- 2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
- ½ cup extra-virgin oil
- 3 tablespoons white wine vinegar
- 1–2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
- Salt and white pepper

Rinse and dry Bibb and endive. Slice the artichoke bottoms. Sliver the prosciutto. Cut each asparagus spear into 3 pieces. Line a large salad bowl with the greens. Add the artichoke bottoms, prosciutto, and asparagus. Sprinkle tarragon and parsley over the salad. Blend the dressing and spoon it on the salad. Toss gently. Serves 4–6.

BIBB, WATERCRESS, BACON, AND POTATO SALAD

- 6 thick slices lean bacon
- 1½ pounds small new potatoes
- 4 small heads Bibb lettuce
- ½ bunch watercress
- 1 small bunch arugula or curly chicory
- 2–3 scallions, thinly sliced
- 8 cherry tomatoes
- ¼ cup warm bacon fat
- ¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil
- 3 tablespoons white wine vinegar
- Fresh parsley, chervil, and dill or tarragon, chopped
- Salt and white pepper

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Cook bacon on a cookie sheet 8–10 minutes. Remove and break bacon into small pieces. Set aside. Peel new potatoes, cook until tender in boiling salted water, and slice.

Rinse the Bibb, watercress, and arugula and dry. Line a wooden salad bowl with the greens. Add the potatoes and sprinkle the scallions and bacon over the salad. Place the tomatoes around the outside of the bowl. Mix bacon fat, oil, and vinegar in a small bowl. Spoon the dressing over the salad. Add the herbs and salt and pepper. Toss gently. Serves 4.

BIBB, ENDIVE, AND WALNUT SALAD

- 6 heads Bibb lettuce
- 2 heads Belgian endive
- 1 cup large walnut pieces
- 1 tablespoon unsalted butter
- 1½ tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon Madras curry powder
- Cayenne pepper
- 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- 6 tablespoons walnut oil
- 3 tablespoons champagne vinegar
- Salt
- Dash lemon juice

Rinse and dry the greens and refrigerate. Pick over the walnuts, discarding crumbs. Melt the butter in a small skillet. Add the walnuts and stir until they are well coated and fairly crisp. While stirring, add the sugar, curry powder, and cayenne. Mix thoroughly. Add the Worcestershire sauce. Continue to stir until the walnuts have a thin dark glaze. Set aside.

Mix the walnut oil, vinegar, salt, and lemon juice. Set aside. Place the Bibb leaves in a shallow salad bowl. Cut the Belgian endive into slivers and sprinkle over the Bibb. Spoon the walnuts into the center of the salad. Just before serving, dress and toss carefully. Serves 4. ▲

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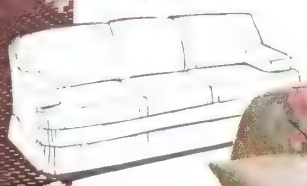
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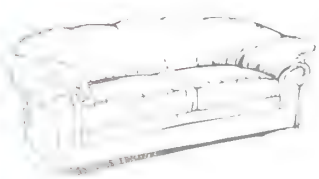




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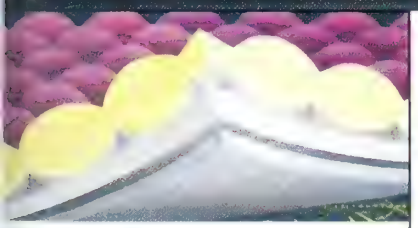
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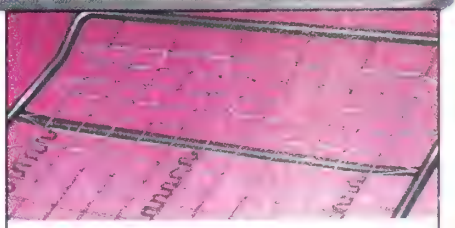




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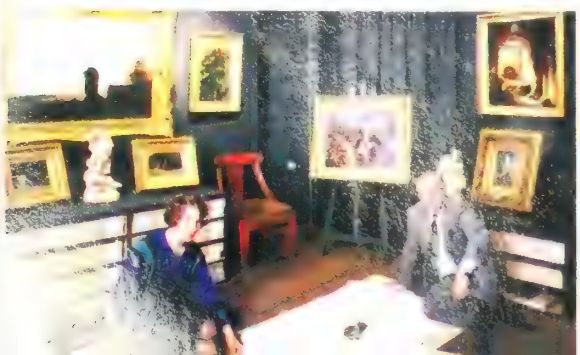


Insider Trading

A Paris gallery specializes in the work of lesser-known nineteenth-century artists

BY CHARLA CARTER

Galerie Jacques Fischer–Chantal Kiener on Paris's rue de Verneuil is a source that savvy dealers in art and antiques like to keep secret. A cross between Oscar Wilde's drawing room and Yeats's "rag and bone shop of the heart," the place is a beacon for cognoscenti who share Fischer and Kiener's passion for art of the nineteenth century. Above all, this is a gallery designed for, and around, the serendipitous find. Fischer-Kiener's carefully labeled drawers overflow with treasures. One contains a sheaf of drawings by an artist fascinated by bird's wings and the spidery branches of trees. In another a pen and ink project for a turn-of-the-century dirigible peeks out from under a stack of stylized floral embroidery designs from 1912.



Partners Chantal Kiener and Jacques Fischer, left, leaf through watercolors in their Left Bank gallery.

"We buy what amuses us," says Jacques Fischer of the eclectic array of art, above, lining the gallery walls and shelves. Below: *La Comptesse de Goyon* by Hippolyte Flandrin, 1853.



You won't find Ingres or Delacroix adorning Fischer-Kiener's walls. Instead, there's a charming oil on paper of the napes of two girls' necks by an anonymous nineteenth-century Italian; a bare-breasted *Psyche* by Jean Joseph Taillasson; even an unlikely pair of 1940s landscapes, bought simply because "they were pretty," says Fischer. "We don't pretend to sell chefs d'oeuvre. We buy what amuses us, and we don't often find big names amusing."

Given Fischer-Kiener's penchant for lesser-known artists and their reluctance merely to "buy a drawing for 10,000 francs one day and sell it for 20,000 francs the next," many of their clients are canny museum curators. The Musée d'Orsay recently snapped up a Théodule Ribot painting of an artist at his easel, and the Petit Palais netted a Thomas Couture portrait from the same show. American and European collectors—"There are no French collectors," mourns Kiener—come to the gallery because they know and trust Fischer-Kiener's unerring eclectic taste.

The two have been partners for thirteen years but devoted friends for longer: they met in an art history class at the prestigious École du Louvre thirty years ago. Both have spouses, and in Kiener's case, children and a capricious cat. Her husband is also an aficionado of nineteenth-century art ("Though he likes more severe things—he reproaches me for having too many flowers").

Portly, perpetually amused, Fischer says their relationship is "worse than a marriage." Kiener, who is girlish and green-eyed, chides him for his "artsy notions of time and money," while he humors what he considers to be her occasional lapses of judgment. Recently, Kiener insisted on buying a demure 1852 portrait by a father of his adolescent daughter because of its "sensitive quality—there's a special feeling communicated in portraits painted by relatives." Though Fischer clearly doesn't share her rapture, his smile is indulgent rather than mocking.

Fischer is the expert on bronzes and sculpture, Kiener an authority on water-

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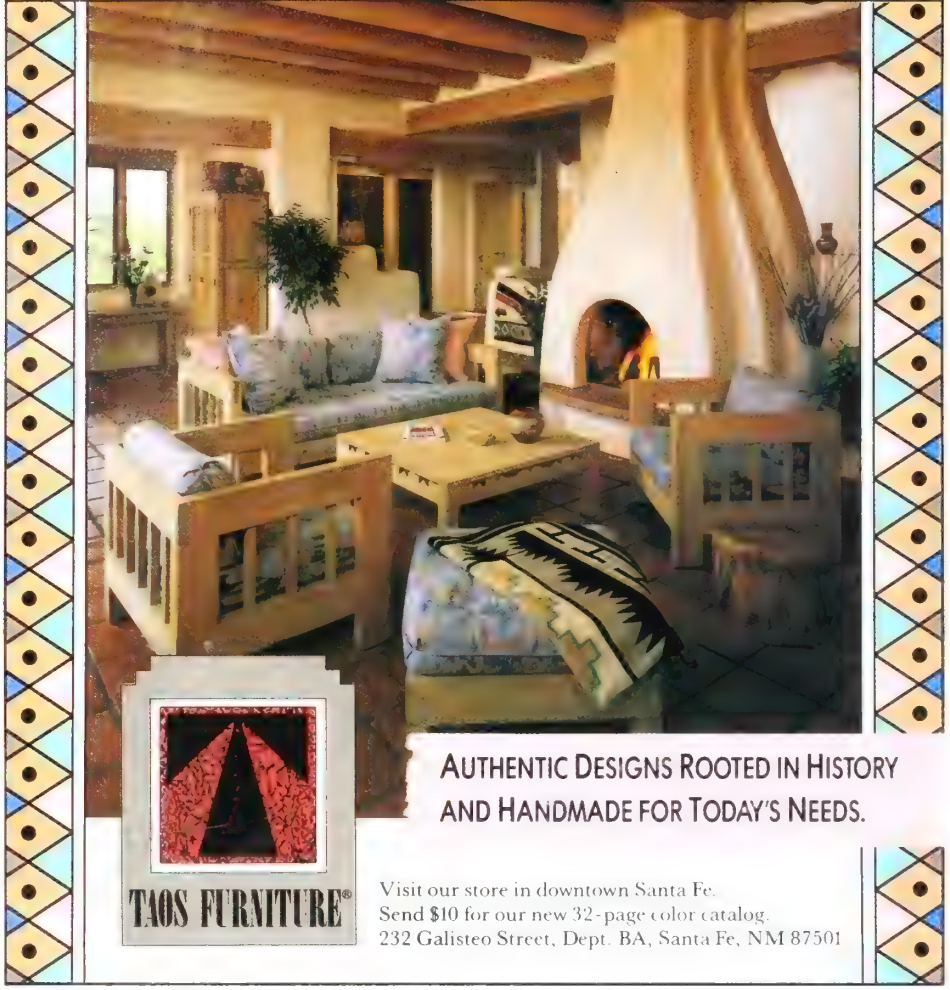


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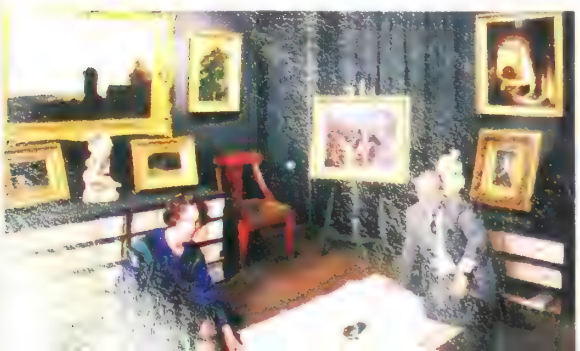
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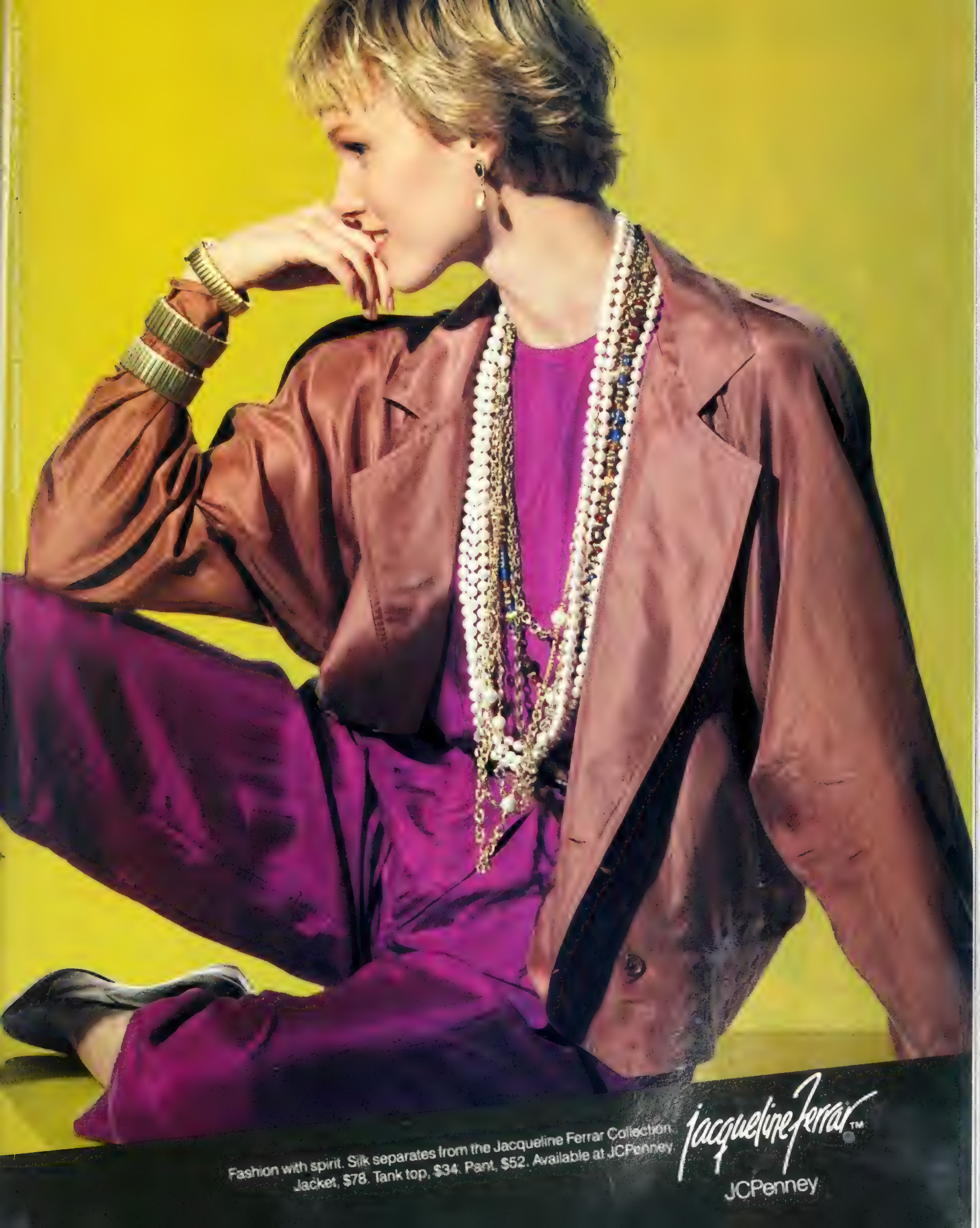


colors, particularly landscapes. The two are neck and neck in their knowledge of nineteenth-century oil paintings and drawings. But prints are not offered. "Prints are a little like stamps," says Fischer, dismissing the collecting of both as arcane and beyond his ken.

What made Kiener, who was working in a gallery of modern art, and Fischer, a dealer in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century antiques, embark on a gallery selling nineteenth-century art? "The École du Louvre taught us that anything nineteenth century besides David was second-rate," explains Fischer, "but Chantal always had a soft spot for the neglected drawings of that period." Conveniently, in 1976 when the two were setting up shop, nineteenth-century drawings were "*very* affordable." At Fischer-Kiener prices are still affordable. "People go on and on about investment art these days," Kiener laments. "That's not our style at all. We sell things for what we think they're worth." "Our prices rarely top 100,000 francs [$17,000]," notes Fischer, brandishing a drawer in which some things, irresistibly, are marked at 200 francs ($34) and everything is less than 1,500 francs ($260). "The slightest little Impressionist dabble fetches ten times that today," he says.

Defiantly Left Bank until now, the gallery's success at a recent works on paper show in New York has Fischer and Kiener wondering whether they should branch out and exhibit more in other major cities. Yet they're loath to yield to what they feel is increasing pressure to "create an event" around the selling of art. "When we examine our ledgers at the end of the day, we're a thousand times happier knowing that we have clients who truly love the things they find here," says Kiener.

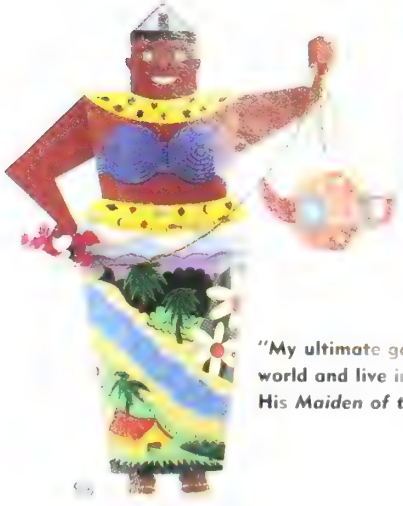
The gallery's idiosyncratic offerings delight the jaded eye of the experienced collector. For the amateur they might even be a revelation—an artistic initiation into a past century for those who thought their tastes firmly rooted in this one. (Galerie Jacques Fischer–Chantal Kiener, 46 rue de Verneuil, 75007 Paris; 42-61-17-82. Tues.–Sat. 3 P.M.–7 P.M.) ▲


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Rodney Alan Greenblat's freestanding sculpture, *The Welcome Archway*, above, frames the entry to his three-year-old twin daughters' bedroom, which boasts a fish-lined stairway leading to a play loft and balcony. Right: Greenblat in his studio.



"My ultimate goal is to create an entire world and live in it," says Greenblat. Left: His *Maiden of the Lamp*.

Rodney's Rooms

A young artist paints himself into all four corners of his SoHo loft

BY MARGOT GURALNICK

Most artists would be incensed by reviews that called their art "eye candy," but Rodney Alan Greenblat refuses to be ruffled. The boyish 29-year-old makes no bones about his intentions. "My work is deliberately colorful, optimistic, and accessible," he says. Greenblat has even gone so far as to embellish the critic's confectionary metaphor: for the cover of his first museum catalogue he painted a pair of Hostess cupcakes and dubbed his guileless universe of wood and high-keyed acrylics a "creamy center of hope" independent of the "devil's food cake of gloom."

Fresh out of New York's School of Visual Arts, Greenblat was reluctantly preparing himself for a career as a carpenter when the art world summoned him to its front line. Appropriately, his first patron was a toy company executive who took a fancy to Greenblat's playful but meticulously crafted sculpture, furniture, and billboard-size paintings. Downtown art dealer Gracie Mansion entered the picture next; since 1982 she has acted as the supportive middleman between her "most sought after" artist and a growing list of collectors.

For his debut show at Gracie Mansion Gallery Greenblat unveiled a full-scale living room that combined homey comforts and frolicking Looney Tunes–style imagery. Goldfish swam in the television, a tiny house glowed from the hearth, and every surface served as slate for a dizzying array of Greenblat pictograms, cartoon characters, and abstract doodles. Asked to explain the meaning behind his high-spirited good housekeeping, Greenblat responded: "I have a dream to create an entire environment, to build my own world and live in it."

At the time, Greenblat and his wife, fashion designer Deena Lebow, shared a two-room tenement apartment—"fifteen layers of paint and a bathtub in the kitchen" is how she describes it. When Lebow gave birth to twin daughters in 1986, Greenblat's dream became something more than an escapist's fantasy. But it wasn't until three years ago that the family found, in a 2,700-square-foot former factory in SoHo, a space ready to be Rodneyized.

The entrance to the family's living quarters is through

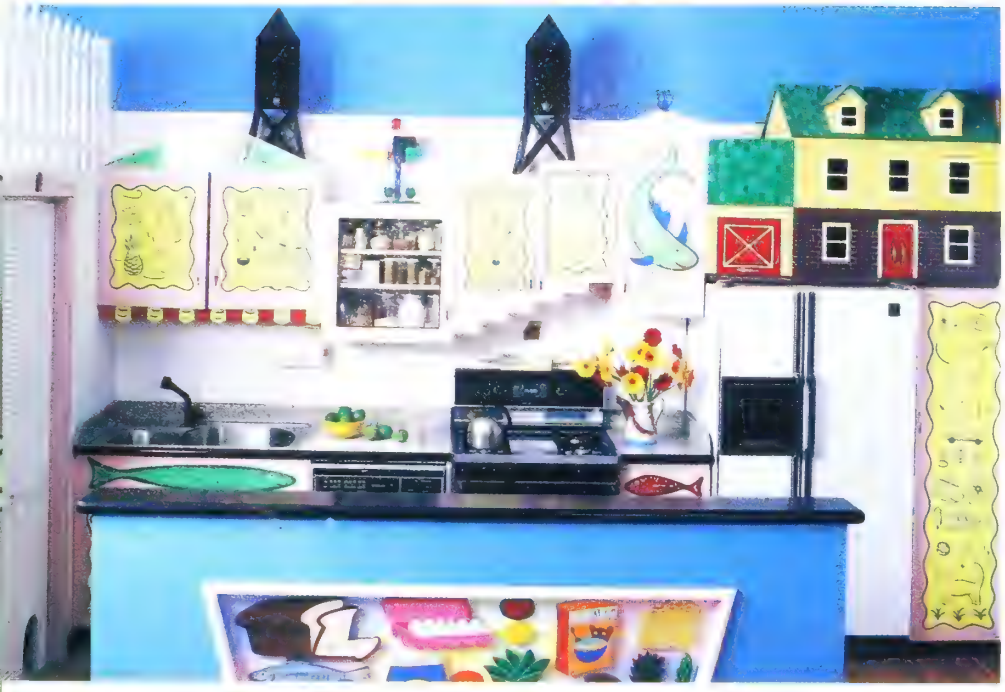
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The kitchen, left, features a feast of Greenblat images, ranging from a house-shaped cabinet to paintings and cutouts of good things to eat. Below: Cleo and Kimberly Greenblat model tiger hats designed by their mother for her company, Mini Big. Right: Greenblat's *Harp Chair*.



Greenblat's studio, the only room where white walls prevail. A portrait of Greenblat's father—a management consultant from whom he says he inherited his knack for tinkering—sits on a desk shelf overrun with Erector Sets and the 1963 *World Book Encyclopedia*. Nine-foot-tall double doors lead to a fanciful "everything room" equipped for lounging, cooking, dining, playing, and Lebow's hat designing.



Deena Lebow greets her husband on the Candy Land–style stairway, which leads from the living room to their bedroom.

As the twins maneuver toy baby carriages up and down the length of the space, Greenblat surveys the indoor landscape he created. The water towers, picket fence, and suburban house that take shape on top of the kitchen cabinets are an homage, he says, to the train set he built during his elementary school years in suburban Bethesda, Maryland. When he was sixteen, Greenblat moved on to art classes, turning out bright, boisterous paintings that borrowed heavily from Warhol and Lichtenstein. But in his first year at art school Greenblat started to make painted wooden sculptures with internal motors and moving parts and "realized that all the modeling, painting, and planning I poured into my trains was exactly the sort of art I wanted to make."

Off the everything room, *The Welcome Archway*, a sculpture in honor of the tricentennial—"I thought I'd be the first to get ready for 2076"—heralds the entrance to the twins' room, where orange and aqua fish climb the stairs to a second-story play area. Within easy yelling distance, the parents' room is reached by four steps up a staircase trimmed in shades of bubble gum and peppermint.

"People always comment that the place looks like Pee-wee Herman's playhouse," says Greenblat, who doesn't seem to mind the comparison. In fact, the similarities between the art star and the television star extend beyond their day-at-the-circus style of interior decorating: before Pee-wee became a Saturday morning staple Greenblat wrote, designed, and starred in a campy ill-fated TV pilot called *Rodney's Room*. A slew of recent projects may yet make Greenblat's name as familiar as his knock-kneed rival's. Currently on the market are Rodney Alan Greenblat mugs, saucers, plates, T-shirts, and computer and silk-screen prints, and out this month from Harper & Row is the first Rodney Alan Greenblat children's book, *Uncle Wizzmo's New Used Car*.

Meanwhile, as he prepares for a May show at Gracie Mansion, Greenblat's sketch pads and computer files are stocked with ideas that take his art even further afield. "I think I should design a zoo, an amusement park, and a bunny-shaped office building," he says. "I like to treat the vision people had of America in the fifties as if it had happened and show how it would look in the nineties. In a way it's a sad image because it didn't happen. But maybe it could. I'm painting a picture of an American utopia that could happen." ▲


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Vienna Album

An Englishman remembers his wife's family Schloss in the city

BY ALAN PRYCE-JONES







Baron Gustav Springer's house left. Above, a sitting room photographed on the eve of World War II. Right, The dining room was the scene of banquets prepared by the former chef of Empress Elisabeth. Below, The baron, his daughter, and her governess at the center of a party of guests.



Meidling is an undistinguished suburb of Vienna, notable only because the park and palace of Schönbrunn lie just beyond it. The Tivoligasse in Meidling is by no means its most distinguished street. It is lined with rather shabby apartment buildings. Of these my mother-in-law used to say with a snort that too many were lived in, at her expense, by her illegitimate sisters, one of whom was occasionally glimpsed climbing the steep drive to number 73.

My mother-in-law, Baroness Fould-Springer, lived mostly in France. I entered her life as the guest of an English friend of my father's at a family dinner party. I had been struck by two things: her Vienna house and her two teenage daughters, who, I noted in my diary, seldom spoke except to make private jokes about the guests. How sad, I wrote, for this charming, brilliant man to have begotten two such fiendish little girls. Four years later, I married one of them—not, however, before reading her my diary aloud.

But the house: it was at the end of the street, approached through wrought-iron gates, which led to an uphill road sweeping round two sides of an extravagant building in what passed as the Viennese Renaissance manner. It had replaced in the 1880s a pretty Biedermeier Schloss, at the whim of Baron Gustav Springer, whose only legitimate child was to be my mother-in-law. After our marriage my wife and I lived there until the outbreak of World War II, and odd though the house was, we became passionately devoted to it.

It stood in a large park from which the city was invisible. I discovered that the house, which had nothing strictly beautiful about it, had been so admired in Central Europe and the



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Balkans that its features were widely copied, from an embassy in Bulgaria to the royal palace in Belgrade. On the exterior walls were busts of French kings. By the kitchen wing was a courtyard in Norman half-timbering—the relic of an abandoned attempt by my father-in-law to escape from the Austrian Renaissance Revival.

At the center of the house was a galleried hall top-lit by lights beamed through many-colored glass. We were told that Baron Gustav could not abide coming home except to a dazzle of illumination. Not that he came home often. His wife had died in childbirth after seventeen years of childless marriage—hence the illegitimate ladies outside the gates. He spent the rest of his days in the Imperial Hotel but came to visit his daughter and her Scottish governess at Sunday luncheons. At these, before she reached her teens, it was her duty to preside over a male company of cigar-smoking bankers, Jockey Club members, and captains of industry fifty years older than she.

The old gentleman was a formidable tycoon: a banker, a railroad and mining magnate, a landowner throughout the Austrian empire, a racehorse owner. He was the kind of perfectionist who sent his laundry to Paris each week. To justify his French connections, he operated the factories which provided the yeast of Paris and much of northern France. As an Austrian loyalist, Baron Gustav repatriated an immense sum in Swiss francs on the outbreak of war in 1914 by which time his daughter, bored by enforced studies in German banks, Polish coal mines, and British railroads, had married a French husband, whose family owned the steel of which the Eiffel Tower was built. Her punishment was to be cut off with nothing but the yeast factories.



During the 1930s Alan Pryce-Jones redecorated his attic sitting room in a sleek Modernist style that contrasted with the opulence downstairs.

When I came on the scene the Meidling house survived in a kind of time capsule. The butler, Franz, had been there, man and boy, for fifty years. Gusti, the housekeeper, and Herr Weingartner, the retired coachman, were part of the family. For a time the kitchen was run by the former chef of the empress Elisabeth, murdered almost forty years earlier. The house itself was unchanged. The bedrooms had been hung with buttoned and quilted silk, and the gallery around the hall was designed to display winners from the Springer stables. Presumably because they were more expensive than original eighteenth-century French furnishings, later copies from Paris filled the rooms. We particularly liked an ormolu chandelier in the Yellow Drawing Room, which represented a basket of roses tumbling over from its weight—each rose a light bulb. Mainly we lived in a delicious upstairs sitting room, the Telefonzimmer, hung in gray blue silk like the bedrooms and looking up an avenue that bisected the park.

The bathrooms were built after the Roman fashion. You walked down three or four steps into a bath so huge that I ran a toy submarine in it. The winters were especially apt for bathing because then old Franz went ahead to light a tall porcelain stove beside which one could spend a lazy half hour on a sofa upholstered in toweling while the submarine nosed its way languidly through the steam.

The life of the house was curiously old-fashioned. I became a baron simply because Franz could not conceive working for anybody who was not one. I explained that he made me sail under false colors and begged him to desist. "Jawohl, Herr Baron," was all he answered. One of Franz's finer moments was when we had to luncheon the former leader of the Spanish Carlists, Don Alfonso Carlos, and his wife, the Portuguese infanta, María de las Nieves. They were 86 and 82: a bearded bright-eyed old man and a little painted monkey. For an hour or two Franz felt himself back in palmier days, when mustachioed archdukes came to revel in the skittle alley in the park.

These happy days came to a close with the Anschluss in 1938. I arrived from London to find every balcony hung with swastika flags. To my anger, I also found that the household had been looking forward to this day for many months. Within a week they had changed their tune, but by the end of the year we had closed the house for good. Not for many months did the Nazis discover that there was a British property on the Tivoligasse. But then the Party moved in. They tore the silk from the walls, smashed furniture and pictures, and created a school for gauleiters in strictly functional rooms. My last view of the house was at the end of the war when as part of the occupying army in Austria I took my general there. From afar everything looked quite normal. Then I found that a bomb had blown in the roof. In the hall was the bottom octave of a Blüthner piano cut to pieces with axes, and in the room where my son had been born lay a Russian soldier, drunk. I have not been back, and anyway the house and its park no longer exist. ▲

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Kiss and Tell

A kiss on the hand may be quite Continental, but many of us now turn the other cheek BY MARTIN FILLER

It was saying-goodnight time in the foyer of a huge Park Avenue apartment after a dinner party at the art-filled home of a New York collector/museum trustee/philanthropist and her new husband, a lawyer. There was a tremendous amount of bobbing and weaving going on between the departing guests and their hostess, when the host turned to me and said, "I still can't get this whole kissing thing figured out, and I wish someone would explain it to me." I know just what he means.

Growing up male in fifties America, boys were indoctrinated in the importance of giving a firm handshake, believed to be a sure sign of character. If your grip wasn't good, an older male relative was likely to take you aside and give a few pointers. But now as the world becomes increasingly international, there ought to be supplementary instruction in the art of social kissing, which differs much more from place to place than the standard handshake. People in most of the U.S. can live entire lives without having to deal with the sticky situations social kissing often raises. Not, however, if they venture to New York or Los Angeles, which are the social-kissing capitals of the nation. There the practice is so much a part of the current scene that barely a day will pass when you will not have to kiss or be kissed by someone not a blood relation. How the kiss is given and received encompasses a multitude of meanings; most have less to do with genuine affection than with affectation.



One major danger in social kissing is overstepping the bounds of propriety. This can happen no matter how exalted your social position. During a state visit to England, President Jimmy Carter got a bit carried away greeting the Queen Mother. With a shudder the doughty dowager was later reported to have said, "He was the first man to kiss me on the lips since my dear husband [King George VI] died," 25 years before. Carter fared little better with another famous widow unaccustomed to easy familiarity, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. At the dedication ceremony for the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library in Boston in 1979, photographers caught the awkward instant when Mrs. Onassis pulled away from Carter's kiss with an obvious look of disgust on her face.

There can also be embarrassing moments when a kiss is expected but not forthcoming, making a woman seem overly solicitous and a man insufficiently gallant. Women secure in their status or good looks will often proffer a cheek in the sure knowledge that it will be kissed. But hesitant body language from a woman is likely to inspire hesitant response from an approaching man. The problem for most American males is that they mistakenly think the social kiss involves an actual kiss. Even the most undemonstrative man tends to feel more comfortable giving any woman a real kiss than he does with the baffling convention called the air kiss. What every woman knows, but few men are aware of, is that the point of the air kiss is to leave hairdo and makeup intact. (Any man besmeared with lipstick at a wedding reception will understand the wisdom of this pantomime.) But as a sign of true feeling, the air kiss is virtually meaningless. "It's something I always associate with the fashion world," says a former editor of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*. "There is no contact at all—physical, emotional, or spiritual. It's just a kind of wigwag. After all, if you're really close with someone you hug *and* kiss them."

Aware of the artificiality of the air kiss, some of its most frequent practitioners try to compensate for its inherent falsity by making satirical sounds that approximate a real kiss even while avoiding it. The most au courant sound effect is an exaggerated "Mwa!"—which seems positively tribal to unaccustomed ears. One sociable New York design director parodies the custom by loudly pronouncing "Kiss-kiss!" as he grazes the faces of his better clients. Another question to consider is

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ture never fails to sweep a lady back a century or more in time, but its extreme formality bears the same approximate relation to a real kiss as a courtly compliment does to a proposition.

Sometimes it's not a question of whether or not one kisses but how soon after a first meeting you start to include it in your repertory of friendship. It can take a number of casual encounters before the social kiss is introduced into an acquaintanceship, but a dinner invitation inevitably accelerates the process. If it's your initial visit to someone's house, you might not kiss the host or hostess when you arrive, but in the warm afterglow of food, drink, and conversation it would be a noticeable lapse these days if you didn't kiss good-bye at the end of the evening. However, if you are among the early departures, it's best you don't start kissing everyone in the room, the disruption of which can begin to break up a party before its time.

In our exceedingly health-conscious world, when every act of personal consumption, ingestion, and exertion is analyzed for its harmful effects, it's not surprising to find New York *Daily News* gossip columnist William Norwich headlining a story with the burning question TIME TO KISS OFF THE SOCIAL SMOOCH? Last fall he quoted a recent issue of *The Lancet*, the venerable British medical journal, wherein a study reports the hazards of social kissing.

"Let us say there are a hundred wedding guests lining up for the ritual embrace," proposes *The Lancet*. "With today's fashion for trilateral kissing, you can reckon that each cheek will be anointed more than a hundred times. The solution? Either make sure you are near the front of the queue or, before applying the lips, wipe the bride's cheeks gently with a dilute solution of hypochlorite [an antiseptic]." If Norwich's cosmopolitan readers, who are far more likely to indulge in social kissing than most other Americans, take this tongue-in-cheek prescription to heart, it could be the kiss of death for a sign of life that reveals so much more—but also so much less—than meets the sophisticated eye. ▲





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Spiegel

Houston Round-Up

Clusters of shops throughout the city corral the best of the Lone Star state

BY ALISON COOK

Its ambitious skyline aside, Houston is an aggressively horizontal town whose 580 square miles of unzoned sprawl can daunt the visitor. By a happy law of mercantilism, however, distinctive shops tend to cluster, and consequently the shopper in search of Houston's most interesting home furnishings and antiques can schedule a series of two-for-one or three-for-one stops. A car is mandatory, as it is for most human activity here. Indeed, it is only by driving that one enters into the spirit of the place. (To call ahead for hours, the area code for all shops is 713.)

The three bandbox houses that constitute **Jas A. Gundry** (2910 Ferndale, 524-6622) work hard at being grand, from their gleaming brass thresholds to their Vuitton umbrellas for traveling between the buildings during Houston's monsoons. Punctilious co-owner Jas (never James) Gundry, who specializes in English Georgian furniture, purveys important pieces to important Houstonians at very important prices. His shop is a glossy ode to wood: to the glories of Cuban and Honduran mahoganies, to ancient oak and walnut, to honey-colored satinwood, lavish burls, patinas in which one could drown. A certain playfulness tempers the museum-quality starchiness. Lady Cadogan's undulant burled breakfront comes with an anecdote about how its late owner met her doom in a Harrods stairwell, while an eighteenth-century grotto chair unfurls like a hallucinatory silver-leaf seashell, and two fat-seated children's wing chairs beckon the world's most spoiled twins.

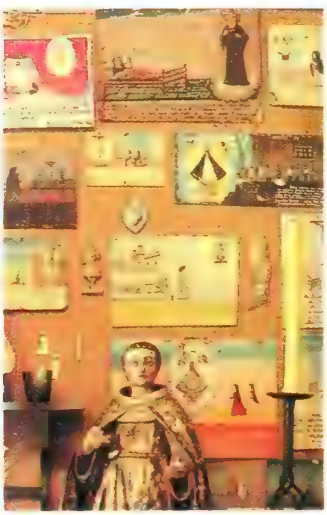
Nearby **Crow & Co.** (2813 Ferndale, 524-6055) is a godsend for those who complain that men are hard to buy for. In a setting that out-Laurens Ralph, owner Kathy Crow has shrewdly focused on vintage sporting gear and library and desk accessories gleaned from English regional fairs and flea markets. Happy is the coddled Houston male who receives one of her venerable gun cases (some of aristocratic pedigree), weathered fishing creels, or well-used leather cartridge cases. It's all the properest sort of macho paraphernalia, from pretty wooden rulers and old gladstone bags to tiny leather stud boxes and tins that once cradled barristers' wigs. And who could resist a gilt leather-bound set of *Lives of the Engineers*?

In the same small house, playing yin to Crow's yang, the **Gypsy Savage** (2813 Ferndale, 528-0897) dispenses billows of old linen and lace. But the stronger draw is the changing repertory of oddments tucked among shams and table coverings: a folk art house wrought of fossils, captivating culinary prints, a shell box in the form of a miniature dresser.

Important pieces for important Houstonians at important prices: place settings at Gundry, below. Bottom left: Eclectic textiles, the work of local artisans, and designs from society matrons mingle in Greg Fourticq's stylish store.







Que Milagro, above, carries santos, niños dios, and paint-on-tin ex-votos.

It's back to the 1990s at relentlessly stylish **Fourticq** (1800 Post Oak Blvd., 623-6481), busy radiating attitude in the glitzy new Pavilion shopping center. One comes as much to ogle preternaturally handsome owner Greg Fourticq's latest ensemble as to case his eclectic, smartly chosen wares. Dusky Venetian velvets, boxes covered in charming Tibetan wall-hangings, and extraordinary one-of-a-kind tablecloths embroidered with cowboys or harlequins by two elderly Venetian sisters all attest to Fourticq's eye for textiles. He also makes a point of showing local work, whether it is spare furniture by metal sculptor Ed Wilson or faintly surreal pastels by Denise Chapman Crawford. Name-droppers take note: Houston society is represented by the exotic wooden boxes of Lesley Schlumberger and graceful wood-slat garden chairs commissioned by Jane Blaffer Owen for the New Harmony colony in Indiana.

While still at the Pavilion, tabletop aficionados may want to peek at the striking displays inside **Janice Rudy** (960-1073),



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Or take a look at the
Georgian sterling at the **Silver Column** (621-2588), a principal American source for Edinburgh crystal, particularly the entertaining Thistle pattern. The merely hungry may break for a high-design-quotient lunch either at the Pavilion's **Sfuzzi** (622-9600), a wittily muraled fantasy about crumbling palazzos gone technoid, or at Santa Fe–rustic **Sam's Café** (622-9292), Mariel Hemingway's latest restaurant outpost.

Over in the bosky old Southampton neighborhood, the mild façade of **Que**



Crow & Co. stocks vintage fishing gear and other proper macho paraphernalia.

Milagro (2238 Bissonnet St., 521-3591) hides a surprising sacred space: a room informed by the passionate Hispanic religious imagery that many Texans collect. Shopkeeper Marianne Lixie-Gray combs Mexico, Guatemala, and elsewhere in Latin America for somber tin retablos, meditative canvases, curly-headed niños dios, and santos of every description; they all converge on a rapturous mantelpiece whose changing cast of characters dwells in perpetual religious transport. Of particular note is a wallful of carefully edited paint-on-tin ex-votos inscribed with thanks for deliverance from a disconcerting assortment of [illegible].

[illegible] at the **Garden Shop** (1832 Bissonnet St., 524-1172), proprietor Annie DeGuerin has assembled a rarefied trove of all the newly requisite horticultural stuff: vintage outdoor chaises and benches, nineteenth-century cast-iron jardinieres and crushed-marble repro urns, hoary garden tools that still mean business. Her inventory is small but choice, from beaker-shaped English flowerpots to elegantly crude Spanish marketplace racks on which to put them. Flora is by local designer Charles Thomas, who does inventive things with such indigenous materials as magnolia leaves and whose funny cockscomb topiaries look like fairy-tale trees.

A short hop away is **Surroundings** (1710 Sunset Blvd., 527-9838), which made its reputation as a folk art shop but now fairly bristles with colorful neo-primitive wooden furniture handmade by Texan David Marsh, who has a regional cult following. Savvy Houstonians keep their ears pricked for news of owner Robert Hawkins's periodic truckloads from points south, which may yield exotic funerary urns, Mennonite side tables, or wonderfully funky—and increasingly hard-to-get—painted Mexican farm furniture. The kilims consistently transcend cliché here, and Hawkins's favorite L.A. ragman provides such odd bits of Americana as quirky plaid rugs or tightly woven, brightly colored Saltillo serapes from the 1930s.

Not all good Houston things come in clusters. **June Worrell** (502 Welch St., 524-0071) is an uncompromising anomaly: a nonshop ("I only warehouse now," says the eponymous owner tartly) in two unmarked houses deep in a deliquescent near-town neighborhood. To catch the inimitable Worrell between antiques shows, the trick is to call ahead and literally talk your way inside. But it's worth jumping through hoops to see the primitive and early American pieces for which she is celebrated among collectors, dealers, and designers: highboys, lowboys, corner cabinets, banister chairs, folk toys, you name it. And what a setting! It's like some insanely high-powered junk store, stacked high and higgledy-piggledy with everything from a heartbreakingly lovely comb-back Windsor chair to an exceptional stable of equine rockers and pull toys. No heat; no air conditioning; dress down. Says Worrell, "If they're real dressed up, I don't let 'em in." ▲

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Hearns
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Rancho Mirage
Garrett's
Santa Barbara
V. L. LLoyd
San Diego

COLORADO
Homestead House
Broomfield

FLORIDA
Robb & Stuckey
Ft. Myers,
Naples

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Lincolnwood

KANSAS
Fuhr's
Shawnee

MARYLAND
Bagby
Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS
Grand Rapids Furniture
Boston

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Scott Shuptrine
Bloomfield,
Grosse Point Farms,
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Sterling Heights
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Brielle Furniture
Brielle

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New York

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The Country Shop
Hickory

OHIO
The Higbee Co
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Oklahoma City
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Oklahoma City
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Shawnee

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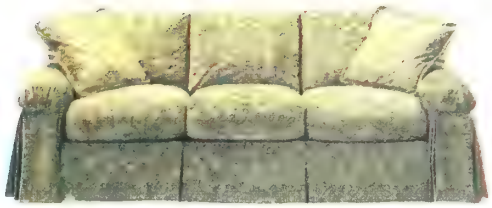
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Back to Baroque

The ornate grandeur of a courtly past resurfaces

BY ANNE FOXLEY



Sofa, far left, from Drexel Heritage. Above: Quilted leather Judith Leiber handbag with dangling semi-precious stones embedded in coins.



Sensuous bejeweled black velvet mules from Manolo Blahnik

Driven by the same urge to ornament that inspired seventeenth-century architects and artisans to new heights of extravagance, designers today are reveling in rich materials and decorations. Turning away from sleek modern silhouettes and hard edges, these latter-day Berninis are opting for dramatic curves and densely textured surfaces vibrant with color and pattern. In a graceful nod to this rediscovered style, one contemporary designer has even produced a wrought-iron candelabra dripping with baroque pearls.



Curly Twine necklace, below, with antique colored glass by Mish Jewelry. Left: Candeur Chandelier by Attribut à la Frivolité of London, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Details see Resources.

Couvert de Feuilles velvet, right, on cotton from Clarence House. Below: Hand-painted and gilded Limoges plate by Rochas, Paris.



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Modernist Landscapes

The adventurous gardens of Fletcher Steele stretched the aesthetic boundaries of early twentieth century design

BY MAC GRISWOLD

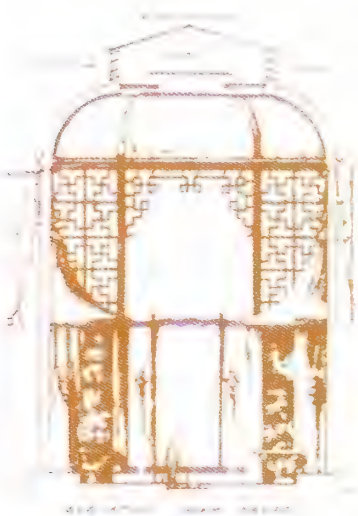


Steele, right, on his pink throne in Mabel Choate's 1929 Afternoon Garden. Far right: A 1939 drawing for a chinoiserie orchid room near Philadelphia. Below: The Blue Steps at Naumkeag, 1939.



Pink concrete thrones, industrial metal tubing, Venetian gondola posts painted the colors of Tupperware, and black mirror glass? Not an installation in a SoHo gallery, not a downtown club, not even part of the Hudson River esplanade at Battery Park City, it's a private garden in Massachusetts begun in 1926 by American landscape architect Fletcher Steele. For thirty years he carried out a series of experiments at Mabel Choate's Naumkeag, a brown shingle Stanford White house, now open to the public, which is perched on a narrow shelf overlooking the best view in the Berkshires. Results included the Afternoon Garden (thrones, posts, and black mirror "pool"), the monumental South Lawn (the first American earthworks sculpture), a rose garden of pink gravel ribbons knotted with beds of roses, and the Blue Steps, the Art Moderne answer to Bramante.

At the PaineWebber Art Gallery in New York, an exhibition based on curator Robin Karson's recent biography of Steele (Abrams/Sagapress) explores his work over its 55-year span (1915–70). The show (through Mar. 30), presented by the American Horticultural Society, covers fourteen gardens from Maine to Illinois in photographs, drawings, watercolors, and plans. Ornaments and sculpture are also included. Private gardens were Steele's chosen field. "Everything good is flattened by committees," he once said about public projects. Public works have always gained more recognition than private ones, so Steele's landscapes for the idle rich have not been given the importance they deserve in design history as the link between the Beaux-Arts and modernism.



He is one of the most colorful, amusing, infuriating figures of the period, an anecdotal gold mine kitted out in white shoes, white socks, white trousers, and straw hat, flashing his cane imperiously at bulldozers and graders and charging nearly double the going rate. Woven in with the distant clink of glasses (there was a place to drink martinis in almost every Steele garden), the bright chat, the guests continually coming and going is the sound of Fletcher Steele's voice, saying things like, "I couldn't possibly work for anyone whose back door looks like that" (his first visit to lifetime client Mabel Choate) or "Only people and cats stay the same size indoors and out." He was able to propose wild ideas to his clients—for one Grosse Pointe Shores garden entrance he suggested a pair of red marble columns topped with car headlights. Most of his clients adored him, not least because he was "so incisive in his perceptions of a problem, so sure, so very elegant in his state-


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ment of an idea, his comments often seemed like the sun coming out," as landscape architect Peter Hornbeck, who had his first job with Steele, remembers.

Steele's best years were the thirties, when he worked out his own variations of the cubist gardens at the 1925 Paris Exposition and the meanings, for him, of the words "natural" and "artificial." In those years he was as likely to use tile, sand, gravel, or a painted pool interior for color as flowers—"Many, many flower gardens are spoiled because they have too many flowers." He subordinated plants strictly to design, using them especially "to bring out and enhance the size, proportions and color of the spaces." He was the first American landscape architect of his generation, except for Jens Jensen, to ignore the formal-informal dichotomy of the Beaux-Arts landscape, and his most interesting work pushed the limits of contemporary art.

The next generation of great landscape architects, studying at Harvard in the thirties, got what Steele was up to. "He interested me," says Garrett Eckbo, "because he was an experimenter, he wasn't content to keep repeating the formula." Dan Kiley notes that "Steele was the one who looked up the modern French architects to see what they were doing with gardens. The idea that a garden didn't have to be symmetrical, or static, was a revelation in the field."

"I care much for the shape, size, and proportion of the empty air spaces of my gardens and guard them jealously," Steele wrote. But Steele's spaces often don't photograph well—as Robin Karson says, "All the air evaporates, and you're left with a bunch of garden tchotchkes." Luckily, landscape photographer Felice Frankel's handsome somber exhibition pictures, three-by-five-foot blowups, *do* convey the density of distance in Steele's best gardens. The tchotchkes on view give a sense of Steele's taste for contemporary art, the virtuoso range of his eye, and his sense of humor. They include a Calder mobile, a concrete footstool, a Chinese pottery dog—plus the throne and a Venetian post.

Within the modernist framework of his best gardens he used rich decoration, elaborate architectural fantasies, and flamboyant planting combinations to realize his clients' private dreamscapes. "A garden is a token—a symbol," he once wrote, "of what its maker cares about." His clients were mostly women, whose lives were defined by husbands, family life, charities, clubs, social duties—anything but their own inclinations. Steele was there to reassure them, to tell them that "every human being keeps to the end a personality which is private, with its own private desires and satisfactions often quite unrelated to the everyday life they lead, which, indeed, they do not want to change." A landscape architect who is an artist, said Steele, talks intimately with his client, "probes to discover, not what she has, but what she dreams of having; not what she does but what she would like to do." Steele's gardens are worth studying because they possess the extra dimension, the deeper sense, both abstract and intensely personal, of emotion that has been transmitted through design, of the inexpressible that has been given form. ▲

Decorator Collection
LAURA ASHLEY

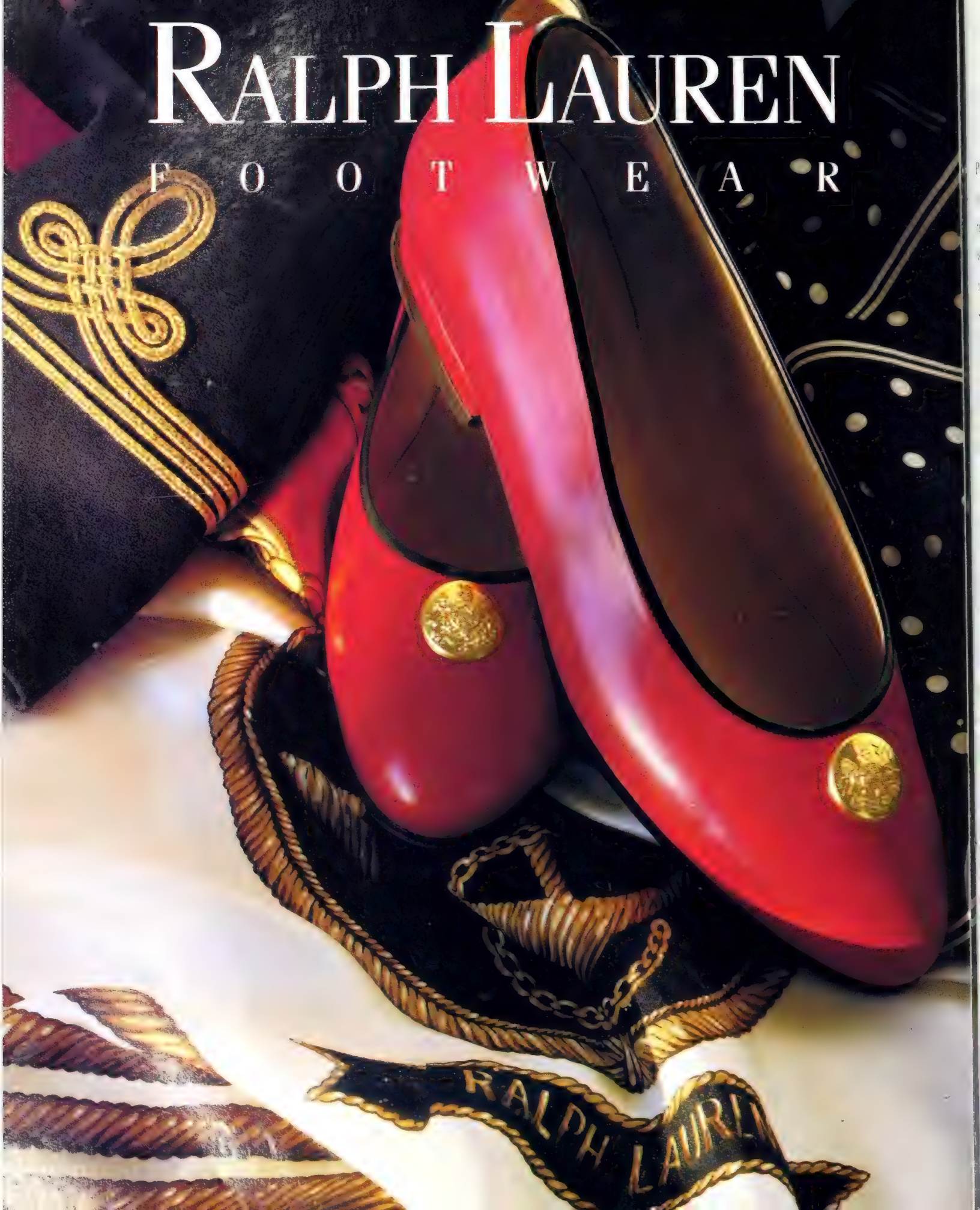


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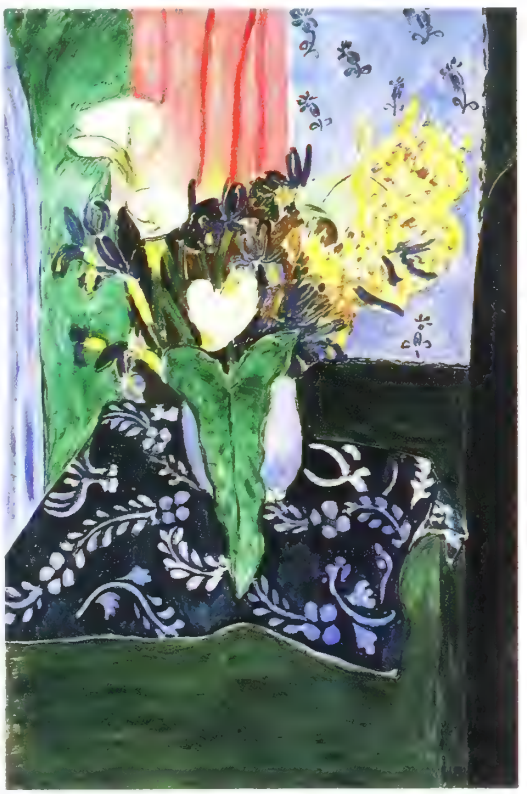

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RALPH LAUREN
FOOTWEAR
RALPH LAURE

Editor's Page

MARCH 1990

PUTTING TOGETHER AN ISSUE OF A MAGAZINE LIKE HG IS A COMPLICATED BUSINESS—one that involves planning, travel, timing, and details too numerous and minute to mention. For the most part, of course, we can easily leap such hurdles, but sitting here on a wintry weekend and looking over the list of stories in our March issue, I do find the effort noteworthy. For example, when the story about Tom McGuane's Montana ranch was suggested to us last fall, we knew it was a great idea. Unfortunately, though, it had come up rather late in the season for outdoor photography in Montana—and to compound the problem, our inspired and hardworking picture editor, Susan Goldberger, proposed a photographer from France who was clearly the right man for the story but wasn't sure he could fit the trip into his schedule. Laurie McGuane advised that we listen for satellite reports of storms in western Canada, as they would almost certainly blow through Montana and wipe the trees bare of the leaves we wanted in our pictures. At the last minute, photographer Thibault Jeanson was able to head west one weekend in October with HG contributing editor and stylist John Ryman, and, by a stroke of luck, the winds were calm. Susan regularly contends with unfavorable weather conditions: it was raining in Ireland the week we brought Pascal Chevallier from Paris and senior editor Jacqueline Gonnet from New York to shoot the Swiss Cottage in County Tipperary. Florida was cold and gloomy in early December, but Michael Mundy and HG creative director Charles Gandee managed to snatch a few bright moments to photograph Michael Graves's new Swan Hotel. The country garden outside New York looks wonderful, but gardening editor Senga Mortimer had to shoot it twice—one year and the next—to get the sky and the flowers right. When associate editor Eric Berthold chose the New York Public Library as a backdrop for his story on book motifs in decorating, he discovered that the library could accommodate the disruption of camera crews only during off-hours. As always, I hope you find relaxation and pleasure in this issue of HG, but do keep in mind that a whirl of activity goes into every colorful page.



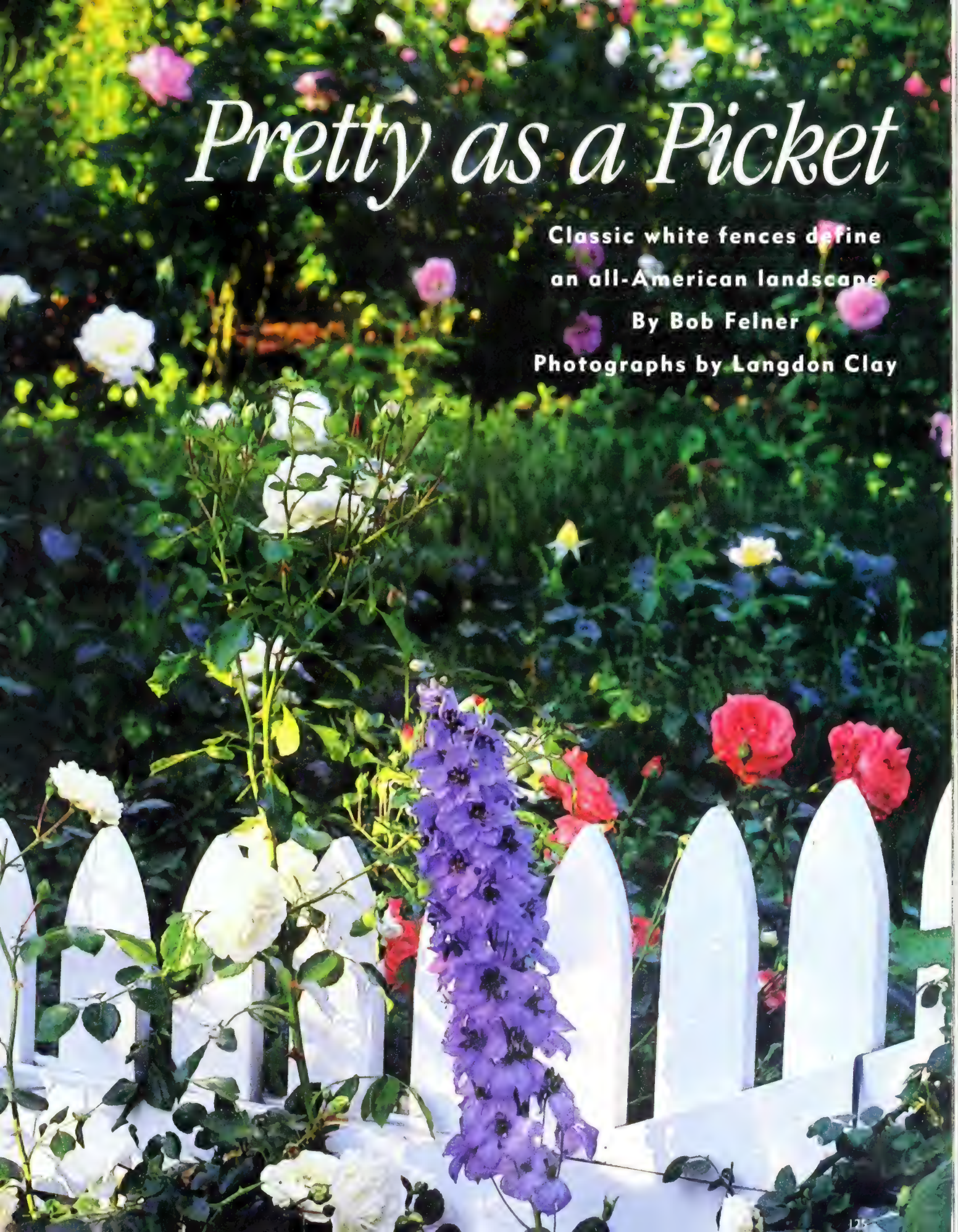
On one of his two visits to Morocco, Matisse painted *Calla Lilies, Irises, and Mimosas*, 1913.

Mary Novograd

EDITOR IN CHIEF



In a scale [illegible]
fence pe[illegible]
quiet [illegible]
roses, Japanese iris, delphinium
and purple loosestrife.

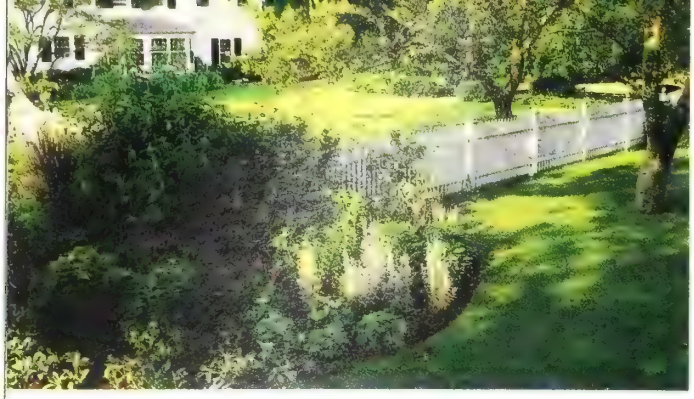


Pretty as a Picket

Classic white fences define an all-American landscape

By Bob Felner

Photographs by Langdon Clay



A MANHATTAN LADY WITH A GREEN thumb, a great sense of style, and an even greater sense of humor knew something was missing from the garden at her country house. "All I want is a better view from the kitchen window," she explained to her husband. But as it turned out, she had bigger plans in mind. It all started fifteen years earlier when the couple bought a three-acre property with a main house and two cottages. The house seemed the ideal setting for the cozy informal life they share with their family and friends. And someday, they decided, the children could use the cottages as their own country retreats. Meanwhile, the grounds needed some work. A local landscaper was engaged to create a sunken swimming pool, sheltered by trees and shrubs, between the main house and one cottage. Any visitor could find the mistress of the house by following the sound of laughter to the kitchen door. "Nobody ever uses the front door," she always says. "I don't think it's been open in years."

Time passed and all was tranquil—or so it appeared. First there was a clump of leggy rhododendrons that had to be moved. Then an overzealous gardener started to hack away at a jungle in the rear of the property: "Suddenly the neighbors were in view and they didn't seem to be smiling." A clear landscape danger had arisen, but it also presented a welcome opportunity for the lady to get her hands into the earth, muddy her

A trellised gate crowned by silver lace vine, *right*, leads from the series of garden rooms onto the open playing field. 'Betty Prior' roses climb the pickets. *Above:* At one corner of the fence near the main house, lady's mantle, artemisia, hostas, salvia, veronica, and nicotiana fill the curve of a midsummer border.



boots, see roses in bloom, and tend her favorite perennials and annuals. She already had cutting beds to fill the house with flowers and a vegetable garden to supply the family table.

The couple turned to Bruce Kelly of Kelly/Varnell, the landscape architect who had previously planned the terrace of their city apartment. They all agreed that privacy, informality, and American tradition should be their watchwords. Kelly decided to base his design on a series of outdoor rooms "where you can feel comfortable to sit down and converse. Too many people think that a gigantic view is the best view."

Existing white-painted fences of various heights, with an arbor and gates, were the key to arranging the garden's comfortable rooms—and to giving the illusion of a landscape considerably larger than three acres. The house now stands at the beginning of a sequence of spaces that extends to an arched trellised gate through which a vast expanse of lawn is visible. When asked if she has plans for this open ground, the lady replies, "I do, but we need room for baseball, touch football, and general horsing around." Nevertheless, she really did get all she wanted. The roses are in mad profusion, flowers crowd the borders, silver lace vine surges over the arch of the gateway, and out among the vegetables is the French gardener, Grégoire, a connoisseur of fresh produce.

Here, as in every garden he has worked on, Bruce Kelly used what he calls nurse trees and shrubs that give his clients something that will grow quickly and look good while they wait for the rest of the landscape to come into its own. Calculated overplanting enables the garden to evolve: individual specimens can be relocated while the basic structure, the big picture, as Kelly calls it, remains. For the family that inhabits this particular landscape, however, the view from the kitchen window has already reached perfection. ▲

Anne Senga Mortimer



Allium, foxgloves and *Lunaria annua* **line a mossy unpainted fence rail in the cutting garden. Nearby plantings include** lettuce, tomatoes, zucchini, and fraises des bois destined for the family kitchen.





Timeless Charm

Kevin McNamara has decorated the setting for his clients' changing lives over two decades

By Penelope Green Photographs by William Waldron



It took "forever" to find the right red for the living room walls, *preceding pages*, which unify the room's disparate elements—decorative objects from antiques shows and trips to London, a needlepoint rug from [illegible] Carpet, and Rose Cumming fabrics. Details see Resources





THERE IS A PECULIAR RELATIONSHIP that arises between client and decorator, one that mimics the strange permutations of a marriage. It can be engaging, fruitful, satisfying, like the best of all team endeavors. It can also be ghastly, ending, as some marriages do, in painful—and expensive—divorce proceedings. After thirty years in the business, decorator Kevin McNamara is particularly adroit at gauging the merits of a potential client: "Obviously I want everything to be as attractive as possible. And beyond that, I like to work with interested people, people who care about what they've asked me to do and who enjoy the results." The work in this house is the product of one of his most successful matches. McNamara and his clients, a husband and wife, met fifteen years ago through a mutual friend—which is usually the way these things work—and there was an instant affinity among all three. "I could see immediately that they cared very much about the design of things," says McNamara. "We became, we are, very good friends."

It was a crucial time in the young couple's lives. The businessman and his ex-fashion-stylist wife were ready to move on to a bigger house; with two young children they needed room to grow. "One night they invited me to dinner at their old house," says the decorator. "At the time, quite frankly, I really didn't know why I was there. And although it was never stated—they never came right out and told me—they had it in their minds that they were going to buy a house that *I* liked." Of course, McNamara's input represented only part of the agenda, which called for a real En-



The dining room, *above left*, is "more my husband's room, and Kevin's, of course, because it's so tailored," says the lady of the house. An inherited Directoire-style mahogany table inspired the selection of reproduction Regency chairs from Christopher Norman. The curtains were designed by McNamara for Decorator's Workshop, and the carpet is from Stark. *Left:* A side view of W. A. Delano's stately Georgian design. The house is a former residence of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. *Right:* Azaleas, ivy, and geraniums line the steps between two terraces.



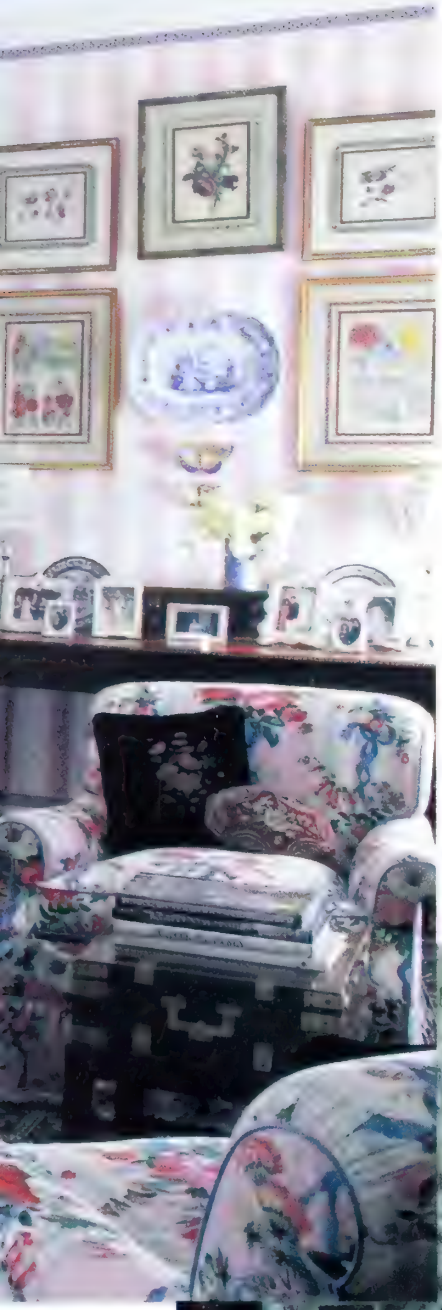
If it weren't for the sophisticated mix of colors throughout the house, the grand scale of the place might have read manor rather than home

glish country house, found at last in the former residence of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney in Nassau County, New York. "We drove up to this house, which she hated and he loved, and I said, 'This is the house,' before we'd even left the car." Of such serendipitous discoveries are great projects born.

The newly divorced Mrs. Whitney had called the place her pied-à-terre, her "little house," a definition that slightly understates the reality. The three-story twenty-odd-room house, a classic Georgian manor of painted antique brick, was built in the early thirties by the master of the grand, William Adams Delano (of Delano & Aldrich, which designed such Georgian notables as the Colony and Knickerbocker clubs in New York City)—quite a house even for a family of four to fill up. "They did inherit a few pieces of French and English furniture, and that was sort of the guiding light," says McNamara. The clients, who curled up in bed each night with "*every* shelter publication," adored majolica, antique cigar boxes, Staffordshire china, and, most important, vivid sophisticated colorations and cheerfully printed chintz, the trademarks of the McNamara aesthetic.

Certainly it is the play of color within that gives the house its warmth. Georgian architecture takes its lead from the Classical, so no matter what its dimensions, the rooms in a Georgian house will feel balanced. But if it weren't for the rich red in this house's living room or the subtly hued pinks and blues in the bedroom, the grand scale of the place might read manor rather than home.

The red was the clients' choice, one of the first design forays they made on their own. It was, the wife admits, a somewhat frightening experience: "Kevin is a pro and has such a great sense of color, but he let us have our heads on this one." In the beginning, McNamara's clients would follow every bit of advice, but he found they had some very good ideas themselves. It was a time when details were starting to come back into decorating, when the stranglehold of *(Text continued on page 210)*



The sophisticated mix of colors and cheerful chintz make the master bedroom, *left,* seem inviting rather than grand. The Cowtan & Tout wallpaper echoes the candy-striped canopy above a four-poster from Baker Furniture, and over seventy yards of Stark's custom needlepoint carpeting anchor Christopher Norman's overstuffed love seat and armchairs. Winfield chintz on the armchairs and pillows and around the windows is also from Cowtan & Tout. *Below:* Iron furniture on the upstairs terrace is covered with cotton from Ralph Lauren Home Collection.





McGuane Country

The novelist stakes his claim in Sweet Grass County, Montana

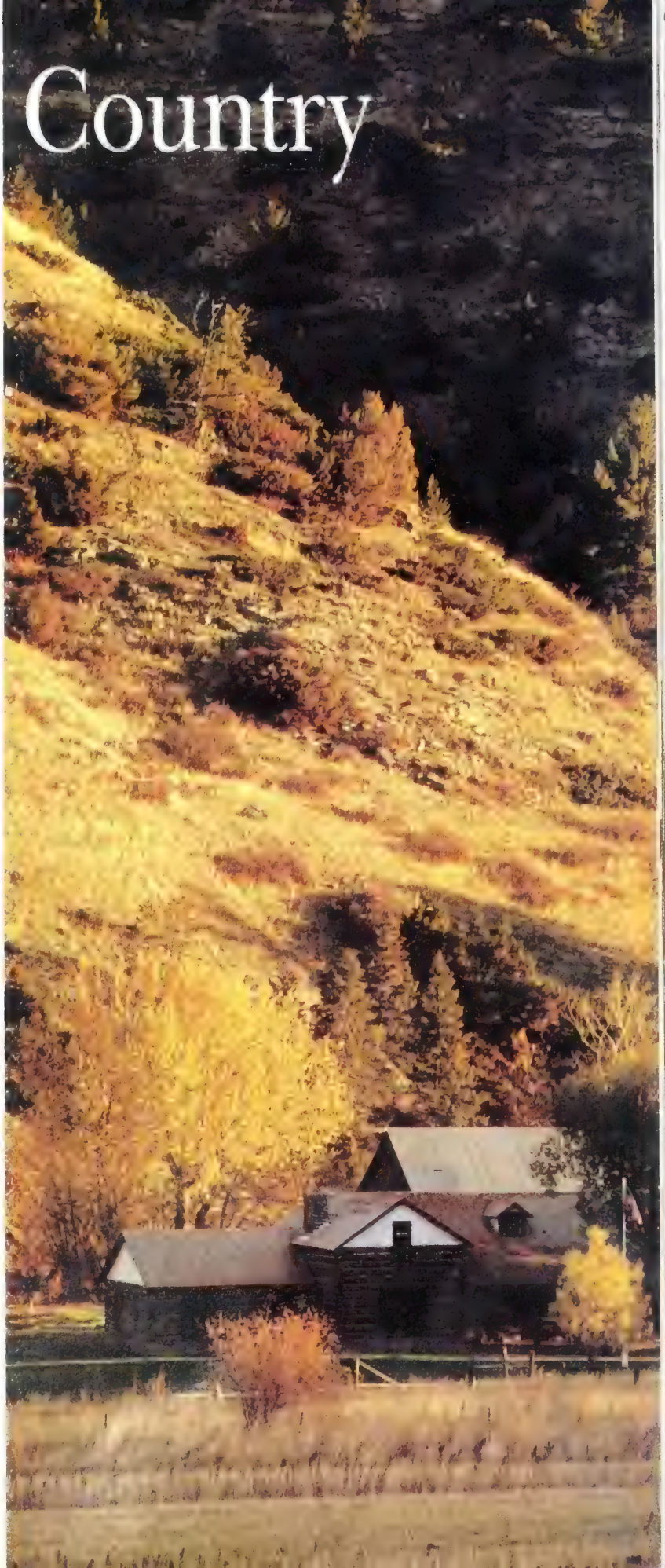
By William Hjortsberg

Photographs by Thibault Jeanson

THOMAS MCGUANE HAS NEVER BEEN SENTIMENTAL about houses. In the nearly 28 years that we've been friends, he's lived in some remarkable places, but I can't remember hearing any nostalgia about the Villa Sintra on the hillside above the Spanish port city of Málaga or the charming old conch house he owned on Ann Street in Key West or the first Raw Deal Ranch on Deep Creek in southern Montana's Paradise Valley, where his son Thomas's early growth was calibrated in biannual pencil marks on the kitchen doorjamb. These were just the places where he hung his hat, as the saying goes. Real life took place on the tidal flats and trout streams, fly rod in hand, or mounted on his favorite quarter horse in a roping arena or in a corral full of milling calves at a cutting competition or alone with his battered portable typewriter (more recently, a laptop) in the succession of outbuildings and rented rooms where he forged the craft that has gained him an international reputation.

All this may be changing. Tom and his wife, Laurie, recently took possession of a venerable 3,300-acre spread stretching along the West Boulder River in Sweet Grass County, Montana, which has become the fourth Raw Deal Ranch. A row of spruce trees lines the downsloping driveway on either side, screening a gnarled apple orchard as old as the homestead. There has been a good deal of building activity around here lately, and two workmen are nailing the bottom row of cedar shingles to the roof of a log barn as I park beside the house. The place has a certain down-home grandeur entirely appropriate to the man who wrote the cult film *Rancho Deluxe*.

Recent snow blankets the ground, but the late afternoon sky is clear and blue. It's pleasant out of the wind, and Tom greets me in his shirtsleeves on the rear loggia he designed himself. We stand for a moment and admire a bend in the river out back where dark water sweeps against a steep granite cliff. Three farm buildings had to be moved to afford this view. Although the outfit is still a working hay and cattle ranch, the McGuanes had no use for the claustrophobic clus-



Tom and Laurie McGuane out by the corral, *opposite*, with their English pointer, Reba, one of four resident dogs. *Right:* Tucked into a sun-drenched hillside, the McGuanes' turn-of-the-century hay and cattle ranch is one of the oldest in southwestern Montana.



The Absaroka Mountains—named for the Indian tribe the western settlers called the Crow—tower above several of the McGuanes' prize cutting horses, *right. Below:* A Russell Chatham landscape hangs above a 300-year-old Philippine refectory table in the dining room, which leads to a two-story living room with a spectacular fieldstone fireplace. Vintage Navajo blankets pattern the floor.









Annie McGuane, *far left*, leads her quarter horse, Sensational Oak, out for a ride. *Left:* The luck of the Irish—a pair of five-pound brown trout caught by Tom McGuane on the same afternoon fishing the Yellowstone. The antique silver water pitcher once belonged to McGuane's grandmother. *Above:* An old library table serves as McGuane's desk in his bunkhouse studio. A beaded Plains Indian quiver hangs by the side of the window facing the West Boulder River.







tering of sheds and bunkhouses, choosing aesthetics over convenience. Their wrangler now lives in two structures elsewhere on the ranch; a third outbuilding has been exiled up a lonely coulee on a neighbor's place.

It's hard to imagine the way the house looked before the extensive renovation. A series of snapshots tells the story: sheathed in aluminum siding without and a warren of tiny rooms within, the place was indistinguishable from any of the innumerable nondescript single-family houses gathered in all those tiny towns strung along the lonesome highways of the West. Although the building is small, under 2,000 square feet, it feels spacious and accommodating, due in part to the high-peaked ceiling of the main room and the warmth of the age-darkened square-cut log walls the McGuanes discovered lurking like buried treasure beneath the siding.

The leaded-glass windows and massive logs scarred by ancient adz marks create a sense of durability and permanence, but the house was literally rebuilt from the ground up under the supervision of master craftsman Terry Baird. A massive fieldstone fireplace appears to be at least a century old, such is the illusion of the gray and green lichens patterning the skillfully joined stones. In fact, it is part of the restoration, the recent work of stonemason Glen Johnson from down the road in Big Timber.

Tom confides that it would have been much cheaper to raze the old joint and start from scratch, but that would have been a great loss. In a state whose written history begins only with the Lewis and Clark expedition and where until recently landmark structures were often *(Text continued on page 202)*

A four-poster by Montana furniture maker Don Hindman dominates the master bedroom, *left*. The brass ceiling fixture is one of Laurie McGuane's thrift shop finds. A painting of a Haitian carnival by Wilson Bigaud hangs in the hallway. *Above:* Cowboys and cactus enliven Yippie-Ei-O fabric from Full Swing, Newport, used as a makeshift curtain valance. Details see Resources.



Michael Graves, *opp*
the proud architect of the
larger-than-life Walt Di
World Swan Hotel, has
loned his signature
ngi in favor of Mickey—
for the moment.

Swan's Way

ARCHITECT MICHAEL GRAVES EXPLORES THE PLAYFUL SIDE OF POSTMODERNISM WITH HIS NEW SWAN HOTEL AT ORLANDO'S DISNEY WORLD

BY CHARLES GANDEE





DRIVING ALONG THE FOUR-LANE highway that links Interstate 4 with the Magic Kingdom, the first thing you see after the giant water tower with the gargantuan Mickey Mouse ears is a pair of five-story-high swans permanently perched atop a twelve-story building engulfed in frozen waves. It's a surreal spectacle, remarkable even by the storybook standards of Florida's Walt Disney World, and it never fails to make the kids squeal and the grown-ups gawk.

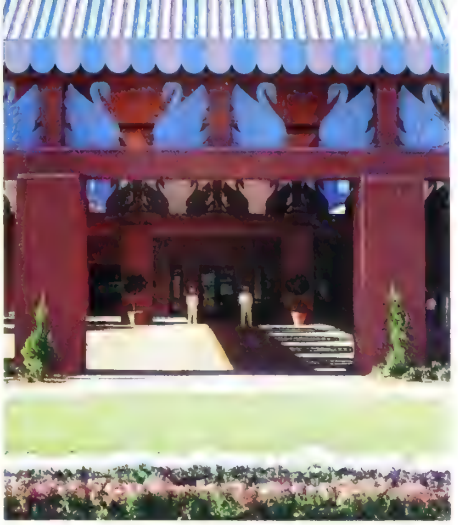
If you've had the foresight to reserve one of the 758 rooms in the $120-million Westin-operated hotel and convention center—seduced, perhaps, by the brochure that promises "this is the one you'll remember for years to come"—you'll exit the highway to theme park heaven and enter a 150-acre resort complex. Under a pink and green striped canopy with scalloped edges, two men dressed more or less like Tom Wolfe on vacation stand ready to greet you with Pepsodent smiles. "Welcome to the Walt Disney World Swan."

Perhaps Princeton architect Michael Graves was inspired by client Disney's anything-goes-as-long-as-it's-fun tradition, or perhaps he just wanted to try his hand at something unabashedly fanciful for a change. Whatever the reason, there's a pervasive sense of childlike insouciance to his new hotel that extends from the Brobdingnagian swans on the roof to the trio of painted pineapples on the headboards. It's almost as if Graves were trying to prove not only that Postmodernism is not, as they say, dead but that Postmodernism is alive and well and kicking up its heels in sunny central Florida. ▲

Although the Garden Grove Café, *left*, is surely the most monumental space Graves designed, more modest areas of the new hotel were not aesthetically neglected. The architect's lighthearted touch and tropical theme are omnipresent. *Opposite:* Among the countless places the Swan's visual delights can be spotted are (left to right, from top) the guest room headboards, entry portico, guest room doors, indoor-outdoor benches, chandeliers, light sconces, desk chairs, pastry kitchen, and main lobby.

MICHAEL MUNY







Graves's childlike insouciance extends from the Brobdingnagian







swans on the roof to the trio of pineapples on the headboards









I HAD A PERIPATETIC CHILDHOOD IN WHICH COUNTRIES, people, and objects appeared and disappeared according to a logic beyond my understanding. There were hotel suites, [illegible] houses, new friends, different languages. At one point my mother took to hiding my toys so she could find them [illegible] cries of "Look" — perhaps to convince me that no matter what was taken away, it would always return. When [illegible] Paris for London, my parents stored their French furnishings, most of them trophies from flea market hunts in [illegible] various antiquing [illegible] of the hotel particulier where we lived. We'd return now and then, grab a few pieces for London, and imagine the time when everything would be reunited in a home of our own. One day we arrived to find [illegible] of the hotel particulier [illegible] the concierge with her bags packed as the wrecker's ball hovered over her pavillon, and a modern address for the marquis, our



The author, *above left*, in a jacket from the Marché Biron and her grandmother's pearls, restrung around a cameo of labradorite. Buck writes "in ink, in bed, which keeps the laundry happy." *Above:* "The only living room I know of that needs to be ironed three times a week." The furniture is mostly from New York junk shops.



Lost and Found

Memories of childhood flea market finds inspire a grown-up passion

By Joan Juliet Buck Photographs by Oberto Gili

landlord. He confessed that he had given our treasures to a man who had disseminated them in the flea market, the Marché Biron, to be precise, where we spent days hunting [illegible]. The Creil plates were never found, but some of the objects were. I remember spotting my grandmother's bronze doré sphinx lamps, ignominiously lined up with strange statues, as pathetic as relatives being sold at a slave market. I was ten or eleven, and ever since, I have returned to flea markets with the conviction that what is mine is waiting for me, that I only have to look.



My parents moved from Los Angeles to Paris to the south of France to Germany to Austria to London because they were in films. I have tended to move out of boredom and frustration and hope and have become good at blaming places for my own shortcomings. There is no style to the way I nest; the primary urge is to cover other people's furniture with pieces of fabric—the walls, too—and heap the floor with rugs. My habit of changing cities made me familiar with sublets, borrowed apartments, and hotel rooms in which I imagined that I could live for longer than I actually did. The first trestle table in Paris—high? low? covered? plain?—was a source of joy. So many things to be hidden, disguised: chintz sofas in Rome, modular hotel creations in Milan, a demioctagonal piece of foam rubber in Los Angeles, and then again, because the pattern repeats, trestle tables in Paris. I wasn't about to buy a refrigerator or a chest of drawers. I could use only what could be taken home in taxicabs from the flea markets, what would change the least easily with the least effort, what could be packed into [illegible] when that city ran out of whatever promise had lured me [illegible], I began to accumulate textiles.

There [illegible] pieces from the twenties, originally made as car upholstery; thick, slightly torn brocades; the inevitable rush, in the [illegible] of Indian bedspreads and Afghan throws; yards of printed fabric; and paisleys. Paisleys had the advantage of needing no hemming and carrying patterns that were both satisfying and adult and the disadvantage of becoming more expensive every year and smelling slightly. A kind dealer taught me that they could be washed in the bathtub with Woolite; most survive this treatment, and as I discovered, the ones that tear can be used for the walls. When I returned to New York after the last round of foreign trestle tables, there were so many paisleys in my trunks that displaying them on furniture would have created the effect of purple soup. So I stapled them to the walls of my bedroom, which unthinkingly I had painted pink, despite my mother's warnings that pink is dicey. Stapling over the mistake was simpler than starting again, a solution with which writers are familiar. Any ideas I might have had about my originality were crushed when I went to Moscow last summer and found, in every apartment where I was received, that carpets were used to cover walls.

I use flea markets to seek out what I know, principally my childhood. Ever since the sphinxes found me at the Marché Biron, I have looked for more, and failing sculpted ones, I am content with pictures. It is raw and cruel to tear pictures out of books, and that is what dealers do. Any picture of a sphinx comes to me—preferably one drawn in the tentative academic hand of a late 18th century draftsman copying a frieze or the side of a sarcophagus. For a while, because of a book I was writing, I was obsessed with Leda and the Swan; renderings of these were rare in the markets, so I compromised with Apollo and Diana or processions of gods on the sides of vases. Two years ago in the Marché aux Puces I found a piece of toile de Jouy on which a woman clung to a pillar while a bearded man attempted to drag her onto a boat where a soldier moped at an hourglass. I saw it and it was mine, but the narrative was unclear. Pluto dragging Persephone away? Something gruesome to do with hell? I asked every classicist I knew, but they too were puzzled. Last summer, when it was hot and late in the Puces, I found

(Text continued on page 211)

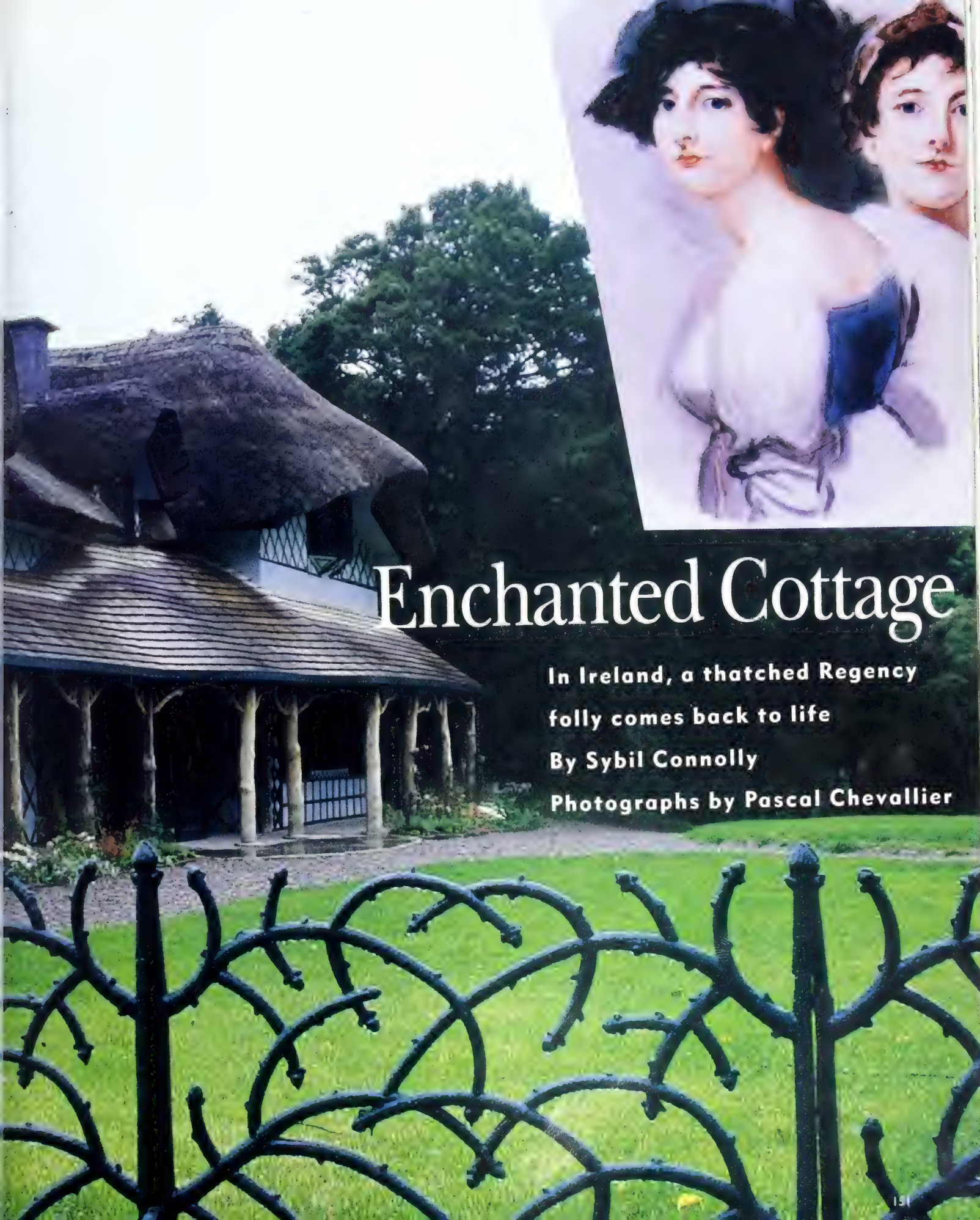
"Whenever anyone I know acquires or is revealed as owning some lusterware, it breaks my heart"





Of her preferred style of entertaining and her lusterware collection, *opposite*, Buck says, "I don't know which came first, the tea parties or the tea services." *Above:* Buck's grandmother's sphinx lamps are on a tea table covered in Italian cloth over a flea market textile "not unrelated to the rug my parents had in London. The Flemish church chair was also theirs. The samovar is actually a Regency coffee urn." *Left:* "Silly little perfume bottles" share a bookcase with the letters of George Sand and first and second editions of Edith Wharton.





Enchanted Cottage

In Ireland, a thatched Regency folly comes back to life

By Sybil Connolly

Photographs by Pascal Chevallier



LEGEND HAS IT THAT the Regency thatched house in County Tipperary curiously known as the Swiss Cottage was designed as a trysting place for an Irish nobleman and his mistress. Although there is nothing definite to substantiate this ancient rumor, the tale still contributes to the romance of the hidden retreat outside the town of Cahir. Its surroundings in the valley of the River Suir remain as pastoral as they were when this folly was built about 1810 for Richard Butler, Lord Cahir, and his wife, Emily, a woman of "great cleverness and beauty" according to the portraitist Sir Thomas Lawrence, who painted her in an unusual double pose. The baron later became the first earl of Glengall, a title that expired upon the death of his son. Generations of a local family continued to tend the cottage as caretakers, but their line too eventually died out, and a damp climate and vandalism took their toll.

Even in a sad state of disrepair, the house, which may well be the work of the architect John Nash, was considered an extraordinary example of the cottage orné, a genre that can be traced back to the rustic fantasy of Marie Antoinette's Hameau at Versailles. Architectural historian Mark Girouard has written of the picturesque style of the cottage at Cahir: "Never has thatch been so enveloping, verandas so rustic, casements so quaintly [illegible] so variegated." Fortunately in the spring of 1985, Sally Sample Aall, an American, visited the Swiss Cottage. Her keen eye for architecture and the decorative arts made her immediately aware of the building's unique qualities, in spite of its drooping roof, shattered windows, and ravaged interior. Concerned about the rapid deterioration of this landmark, a group that included Mrs. Aall, the Irish Georgian Society, the Irish Tourist Board, the Cahir Community Council and William Roth purchased the property early in 1985 and gave it to the government, which had bought the Cahir Park estate some years before. Ireland was in the midst of an economic recession, however, and although the ownership of the cottage was now secure, there seemed to be no way to pay for its restoration.

Discussions with the architect Austin Dunphy and the National Monuments service of the Office of Public Works led to an agreement whereby the Aall family's Port Royal Foundation would contribute substantial funds toward the restoration and redecoration of the cottage.



The south façade of the cottage, *above left*, in a 19th-century engraving. *Above:* A small bedroom papered with Galtee Sidewall, designed by Sybil Connolly for Brunschwig & Fils. Lily of Galtee chintz, also from Brunschwig, covers the early 19th century steel bed. *Opposite:* Restored French wallpaper in the sitting room. *Preceding pages:* The cottage was built c. 1810 for Lord Cahir, later the earl of Glengall. Cast-iron "twig" fences, stickwork between tree trunk columns, and other details attributed to John Nash have been restored. The double portrait depicts Emily, Lady Cahir, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Details see Resources.

As I learned early in my own involvement with the project, everything apart from the outer walls of the Swiss Cottage needed repair or replacement. At the outset a superb craftsman, Hugh O'Neill, completely rethatched the roof. New windows and floors were installed, and the charming spiral staircase to the upper story was reconstructed. An 1814 drawing by J. S. Alpenny provided guidelines for the rebuilding of intricate stickwork, which artfully mimics the appearance of tree branches in verandas and gable ends. Trellises were uncovered on the façades, and a portion of the original cast-iron garden fence—a stylized version of interlacing twigs—was replicated to fill in gaps.

Meanwhile, research began on the early nineteenth century interior. The little information available suggested that, though sparsely furnished, a cottage orné could have surprisingly luxurious details. After all, these pavilions were usually built for the gentry in the parks of their country houses. A perfect example of this luxury at the Swiss Cottage was a glorious Dufour scenic wallpaper that once adorned the sitting room but had long since peeled off into a heap of tatters. Strips of the precious paper were collected by Cahir residents Paddy Walsh and his son Joe, who had regularly visited the cottage to do what they could to prevent further decay. David Skinner of the Celbridge Conservation Studio painstakingly fitted the remnants together to document as much as survived of seven panels depicting life on the Bosporus. After







In keeping with a romantic vision of rustic life, the drawing room mantelpiece simulates tree limbs; the fireboard bears the crest of the earl of Glengall. Branch chairs are custom reproductions of a set, c. 1770, in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The leaf-patterned wallpaper and border are Brunschwig's Tipperary.



exhaustive research on her own, Sally Aall learned of Garth Benton, a Californian who specializes in painting replacements for missing segments of scenic wallpapers and murals. Three original panels were sent on their 5,000-mile journey to the United States, and Benton began the arduous task that would take him more than a year to complete.

The search for appropriately rustic furniture led to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where we located a set of eighteenth-century chairs carved from beechwood, coated in gesso, and painted brown to simulate bark-covered branches. The museum generously loaned one of the chairs to copy and suggested having replicas made at the Sussex workshop of William Kelly. Under Kelly's personal supervision, two craftsmen produced the six chairs that are one of the triumphs of the Swiss Cottage interior.

The National Museum of Ireland in Dublin kindly gave permission to reproduce an Irish toile from its collection. A fragment of the printed cotton, produced by Robinson of Ballsbridge in the 1770s, was adapted for fabric used on the walls and bed in the main bedroom at Cahir. Other fabrics and wallpapers were also based on historical sources—if not of the exact period when the cottage was built, at least reminiscent of the time—or especially created for this setting. Brunschwig & Fils produced all of these textiles and papers and donated them for the restoration. The cottage's new ironstone dinner service, with a coral and ivy motif, was made and presented by Tiffany.

Because of construction delays, there were only seven weeks in which to assemble all the elements of the interior in time for official dedication of the cottage late last summer (it will open to the public this spring). David Skinner skillfully joined the antique wallpaper panels to the newly painted segments and mounted them on the sitting room walls. Michael Lally, after building a sleigh bed and dressing table in the main bedroom, constructed fireboards for Margaret Farmer to paint—John Connolly pored over various Butler crests before the falcon rising from the earl's coronet was emblazoned on the drawing room fireboard. Robert *(Text continued on page 209)*

A balcony, *opposite*, overlooks the valley of the River Suir. Picturesquely rugged posts and railings recall 18th-century English garden follies. *Above:* Dublin Toile from Brunschwig & Fils covers the master bedroom walls as well as a sleigh bed designed by Sybil Connolly. The fabric was adapted from an Irish printed cotton of the 1770s, a precursor of the better-known toile de Jouy.





Private Stock

Jeff Walker, a vice president of Ralph Lauren, creates a look of his own at home

By Peter Wilkinson

Photographs by François Halard

JEFF WALKER REMEMBERS HIS FIRST IMPRESSION OF Ralph Lauren. It was 1974 at a little fashion show in Minneapolis when Lauren was just starting out. He was shy, thought Walker, "very picky" and "a perfectionist." Lauren also had a flair for turning catastrophes into triumphs: when it became clear that no one knew how to tie a formal bow tie, Lauren sent a model down the runway with his tie undone and completed the casual outfit with a cigarette and a glass of champagne.

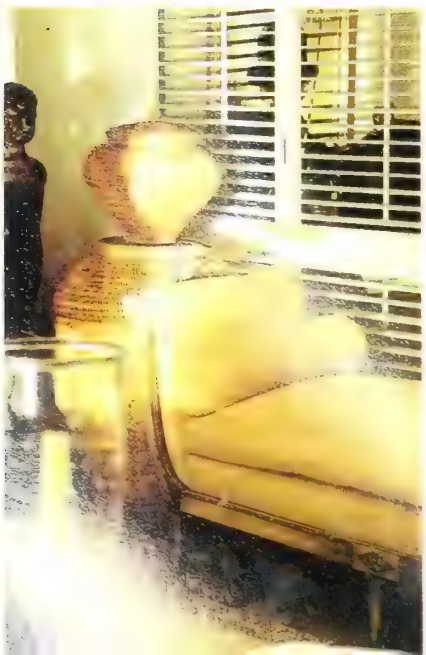
[redacted] company is the most successful of its kind in the [redacted] through $1.5 billion in annual sales, and Walker is "the man who interprets Lauren's dreams." Like all aides-de-camp [redacted] gets paid to remain in the general's shadow, but [redacted] ding Lauren's visual statement, is one of the crucial ingredients in the designer's success. As the vice president of creative services for Polo Ralph Lauren, Walker bears responsibility for the entire Lauren look: the Madison Avenue store interiors, windows, room renovations, fashion [redacted] and Polo shops—everything except advertising. He is also supervising the design

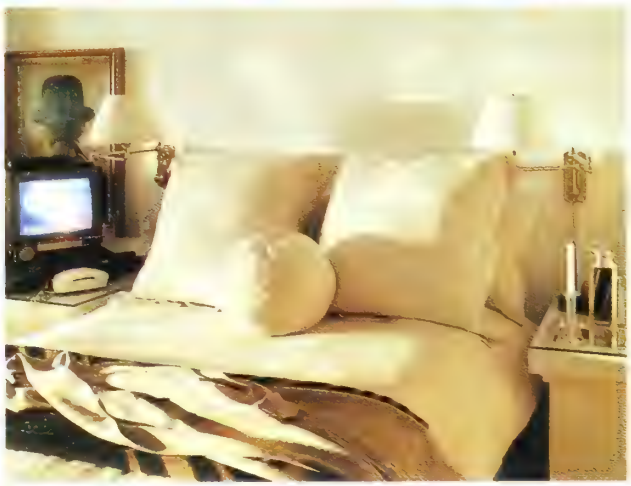




Departing from the classic gentleman's club look he creates for Ralph Lauren, Jeff Walker opted for scrubbed pine and white walls in his apartment. *Above:* His living room unites a rough-hewn 19th-century English butcher's bench with a 1920s French café chair and a sofa slipcovered in canvas from Ralph Lauren Home Collection. *Opposite:* Walker caught in a quiet moment. Details see Resources.







of Lauren's hotly anticipated country house in Bedford, New York, scheduled to be unveiled this fall. "Ralph says, 'I want this,'" explains Walker, "and I give it to him."

The two men have more in common than fashion sense and the same size in everything from clothing to shoes. Walker is just as much of a perfectionist as his boss and equally as picky. Yet one thing they don't share is the same environment; the look Walker creates for Lauren is largely absent from his own surroundings. A 2,500-square-foot ground-floor loft in a landmark turn-of-the-century carriage house on New York's East Side, Walker's apartment has a contemporary feel, more Malibu than Manhattan. Coming in off East 73rd Street, one walks through a dark green door that once led to a stable and now seems to be leading to a garage. After that dark door, entering Walker's place is a shock: fourteen-foot ceilings crown expanses of scrubbed pine and white walls. "It's almost like waking up in a contemporary barn in Provence," says Walker, who spent three years on the design and decorating. The space is populated with old wood and canvas, fleece and straw, French Art Deco dining room chairs covered in suede, Portuguese carvings, and a 1930s photographer's lamp alongside various objects made of whalebone and bisque.

It was in many ways a hit-or-miss undertaking. "A lot of color came in and a lot of color came out," says Walker of the decoration. "A lot of serapes came in and a lot went out." A lot of painted furniture met with the same fate. "There's everything in the apartment from Italian *(Text continued on page 210)*

Suede-upholstered dining chairs, *top left*, c. 1935, by Jacques Adnet and a 1930s photographer's lamp surround an early 19th century French Canadian pine table. *Far left:* An American folk art mannequin stands guard over an Italian Neoclassical récamier and African straw baskets. *Left:* A natural linen from the 1920s and subdued stripes set the tone in the bedroom. *Right:* In the living room a French tole bird spreads its wings on a desk by John Dickenson. Louis XV chairs are in leather from Ralph Lauren Home Collection. Apple rush matting from Stark.





Travels with Matisse

In 1912 and 1913 the painter went to Morocco to rediscover himself and the world. A major exhibition of some seventy paintings and drawings from those years reveals his success. **By Rosamond Bernier**



A detail, *above*, from *Two Drawings of a Smoker at the Window*, 1912/1913. *Opposite:* The artist's favorite Moroccan model, Zorah, sits impassively on what could be a blue magic carpet in *On the Terrace*, 1912/1913. Matisse would include a bowl of goldfish in a number of major paintings. *Preceding pages:* The artist and his wife, Amélie, on their second trip to Morocco in 1912–13. *Landscape Viewed from a Window*, 1912/1913, was painted from Matisse's hotel room in Tangier.

MATISSE, H. WAS THE NAME on the passenger list. His profession: painter. His age: 42. The ship: the SS *Ridjani*, outward bound from Marseilles. The port of arrival: Tangier, Morocco. The date: January 29, 1912. The arrival time: 3:00 P.M. Coming down the gangplank, H. Matisse and his wife had no complaints. They had eaten well and passed a comfortable night. The barometer bore only good news.

In no time at all Morocco would reveal itself to Matisse, just as it had revealed itself to Pierre Loti, the orientalizing French writer whose book *Morocco* had been so wonderfully persuasive. Loti foretold that he would ride on a horse up to its chest in flowers. Huge armfuls of them would be his, and he wouldn't even have to dismount to get them. Alfalfa and irises, lavender and asphodels would be everywhere. He would come to prize the leaves of the acanthus, previously known to him only from Corinthian columns in art school. Nature would put in his way a white, pink, and blue rug of daisies, mallows, and gentians, as yet unmarred by human passage. It was to be the definitive journey.

And definitive it almost was, though not in the way that Matisse had hoped for. Five days after stepping ashore he wrote to his friend and fellow painter Albert Marquet: "Ah, Tangier, Tangier! I wish I had the courage to get the hell out of here!" For the barometer had played him false. "Shall we ever see the sun in Morocco?" he wrote to another friend, Gertrude Stein, as the rain poured down day after day; the light was "as bright as in a cellar."

If Matisse had taken the next boat home, as he almost did, it would have been a catastrophe for him and a misfortune for us. He would not have turned the tables so quickly on the Parisian art world, which had begun to look upon him as played out. Nor should we now be looking forward to "Matisse in Morocco," the exhibition of more than twenty paintings and nearly fifty drawings that can be seen at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. (Mar. 18–June 3), at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (June 24–Sept. 4), at the State Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, Moscow (Sept. 28–Nov. 20), and at the State Hermitage Museum in Leningrad (Dec. 15–Feb. 15, 1991).

It is fundamental to this exhibition that for the first time the relevant paintings from Moscow and Leningrad will be presented in this country as an ensemble. It is also fundamental that for the first time the drawings Matisse made in Morocco will be on view. It was not his habit to make drawings of this sort while on his travels and, as is carefully set out in the catalogue by Jack Cowart of the National Gallery, they elucidate much that has hitherto been obscure.

What Matisse wanted from Morocco was that it would tell him something indispensable about himself. "In Tangier," he said many years later, "I always had the same thing in mind. . . the search for myself, through the probing of various motifs." And though no one could call Matisse one of nature's humorists, we know from a drawing discovered not long ago and included in the show that he saw the irony of his walking into an unmistakably North African square, sitting down on his painting stool, opening his box of colors, and setting to work. The tailcoat in the drawing may be apocryphal, but the scene as a whole rings true.

What was quite unexpected was that Matisse would paint so many large, important, and majestic pictures in such a short time. Normally, to go to a new place and a new atmosphere would throw him completely. "One cannot simply take one's color scheme and one's system to a new place and apply it," he had said after a two-week visit to Algeria in 1905. (Not until 1907 did he paint his *Blue Nude*, which drew upon the memory of the oasis in Biskra.) His visits to London yielded nothing. His visits to New York, nothing. As for the South Seas, which Matisse visited in 1930, it was to be many years before he could come to terms with the experience.

Quite clearly, something extraordinary happened to him in Morocco. He was there twice in quick succession—from late January to late April in 1912 and again from early October 1912 to mid February 1913. A third visit, planned for the fall of 1913, was canceled in response to his innate, lifelong, and unfailing sense of when enough was enough for his development as an artist. As he wrote to another painter friend, Charles Camoin, "I should have been led to disperse myself by the journey, the change of climate, and the experience of new sights that excite us primarily by their picturesqueness."

To say no to the picturesque was a cardinal rule with Matisse. By the standards of Morocco in our own day, Tangier and its environs in 1912 were completely unspoiled—absolutely, infallibly, pristinely picturesque. But whereas Matisse's great predecessor Eugène Delacroix often went along with the picturesque in his sketchbooks when he was in Morocco in 1832, Matisse resisted it.

Painting the city of Tangier, he did not edit out its more evident landmarks—St. Andrew's English church, for instance, or the tower of the mosque or the walls of the Casbah. But he did not describe them either. What he asked of Morocco was not that it should look exotic but that it should make it possible for him to paint in a new way and, in so doing, to be true to himself.

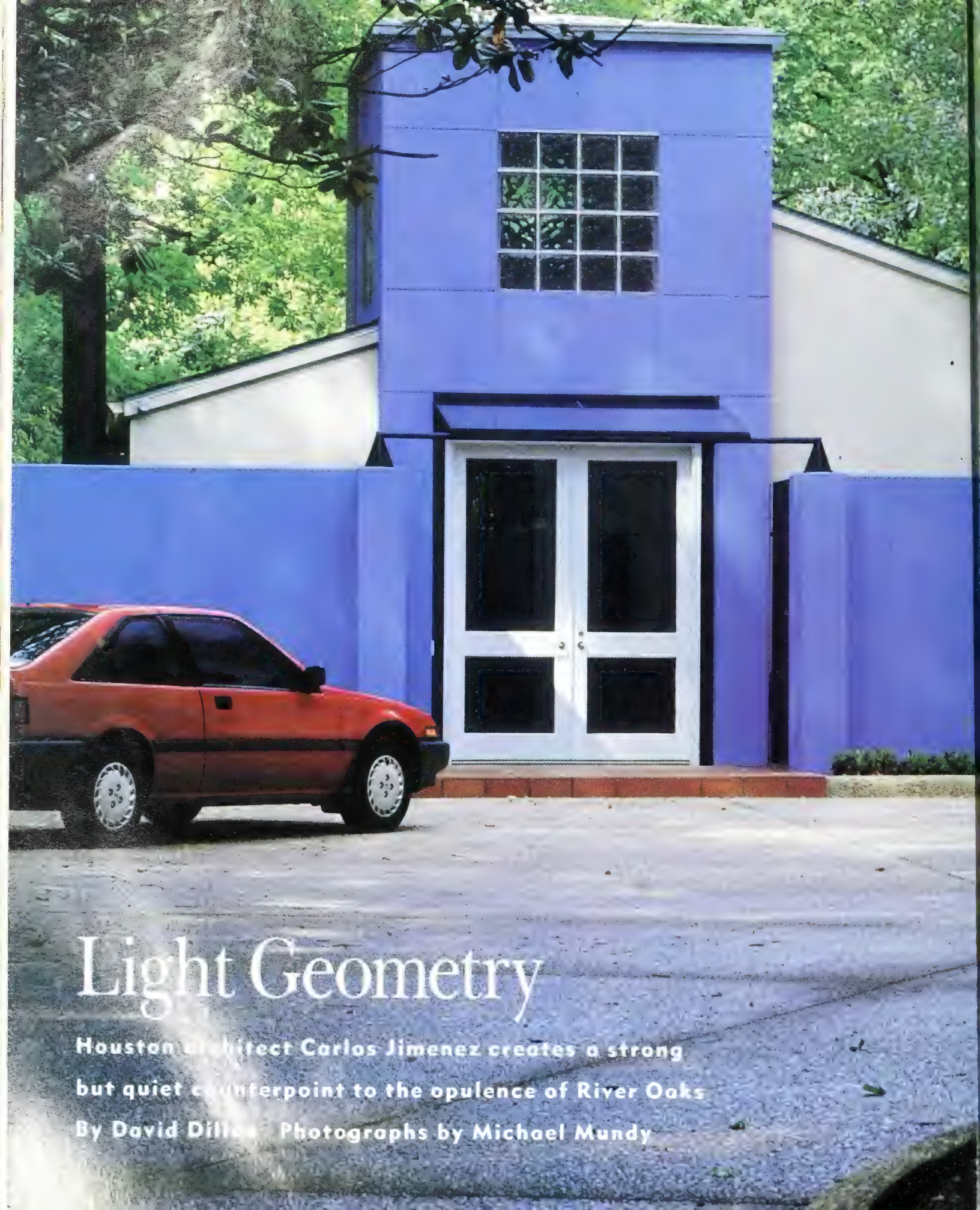
It was the advantage of travel, he said in 1930, that the balance of his mental operations was *(Text continued on page 202)*





Self-portrait of the artist in an Eastern milieu: *H. Matisse by H.* [illegible] 1912. One of 42 drawings in the exhibition that have never been shown, the sketch depicts Matisse rendering a Muslim saint's tomb. *Opposite: Zorah Standing,* 1912. Islam forbade "respectable" women to appear unveiled, so the artist could only call on non-Muslims or prostitutes, such as Zorah became, for female subjects.

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Light Geometry

Houston architect Carlos Jimenez creates a strong but quiet counterpoint to the opulence of River Oaks

By David Dillon Photographs by Michael Mundy



SUBTLETY IN HOUSTON'S RIVER OAKS is about as common as rock music in a monastery. The neighborhood is an enclave of relentless architectural overstatement where typically nothing less than a manse or a château will do. Yet in the midst of all this pretension, on a winding cul-de-sac overlooking Buffalo Bayou, sits a stucco house of quiet sophistication. It has none of the strutting street presence of its neighbors: if it weren't for its red mailbox and blue entry wall, few people would give the house a second look. This is precisely the impression architect Carlos Jimenez wanted to create—not of reticence so much as of serenity and self-possession. "I conceived of this house as a retreat," he says, "even though it is close to freeways and only ten minutes from downtown Houston."

Jimenez grew up in San José, Costa Rica, and had thoughts of becoming a priest until he discovered his true calling. When his sister won a scholarship to Vanderbilt University in Nashville, he went along to study architecture. But he grew homesick and eventually moved to Houston, where Latin American influences are stronger. Jimenez graduated from the University of Houston College of Architecture in 1981 and shortly thereafter set up a small office in the Montrose area near the city's museums and Rice University.

He prefers to call it a studio to underscore the intimate craftsmanly way he goes about designing. What might be arty cant from another architect comes across as deep personal commitment. "I'm consumed by architecture," he explains in a soft, almost conspiratorial voice. "I live in the middle of it. I doubt that I could ever run a big office because I could never give up control of the design process." Jimenez makes his way quietly in Houston, working with assis-

Calm, cool, and only ten minutes from downtown Houston, the house is unobtrusively nestled alongside Buffalo Bayou. The original residence was stripped of its brick and wood façade, re-covered in tan stucco, and given a blue entry wall and tower to enliven the simple exterior planes. The garage was converted to include a two-bedroom guesthouse, at right.





In the living room, flat and cathedral ceilings and a multitude of windows create a dawn-to-dusk light show. Plain round columns divide two seating areas, one with Josef Hoffmann chairs, the other with Knoll chairs designed in the 1960s by Sebastian Matta. The painting is by Derek Boshier, an English artist working in Houston. Details see Resources.



"Light is the most essential architectural tool to me," says Jimenez









A window in the dining room, *above*, rises up and scoops out a section of the vaulted ceiling. *Right from top:* A Mel Chin sculpture in the living room; the courtyard between house and guesthouse; a Chuck Close portrait of Philip Glass.

tant Dominique Brousseau on houses, additions, the occasional commercial job. [illegible] has been a workshop for the Houston Fine Art Press. His background in architectural building has many of the qualities of Jimenez's residential work—simple forms, economical use of materials, and planes of primary colors set off by the deft manipulation of natural light.

It was through this job that Jimenez met the clients for the Buffalo Bayou house—a Houston businessman and his wife, who is active in the local art community. The couple had modern but not avant-garde tastes and an impressive small collection of contemporary art. And just before meeting Jimenez, they had acquired a splendidly situated—and largely unworkable—house on the bayou. Designed in the late 1950s by the office of O'Neil Ford in San Antonio (at the time the leading interpreters of Texas vernacular architecture), the house was sheathed in wood siding and Mexican brick. It was also rather solipsistic in plan, focused on an enclosed study and a massive living room fireplace instead of on the lush landscape outside. The only good views of the bayou were from the master bedroom.

The clients debated whether to demolish the original house and start over or to reconstruct it to fit their needs. Once they discovered that under the zoning laws for new construction their master bedroom would be illegal, the decision was made. Jimenez approached the job like an archaeologist, peeling off the wood siding and removing the Mexican brick until he got back to the foundation and the outline of the original structure—a ruin in a tropical rain forest. He re-covered the house in tan stucco, interrupted by an occasional blue plane in the manner of the Mexican architects Ricardo Legorreta and Luis Barragán, and added a tower over the front door to break up the monotonous horizontality of the original house. The garage was converted to include a guesthouse with two bedrooms and a small living room, and a formal swimming pool will eventually be a natural pond with *(Text continued on page 209)*



Celebrated for his voluptuous, unrestrained bouquets, floral designer Kenneth Turner creates one of his signature arrangements in the drawing room of his Victorian house in London. *Opposite:* Turner's sunface sculpture radiates warmth in his English cottage-style garden, which is divided into five contiguous sections.



International Harvester

London-based designer Kenneth Turner sows the seeds of floral fashion worldwide

By Christopher Petkanas

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache

A HALF CENTURY AGO CONSTANCE Spry introduced the idea that flowers in a vase did not have to emulate the nervous, unnatural rigidity of darts stuck in a dart board. Cut flowers, she insisted, should be handled in a loose countrified way that recalled rather than denied how they looked before they exited the garden. Today, Kenneth Turner is fast-forwarding Spry's creed and setting new standards that his confreres in the floral capitals of the world are desperate to equal. Celebrated for his unrestrained arrangements and his eclectic marriages of materials, Turner says that before Spry came along floral design was a torturer's métier: "Every daffodil and tulip was wired until it stood up and saluted. Spry broke away from all that pristine formality and made everyone else look silly."

But Kenneth Turner, who was born in Northern Ireland and exerts his far-reaching flower power from an atelier on London's Brook Street, is more than just a latter-day Spry with the volume turned up. "To my eye, her work was always rather precious, but I'm more flamboyant," Turner says, arranging a bouquet of big bosomy hydrangea heads, elegant branches of senecio foliage, and pink and orange lilies that make no apology for having jabbed you in the eye with color. "I'll go to a client's house for a meeting and the woman will say, 'Oh, I thought I'd like a dried arrangement over here, and how about a fresh one over there?' I say, 'How about a couple of thick moss ropes and two wonderfully elaborate eighteenth-century-style bellpulls made out of nuts and mushrooms?' "

By his own reckoning, Turner has launched at least as many trends in the





field of floral design as there are species of roses in his abundant garden. "The idea of using topiaries, dried herbs, wildflowers, and vegetables in combination with conventional flowers—that was all me," he says.

When he is not taking tea and designing extravagant party decorations for power hostesses such as Susan Gutfreund in New York and Princess Michael of Kent in London, Turner can frequently be found making improvements on the garden of his 1880s Victorian brick house overlooking Wandsworth Common in the southwest of London. This is the "country cottage" he settled on in 1983 after a two-year search for a real country place in Sussex. With a goal of integrating his new house with its outdoor horticultural attractions, Turner added a ground-floor conservatory/dining room. He also made one big room of the basement kitchen which now serves as a private vitrine for his signature floral and vegeta-

Turner's kitchen, *opposite above,* is filled with a potpourri of his horticultural designs, ranging from potted artichokes to a bouquet of daisies trimmed with carrots, onions, and garlic. Bundles of dried herbs are piled above the cabinets. *Opposite below:* In the conservatory/dining room, Gothic windows are enhanced by greenery inside and out. Against an ivy-patterned cloth of Turner's design, the table is set with Herend china, blackamoor vases, and Victorian candelabras. *Below:* Turner with his dogs, Bumble and Wags. *Right:* Geraniums, fuchsia, and rhododendrons frame a pedestal with a bay tree behind. Details see Resources.



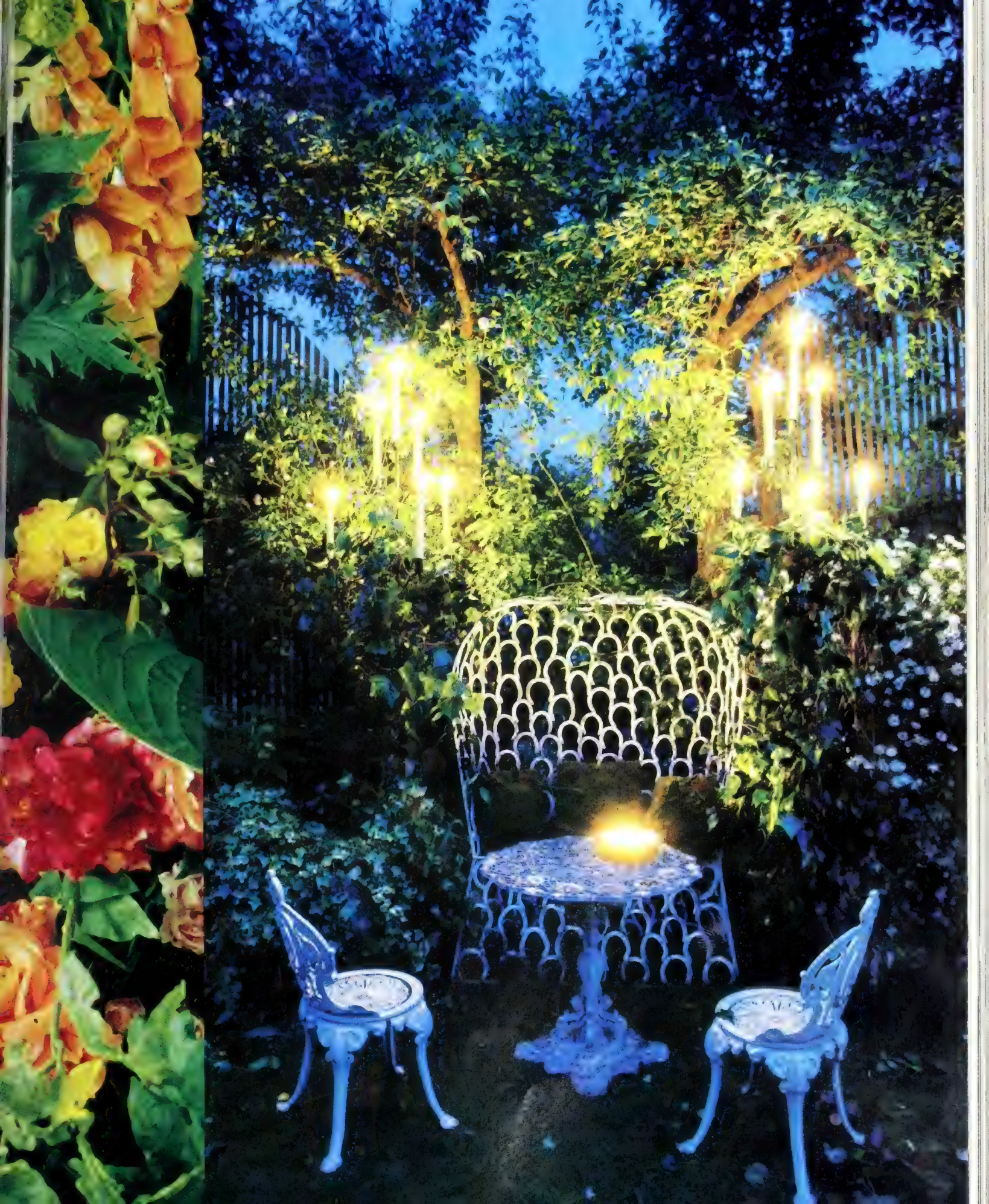
ble compositions and bundles of dried herbs, hops, and peppers. The provenance of many of these botanicals is Turner's own garden, originally an abandoned wilderness behind his house. Measuring 175 by 35 feet, the plot is both long and narrow by London garden standards—a liability he turned to advantage by creating five contiguous garden rooms that disguise the thorny proportions.

The pot garden, the room nearest the house, is paved with gray Yorkshire stone and furnished with an apple tree almost one hundred years old as well as a frail floribunda rose encircling a bust of the Roman emperor Hadrian's lover Antinoüs. Next to it, the blue and white garden—what Turner calls the walk-through because there's hardly enough room for a group of people to stand and chat—makes its boldest decorative impact with ceanothus, a showstopping climber that releases a waterfall of pale blue flowers in summer. Two bay trees flank the entrance to a room edged with borders of delphiniums, foxgloves, peonies, and hellebores, while the adjacent shrub garden is planted with blazing azaleas, alabaster camellias, and a lovely old pear tree entwined with the rose named for Constance Spry. The end of this pleasure garden, as Turner calls it, is marked by a row of *×Cupressocyparis leylandii* that borders a working garden associated with another set of pleasures—gustatory ones. Flourishing in this room are spinach, carrots, red and black currants, peas, broad beans, blackberries, and many more.

Kenneth Turner, who recently told all in *Flower Style* (published last fall by Weidenfeld & Nicolson), says his imitators are legion but that they do "such a lousy job I can't even be bothered to care." Instead, he simply quickens the tempo, leaving trails of petals and acorns and artichokes everywhere from Kensington Palace to his own backyard. ♠ *Editor: Judy Brittain*

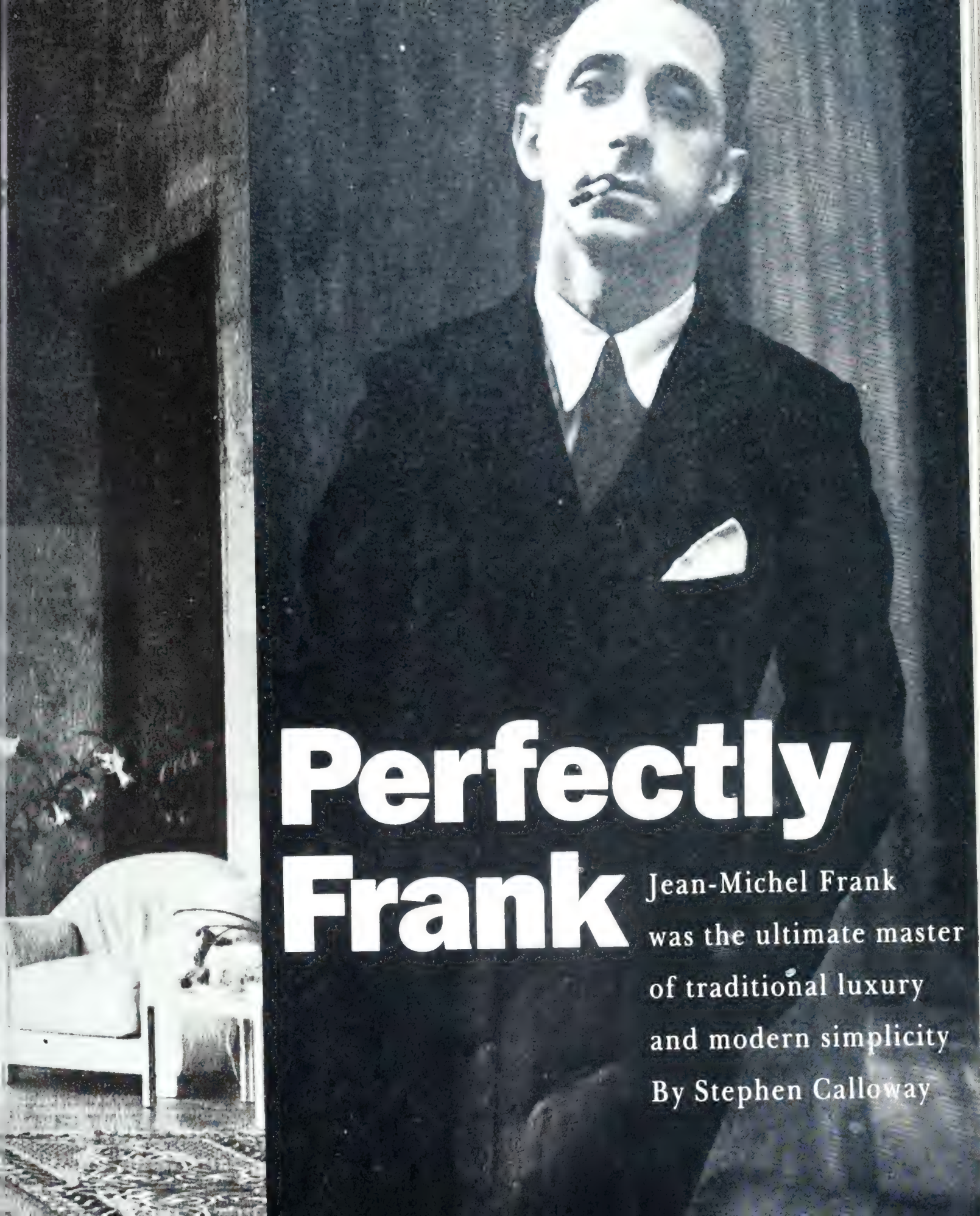


Detail of a Turner arrangement of peonies, foxgloves, roses, and delphiniums, *right*, all from his garden. *Far right:* Turner's iron candelabras entwined with ivy shed an otherworldly light on a vintage horseshoe bench and a cast-iron ensemble.





Jean-Michel Frank, *opposite*, in 1935. *Below:* A Man Ray photograph shows the Paris salon of Vicomte Charles de Noailles and his wife, Marie-Laure, as Frank originally designed it in 1929–30. The room epitomizes the decorator's exquisite restraint and meticulous craftsmanship. Vellum-sheathed walls and monumental bronze doors set off oversize furniture upholstered in a pale woven fabric. Low tables are clad in bleached leather, lacquer, and shagreen hammered to a metallic finish.



Perfectly Frank

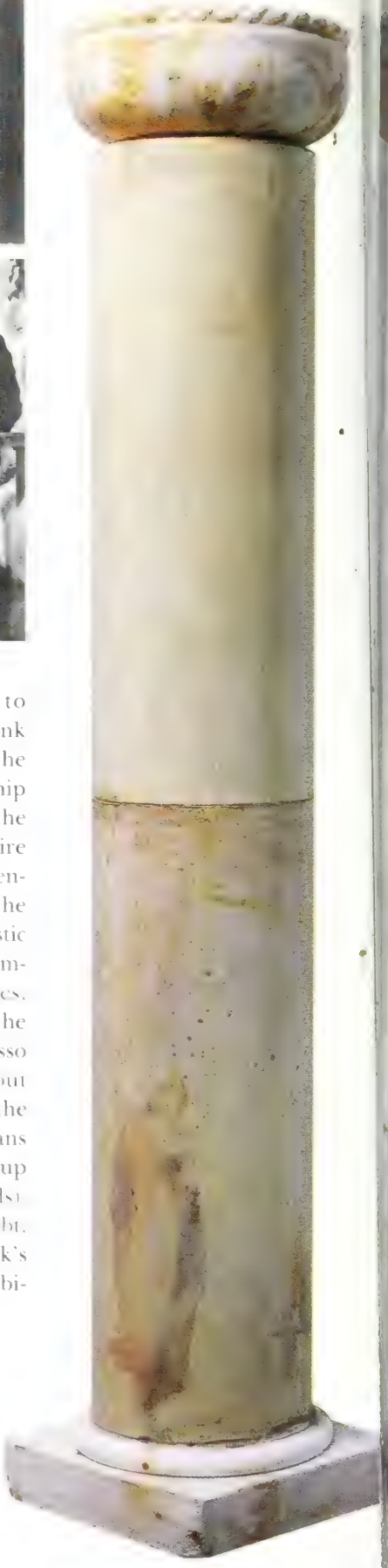
Jean-Michel Frank was the ultimate master of traditional luxury and modern simplicity

By Stephen Calloway









"THROW OUT AND KEEP THROWING OUT. ELEGANCE MEANS elimination," said Madame Eugenia Errazuriz. Though this could be the opening line of one of Ronald Firbank's slim and precious novels, it is in fact one of the most cruel utterances in the history of twentieth-century taste. These words were spoken by a woman whom many regard as the very quintessence of chic to a young man who would become, in the space of no more than a dozen years, the most revered decorator of his age. Everyone who came into contact with this extraordinary grande dame from Chile was fascinated by her; many were influenced to some degree by her highly personal sense of style, but for Jean-Michel Frank—32 years old, moody and something of a dandy, decidedly artistic and yet unsure of what to do with his life—her friendship was to prove decisive.

The curious blend of extreme cultivation and underlying sadness, which all who knew Frank have described, may have stemmed from a succession of events that began during World War I. He was much loved brothers were both killed in action, shortly after which their father took his own life. Then, only four years later, in 1919, his mother died in the asylum to which she had retreated. Frank found himself alone and with the means to indulge in scholarship or any aspect of the arts. At the same time he had a great desire to travel and forget, which eventually led him to Venice where he fell in with the glittering artistic circle surrounding the great impresario of the Ballets Russes, Serge Diaghilev. In this milieu he became acquainted with Picasso and Stravinsky, as throughout his life he was to be drawn to the company of artists and musicians (several composers in the group Les Six were later close friends).

There can be no doubt, however, that Frank's emergence as the arbi-



A blackboard hangs from a Surrealist sconce in Frank's office, *opposite. Top right:* The shop in the Faubourg Saint Honoré. *Above left:* A Giacometti shell lamp behind a Frank table and stool in the shop. *Above right:* From left: Alberto Giacometti and Frank with associates Emilio Terry, Jean Radiguet, Christian Bérard, Adolphe Chanaux and Diego Giacometti. *Bottom right:* A Louis XVI period chair in the collection of Stephen Sills. *Below:* A living room designed by Frank and Georges Hugnet in 1935. Seen here is a design for Eugenia Errazuriz's collection of Pre-Columbian art. [Photos: Stephen Sills and James Hamilton]


Envoyer le
parapluie
à Cécile Mondl
Vendredi soir
au plus tard


Frank subscribed to the dictum that "you can most luxuriously install a room by unfurnishing it"

By 1944, when Cecil Beaton photographed Madame de Noailles in her salon, *left*, with novelist Philip Toynbee and cellist Maurice Gendron, she and her husband had embellished Frank's chaste design with antiques and avant-garde paintings. Above the mantel is a Balthus; at right, a Bérard is suspended from gilt chains.







Unexpected contrasts of texture were a hallmark of Frank's style. In his own salon of 1930, *above*, straw applied to the ceiling and walls suggests grained marquetry. Dark gypsum tables are placed among chairs, a sofa, and a screen covered in white leather. *Below:* Vellum walls in the Noailles' dining room are a subtle foil to macassar ebony furniture and a Modernist carpet laid on old parquet. *Far left:* A 1936 bronze standing lamp with ornamental pinecone by Alberto Giacometti. *Left:* A columnar plaster lamp by the same sculptor.



JEAN-MICHEL FRANK (EDITIONS DU REGARD)





When Schiaparelli graduated to a grand apartment, she called Frank

ter elegantiae of Paris between the wars owed more to what he learned in the company of Eugenia Errazuriz than to the influence of the art world.

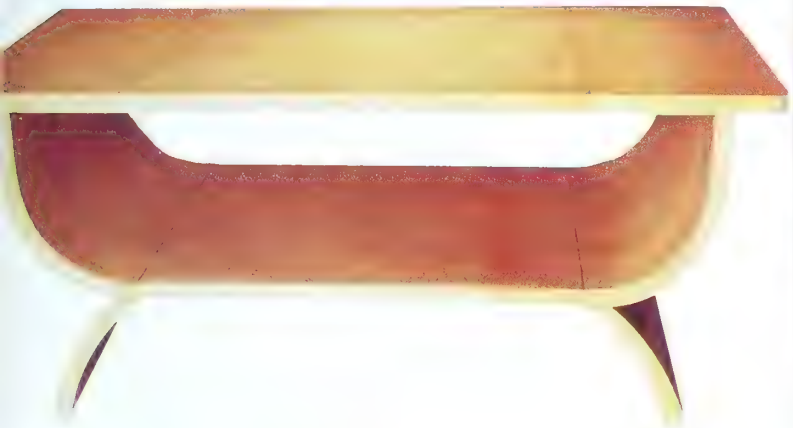
Cecil Beaton, who also fell under the spell of Madame Errazuriz, wrote many years later in *The Glass of Fashion* about the way in which this remarkable character arranged her houses and organized her life. By the time Frank met her she was already old, having come to Europe from South America in the 1880s. Intermittently rich, she always spent freely, and yet she lived without ostentation, blending the instincts of peasant and patrician with consummate ease. Her rooms were sparsely furnished; she abhorred sofas and suites of furniture. A few interesting chairs, garden flowers, and a desk equipped with a fine inkwell sufficed. Plain inexpensive fabrics hung without elaboration at the windows, and the unadorned floors always had a just-scrubbed look. Everything, Beaton remembered, was fresh and smelled sweet. Frank was captivated by the simplicity and perfection of it all. He had found his vocation.

He was eager to put into practice what he had learned from his mentor, mixing the best of the old and the best of the new—sleek modern lighting fixtures, for example, with the unpretentious but supremely elegant provincial fruitwood furniture of the era of Louis XVI. The search for furnishings for his own apartment in the rue de Verneuil brought Frank to the decorator Adolphe Chanaux. It was a propitious meeting. Trained in the mainstream of smart Parisian decoration, Chanaux had worked with several of the most celebrated designers of the twenties, including Groult and Ruhlmann, heroes of the great 1925 Exposition des Arts Décoratifs. Soon Frank and Chanaux were talking not just of decorating the rue de Verneuil apartment but of opening a shop in which to sell individual pieces they would design and make. It was to be a showcase too for the work of Frank's artistic friends.

In 1932, after a year of collaboration, the doors of the shop opened at 140 rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré near the salon of Frank's new friend Coco Chanel. From the outset the aesthetic effect was crisp, modern, and chic—an image curiously at odds with the relaxed clublike atmosphere that led many of the firm's associates to spend much of their time lounging on the long low cream-colored sofas. Photographs of the time show Frank and Chanaux happily chatting in the shop, sur-

LEFT FROM JEAN-MICHEL FRANK (EDITIONS DU REGARD); RIGHT, COLLECTION VIOLLET







e smart decorator of the moment, to create new and sensational effects

rounded by the "regulars"—the painter Christian Bérard, architect Emilio Terry, sculptor Alberto Giacometti, and his brother, Diego, the designer, all of whom made significant contributions to the evolving Jean-Michel Frank style.

At first there was a spare rectilinear feel to the projects they undertook, which owed much to Frank's early admiration for Le Corbusier's buildings and, more especially, to the highly abstract work of the architect Robert Mallet-Stevens. The latter had designed a Modernist country house in concrete at Hyères for Vicomte Charles de Noailles and his wife, Marie-Laure, and it is probably through Mallet-Stevens that Frank secured commissions to decorate rooms there and in the Noailles' eighteenth-century Paris town house, the Hôtel Bischoffsheim, on the place des États-Unis.

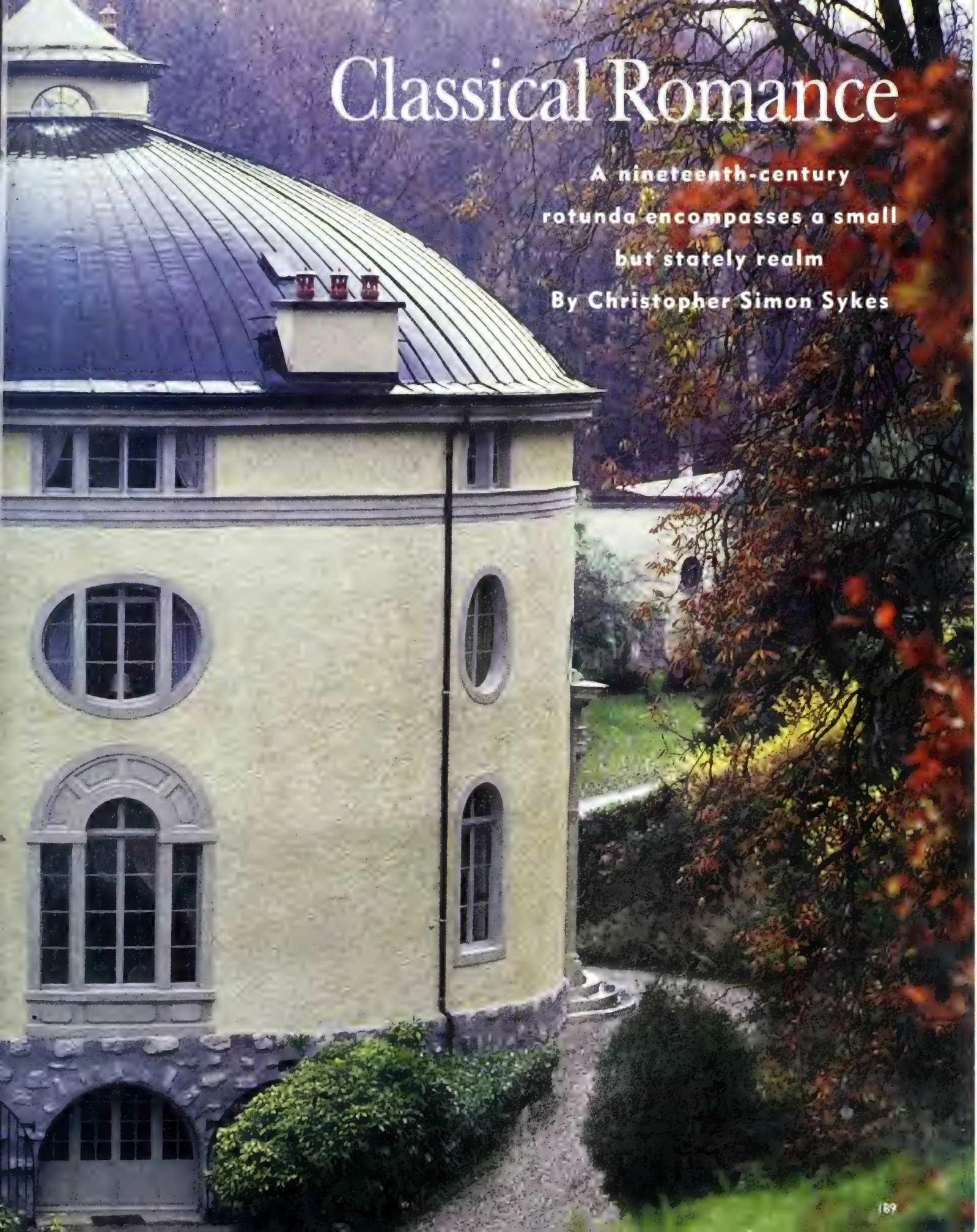
Even as early as 1929, when news of the just-completed salon in the Paris house began to circulate, it was widely realized that Frank had created one of the most important modern interiors. The room, as it first appeared, was the perfect expression of Frank's early taste. Everything spoke of a completely understated luxury—austere in its monumental geometry and, at the same time, as *(Text continued on page 208)*

In Elsa Schiaparelli's couture salon, *above,* and in her apartment, *top left,* Frank contrasted bold modern lighting fixtures with elaborate 19th-century moldings and baroque swags and tassels of his own. *Above left:* A double table surfaced in parchment, c. 1928, is gracefully devoid of historical references. *Below:* Shagreen enriches the plain geometry of a writing table and chair. *Opposite right:* Schiaparelli in 1936 at a Frank desk. *Opposite left:* Frank's vases and lamps were inspired by Egyptian and Classical antiquities as well as the latest Cubist sculpture.





Villa La Gordanne is a copy of Belle Isle, an 18th-century house in the English Lake District, which was modeled on the Pantheon in Rome. The villa, overlooking Lake Geneva, was commissioned c. 1800 by a Monsieur Perrotet, who had seen engravings of Belle Isle in a book by its architect, John Plaw.



Classical Romance

A nineteenth-century rotunda encompasses a small but stately realm

By Christopher Simon Sykes





On an island in the middle of Lake Windermere, one of the most picturesque parts of the English Lake District, stands an extraordinary house. It is a Palladian rotunda, begun about 1774 by the architect John Plaw, soon after his return from studies in Italy. A young heiress who later used the house as a summer villa gave it the enchanting name Belle Isle. Plaw published his designs for the house in the book *Rural Architecture*, and it thus inspired other buildings in the same style. The most famous of these is Ickworth in Suffolk, built by the eccentric Earl Bishop of Derry, but the least well known must be the charming Villa La Gordanne on the banks of Lake Geneva, recently renovated by a retired shipping magnate, Bluey Mavroleon, and his French wife, Caroline.

"I first saw this gem of a house," Mavroleon recalls, "when I came here from England in 1976, and I used to slow down to admire it. It had a rather desolate run-down air about it. The shutters were always closed, the park was overgrown, there was bamboo all over the place. Everything was in total dilapidation. I imagined an old lady living there with hundreds of cats." Although he had no idea at the time that the round house, as he called it, was a copy of one in Britain, he was attracted by the Swiss villa's similarity to the kind of house built by eighteenth-century Englishmen just back from the grand tour. He never forgot La Gordanne but had no thoughts of buying it until one day, some years later when he was again in Switzerland, his wife told him that she had been to see an extraordinary round house with which she had instantly fallen in love. "My God," he said, "it's the one I've been looking at for years. It's the only house here that reminds me of England. I'm absolutely mad about it."

It turned out that the Villa La Gordanne was for sale. It had been used only occasionally by the owner, a Swiss lady who would invite friends over for drinks on summer weekends. It was impossible to live in during the winter: there was no heating, no proper plumbing, no kitchen, and the electrical system was inadequate. An attempt had been made to rescue the house by renting it out to someone who had agreed to restore it in return for paying virtually no rent, but this arrangement had not worked out—which paved the way for the Mavroleons to buy La Gordanne in 1985.

"People thought we were crazy," says Mrs. Mavroleon, "but I am used to restoring. If only you had seen the chalet in France that I once redecorated. It was a cowshed, dirt everywhere, but I wasn't scared at all. I thought *this* house was in very good shape." The restoration took a year, a remarkably short time, considering that it had to be carried out within the strict guidelines set by Swiss historic preservation commis-

Family and guests gather for drinks in the oval drawing room, decorated under the guidance of Tom Parr of Colefax & Fowler. Walls with a scagliola finish applied in the 1830s rise to a Neoclassical cornice and ceiling. The chandelier, c. 1802, hangs above a Louis XVI armchair and an 18th-century Italian console table behind the blue sofa. A banquette and tufted armchairs are in Cowtan & Tout's Bowood. Lamps are 19th century Italian. Details see Resources.





Arches in the vaulted dining room, once the owner's office, border frescoes of Italian landscapes and antique architecture painted c. 1830. Louis XVI–style chairs surround a table set for luncheon, in front of cupboards filled with a collection of Vieux Paris porcelain. *Opposite:* Outside the Ionic portico, Bluey Mayroleon sweeps leaves, a favorite pastime.



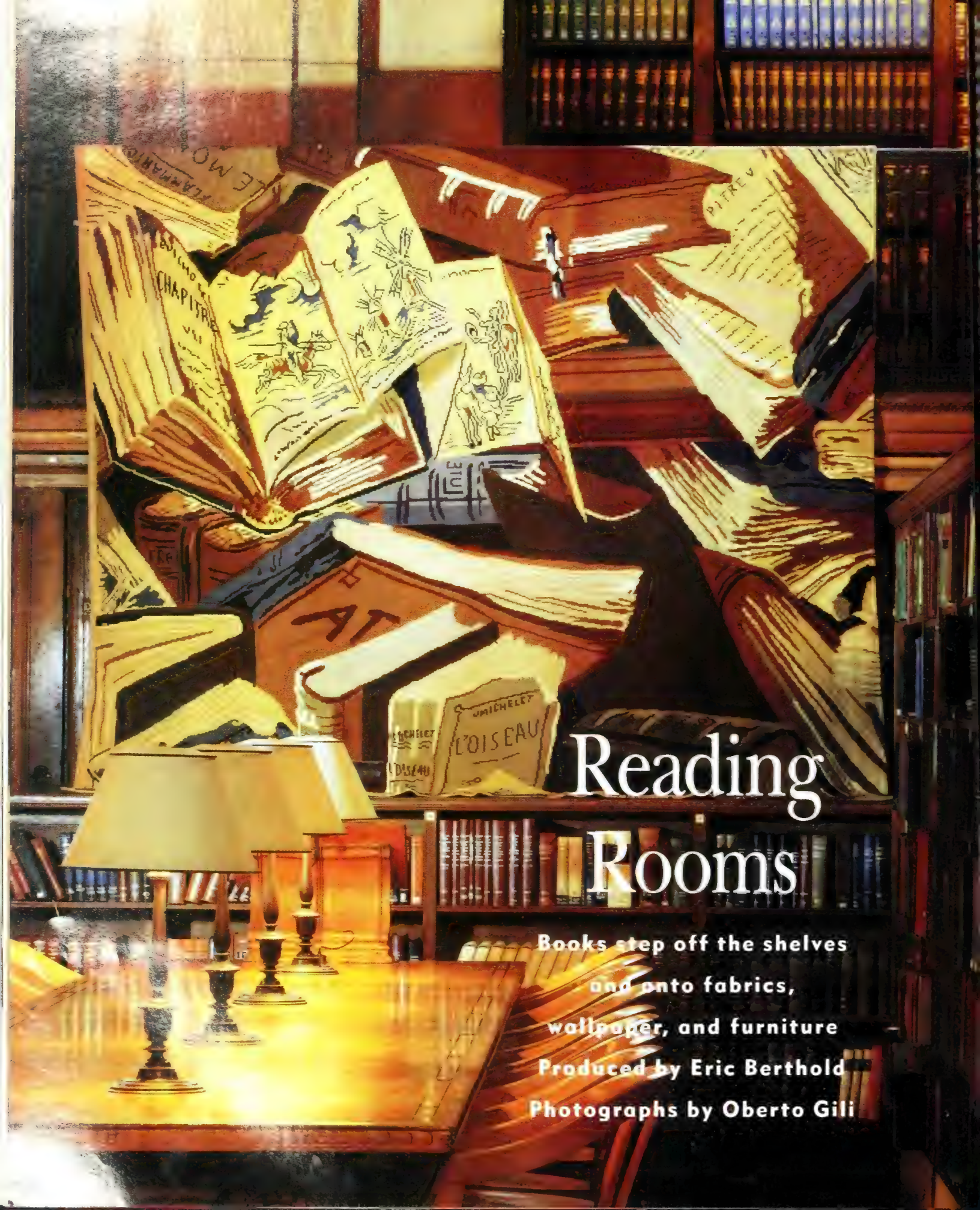




sions. This meant that the new owners were not allowed to touch any of the original fabric of the building. "For example, all the bathrooms now have a step up into them—not to make them look modern or trendy but because raised floors allowed the placement of all the pipes without damaging the structure." While the project was under way, the Mavroleons camped in a small farmhouse on the property: "We needed to make sure it was all done properly. Everything has been put back exactly as it was. The windowpanes, the doorknobs, the service bells were all done in the old way."

When the house was finally ready to be decorated, Bluey Mavroleon's only stipulation was that it have a predominantly English atmosphere. This has been achieved with the help of Tom Parr and Vivien Greenock of Colefax & Fowler, who concentrated on the major rooms of the piano nobile (the ground floor houses an office and a winter garden). The hall, whose pale apricot walls reflect the color of the stucco on the exterior, soars to a cupola skylight above a rustic oak staircase. At the south end of the hall, glass doors lead to the sunny oval drawing room, which opens *Text continued on page 211*

Caroline Mavroleon, *above*, on the terrace with her West Highland terrier, Gertie, and Galahad, a Siberian husky. The Classical bench is one of a set installed between the columns in the 19th century to take the place of a balustrade. *Left:* The main guest room, once the library, is upstairs in the cupola. Behind the colonnade, whose dark woodwork has been painted, is a copy of an antique Zuber scenic wallpaper. The 19th-century lit à la polonaise was found for the Mavroleons by Swiss decorator Gérard Bach.



Reading Rooms

Books step off the shelves and onto fabrics, wallpaper, and furniture

Produced by Eric Berthold

Photographs by Oberto Gili



"Books do furnish a room," British novelist Anthony Powell once wrote, and scholars, bibliophiles, and lovers of beauty alike would agree. Draped from a second-story balustrade, *opposite*, the scattered tomes covering Bernard Magniant's latest wool needlepoint rug for Casa Lopez, NYC, make the volumes in the main reading room of the New York Public Library look Lilliputian. *Right: The Librarian*, painted by Giuseppe Arcimboldo c. 1566, depicts Wolfgang Lazius, an important intellectual of the Habsburg court, as a collection of books and pages. Details see Resources.


DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING







Faux books, *opposite*, complement their readable counterparts at the New York Public Library. Hanging from the molding is a trompe l'oeil bookshelf hand-painted on canvas for Chelsea House. At the lower left are two wallpapers from Westgate; the Brunschwig & Fils paper at lower right by Richard Neas features a title by the artist himself. *Above:* A book is transformed into a sculptural vignette at left when its contents are removed and replaced with miniature shelves, books, and bric-à-brac, from Christophe Gollut of London. Stacks of carved-wood books form a novel lamp from Parsons Table Co., London, while Judyth van Amringe's hand-stenciled shade provides a light read. Bookends are bound in calfskin, from Il Papiro, NYC. *Above right:* At Stubbs Books & Prints, NYC, a hand-painted tole side table from Chelsea House enhances the panoply of antique books.

Smith & Watson's mahogany dictionary stand, *left*, holds a compendium of classics along with Il Papiro's leather-bound storage boxes. An ottoman from Ronald Jonas, NYC, is swagged with trim and tassels from Brunschwig and covered in endpaper-like fabric from Robert Allen The leather wastebasket, also from Robert Allen, makes a clever literary reference.

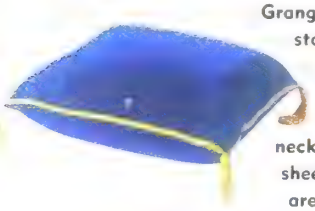
Pillow Talk

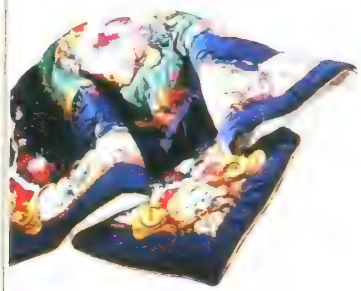
HG looks to the linen closet for the last word in design

BY ANNE FOXLEY



Floral and paisley sham from Palais Royal





A Louis Philippe–style painted armoire from Grange, right, is stocked with the latest pillows, shams, neck rolls, and sheets. Shown are examples from D. Porthault, the Claude Monet Museum–Giverny Collection for Martex, Mario Buatta for Revman, Robert A. M. Stern for Martex, Eileen West for Stevens, Sheridan, Wamsutta, Houlès (tassel), Descamps, Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Pierre Deux, Gear Country Classics for Springmaid, Adrienne Vittadini, and Kenzo for Palais Royal. Above left: Blue velvet pillow, from Ralph Lauren. Left: An Aubusson comforter also from Ralph Lauren. Details see Resources.



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of our frontier heritage should be enthusiastically applauded. Their house isn't the only thing the McGuanes have saved for posterity. They have deeded an easement to the entire ranch to the Montana Land Reliance, guaranteeing that the land and the stretch of river they own will remain as they love them, in perpetuity.

A small bone of contention in the McGuane household is the age of the homestead. The logs in the walls of the house were cut high in the Absaroka Mountains and floated down the West Boulder on some long-forgotten runoff. Laurie thinks this happened in territorial days (1989 was the centennial year of Montana's statehood). Tom isn't so sure. When the old plaster was chipped off the interior walls, he found newspapers underneath. The headlines chronicled Theodore Roosevelt's first campaign for president.

It's the size of the building, not its age, that pleases Tom. He felt the last house they lived in was too large for the family. "If you can hit upon the ideal interior space," Tom says, "you will be happy in a house." Another source of happiness is the Proustian familiarity of the place. Growing up, Tom lived for his first eight years in a log house on Grosse Ile, Michigan, one of the settings—along with Key West and Livingston, Montana—of his superb comic novel *The Bushwhacked Piano*.

A quick tour reveals many of the house's delights, from the brooding Russell Chatham landscapes decorating the walls to a glassed-in steam room in the white-tiled master bath. Narrow stairs lead up to a loft overlooking the living room. The railing was constructed out of fire-scarred timber found on the property by Taylor Mott, a Bozeman cowboy-carpenter, who also built matching pine night tables decorated with painted magpies for the McGuanes' bedroom. The gnarled wooden balusters complement several superb examples of western rustic furniture by Don Hindman, who in the early thirties worked for the Shoshone Furniture Co. of Cody, Wyoming, and created many extraordinary pieces that were attributed to Thomas Molesworth, the shop's proprietor.

The second floor is as compact and tidy as a sailing ship. The loft leads past Laurie's office where she helps oversee the running of the ranch—Tom works in a bunkhouse out by the creek—to the bedroom of their ten-year-old daughter, Annie. Rows of purple and blue horsemanship ribbons hang above her flytying bench. Like her father and mother, Annie is an avid rider and fisherman.

We gather for a gracious supper around a three-hundred-year-old refectory table that made its way from a Philippine monastery to Mobile, Alabama, by way of Barbados. Laurie hails from Mobile (she's the sister of singer Jimmy Buffett), and her southern accent adds a musical lilt to the conversation. The kitchen and dining room are combined in a long spacious area recalling an era when the hearth was the true center of the home. Mixed among the white tiles behind the counters are several that are as bright as butterflies. These were hand-painted and fired by Annie.

Suddenly there is a face at the window. Mewing plaintively, an orange cat peers in from the darkness. Laurie recognizes it as a stray she's seen recently around the barn. Tom asks Annie to prepare a bowl of food, and soon the stranger is inside, wolfing Alpo. The cat is relentlessly friendly, purring and rubbing against our legs. Not even the curious attentions of the McGuanes' four dogs deter her. She rubs up against their noses with equal enthusiasm. "This cat is a great salesman," Tom says. "Put her on the road with a line of practical shoes and we'll all get rich." It's clear the stray has found a home. And so, after all these years, has Tom McGuane. ▲

Editor: John Ryman

Travels with Matisse

the mind that were normally active could be allowed to rest. Others, normally repressed by an effort of will, were allowed to run free. What he set down on the canvas was to be faithful to his sensations without merely describing them. One way to achieve that was to abjure the picturesque and move toward an even greater abstraction and simplification.

Given the magical quality of the light, the [illegible] of color, the strange undemonstrative beauty of the inhabitants and their totally un-European way of [illegible] the [illegible] had [illegible] of creeping back in [illegible] a bowl from morning till night? With the gigantic Riffian, a man-mountain who looked as if he might [illegible] more? And with Zorah, the Moor [illegible]

who came to him in secret to be painted?

Far from resisting what might initially have been called picturesque, he took over the goldfish bowl on his own terms, using it over and over as a kind of aquatic egg timer that ticked and tocked in its irregular way from hour to hour. He took the Riffian, brought him up to the very front of the image, and treated him somewhat as the saints are treated in the icons he had seen in Moscow not long before.

As for Zorah, he put her on her knees in one of the laconic asymmetrical spaces of which he alone had the secret. Around her knees, her costume formed the kind of bell-like shape that he might one day have used in sculpture. To her left was the signature goldfish bowl. To her right were her discarded slippers, epigrammatic in the brilliance of their color.

When my husband and I were in the Hermitage with Pierre Matisse in 1987, he told me of the difficulties his father had encountered in securing women models in Morocco. Moslem custom allowed only prostitutes and Jewish women to be seen without a veil. Even after Matisse had found Zorah in a brothel and persuaded her to pose again, there were problems. And Madame Matisse's offer to be nearby at all times caused a scandal.

These paintings are, on one level, exotic. But their exoticism is something that Matisse used primarily to get it out of the way, much as Jasper Johns got the patriotic element in his flags out of the way, while in no way diminishing it. In each case, the painter's objective was to distinguish between seeing and making. The thing seen was truly seen, but the thing made was made in terms of a new kind of pictorial order. That is why these Moroccan paintings hold our attention so strongly. They have the fascination of a whole world seen afresh and anew, but they also have the power that comes about when a great painter makes himself over in his art—and, with himself, the potential of painting. ▲

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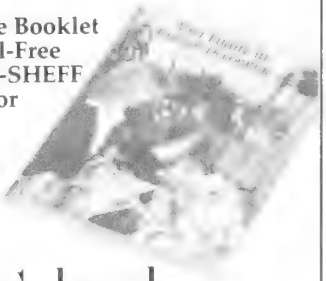
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RANDOM HOUSE

Perfectly Frank

(Continued from page 187) sumptuous in its finishes as a villa of the last days of Rome. The high walls were covered in large squares of vellum, suggesting both the warmth of old bookbindings and the grandeur of rusticated stonework on a Piranesian scale. Bronze doors with ivory details proclaimed a delight in unusual materials that was echoed in sofas and chairs in bleached leather and in tables and screens covered in shagreen, vellum, and lacquer.

The Noailles were already famous as patrons of avant-garde literature, music, and art. They had bought Picassos and Braques before Cubism became fashionable (Marie-Laure was herself a painter). They helped realize projects by Jean Cocteau, and most of the Surrealists were friends and protégés. It was Charles who funded the making of Buñuel's films *Un Chien andalou* and *L'Age d'or*, masterpieces so shocking in their day that Noailles was obliged to resign from the Jockey Club. Gradually, Frank's original highly stylized conception for the Noailles' salon became the backdrop for a growing number of Surrealist and other pictures, including a magisterial portrait of Marie-Laure by Balthus, which hung from heavy gilded chains. Years later Philippe Jullian would write of how a "great Rubens shone on the wall like a Baroque gem on a Chanel suit."

In his first period as a designer and decorator Frank had subscribed to Mallet-Stevens's dictum that "you can most luxuriously install a room by unfurnishing it rather than furnishing it." Cocteau quipped that Frank's rooms looked as though they had just been burgled. Partly influenced no doubt by the Noailles' essentially baroque taste and also as a result of the interest Frank shared with Emilio Terry in the visionary (or as was thought at the time, Surrealist) projects of the eighteenth-century architects Ledoux and Boullée, Frank's own work became increasingly theatrical. Alongside the simple block forms of his earlier furnishings he began to introduce more complicated pieces. Terry, who was always drawn to history, designed for the shop a wonderful range of furniture in a Neoclassical vein and some, more bizarre, that hinted at bourgeois decoration under the Second Empire.

In the mid thirties Frank came to rely even more on the collaboration of the Giacomettis, who made fanciful lamps of white plaster or patinated bronze in the form of arms, weird vases, and elongated human figures. Bérard's colorful painterly style also played a part in liberating Frank from monochromatic schemes: the effect of their collaboration on a new salon for the house of Guérlain was pure drama, with trompe l'oeil effects freely dashed on.

When Elsa Schiaparelli, the great devotee of shocking color, graduated to a grand apartment on the boulevard Saint-Germain, she naturally called upon Frank, as the smartest decorator of the moment, to create new and sensational effects in the overblown 1890s rooms. He stripped everything and in some rooms placed nothing more than a picture and a piece of African sculpture. In her study the couturière gazed from her desk at a single Classical figure. In the main room for entertaining Frank used extraordinary materials and colors: curtains of gleaming rubberized fabric, brilliant yellow chintzes, and, on a huge sofa, orange leather. In the dining room everything was somber, with black porcelain plates—an ensemble that caused Chanel, Schiaparelli recalled with glee, to "shudder as if passing a cemetery."

Despite the intensifying exuberance of Frank's designs, his melancholy seems to have become more profound. One may perhaps catch a glimpse of this complex character in the decoration of his tiny private office at the shop. This he never changed, delighting in the nickname others gave it: the Confessional. It had vertiginously elongated paneling in a sort of parodic Louis XVI manner, with dark moldings against blond wood. A Giacometti hand holding a lamp above a simple desk and an overscaled child's school slate were the only other furnishings—an old photograph of this odd room shows a blackboard memo for a delivery to Elsie de Wolfe, Lady Mendl. In the winter of 1939–40 Frank, who was Jewish, saw other handwriting on the wall and sailed for South America and the United States. There he received a welcome befitting one of the foremost tastemakers on either side of the Atlantic. Nevertheless, despair overtook him, and in 1941 he threw himself from a tall building in New York. He was just 46.

In the postwar years Frank's reputation suffered the eclipse experienced by most of the decorators of his generation. If he was remembered at all, it was as a period piece rather than as a designer whose work had any contemporary relevance. Today, however, his stature has been greatly re-

valued, and his aesthetic is a touchstone in the debate over the death of Modernism and its replacement by Postmodernism, Neo-Modernism, and what we might call the New Ornamentalism. Remarkably, Frank has a following in each of these camps. French designers as diverse as Jacques Grange, Andrée Putman, Bonetti and Garouste, and Jean-Michel Wilmotte acknowledge his influence. His admirers in the United States include Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley, Jed Johnson, and Stephen Sills, who avidly collects original pieces by Frank and his associates.

Jean-Michel Frank was without doubt a genius, a man of rare taste and sensibilities, respectful of the past yet able at the same time to be utterly modern. His subtlety in the choice of unexpected materials and his fastidious detailing show that even the simplest forms and surfaces can be made rich and exquisite—and his gentle sense of whimsy coupled with an insistence on coherent design could just point the way to the splendors of a new Baroque Modernism for the nineties. ♠

Light Geometry

(Continued from page 173) an ample supply of carp and algae.

The subtler, more intriguing turns occur inside. At first glance the interior looks like more of the same old modern stuff: white walls, oak floors, an arc of thick glass block. But gradually Jimenez's art shines through. While the old house ignored the bayou, the new one invites it inside. The front door leads directly to a sequence of crisp light-filled spaces terminating in a triangular bay window that sails out into the bayou like the prow of a ship. The centerpiece is the living room, which is delicately subdivided by shifts in ceiling heights and by four simple round columns that outline a seating area at one end. The room has windows on three sides that create a constantly changing light show from morning until night. The same effect occurs in the dining room where a tall narrow window rises up and scoops out a section of the vaulted ceiling.

"Light is the most essential architectural tool to me," Jimenez says, "the one that offers the most potential for exploring architectural space. This house is an exploration of how to bring light in. I thought of it as a camera with different aperture settings."

These interiors express Jimenez's personality as much as his clients' tastes. They are calm, centered spaces without self-conscious architectural gestures. Planes don't collide angrily; columns don't deliver lectures on Neoclassical values. Things are mostly what they appear to be. "Carlos has an ego," say the clients, "but he doesn't let it show very often."

Jimenez is currently building two large houses and remodeling a small condominium. Occasionally he steps away from the drawing board to lecture at architecture schools. Mostly he sticks close to home, practicing his craft. "It doesn't make much difference if you are designing a study or a house or an office building so long as you remain true to your ideal of architecture," he says. "It's not the number of projects that counts but their integrity." ♠

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

Enchanted Cottage

(Continued from page 156) Brennan spread no fewer than seven coats of paint on the floors. And Philip McMaster presided over all this activity with admirable calm, notwithstanding his responsibility for applying the Irish toile to the walls of the main bedroom, whose odd angles and curves represent picturesque Regency architecture at its most fanciful.

The redecoration of the cottage drew to a close late one summer evening with signs of autumn all around. In the woods of Cahir the bracken was rusting, the hedgerows by the riverbank were bright with the burgundy-colored hips of the wild rose, and blackberries and fuchsia had succeeded the blossoms of the elder and honeysuckle. A pair of swans and their cygnets glided by on the Suir with indolent grace, and far off, the sun cast long shadows over the heather-covered Galtee Mountains. Marquees were already in place on the lawn for tomorrow's opening-day ceremonies, but for a moment all was quiet beyond the veranda's tree trunk columns, and the cottage once again worked its familiar spell. ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



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ILLUSTRATION: MICHAEL THRASHER

Private Stock

(Continued from page 160) Renaissance to American country to English butcher's benches," but Walker feels that they "all kind of live together nicely." After a day of tweed, tartan, and "nervous brown antique furniture, it's nice to come home to this palette."

A peek into Walker's cupboards just off his kitchen reveals a further break with Lauren tradition: he uses the cupboards as a storage space for underwear. Although a working kitchen has been installed, Walker never cooks. In his last place he kept sweaters in the oven.

As if the decoration of his own apartment wasn't time-consuming enough, Walker was also knee-deep in another job: renovating the Rhinelander mansion on Madison Avenue. What is now home to the glittering flagship of the Lauren empire was a mess when Walker first saw it: "Drywall. Acoustical ceilings. Linoleum. It was a dilapidated old lady."

What Lauren wanted it to be was "an English gentleman's club that sells women's clothes," so he lined up the elite team of Walker, Buffy Birrittella, Jerry Robertson, and architect Naomi Leff. "We were sent into the world, basically, to buy," Walker says. Three trips of three weeks each to England, Paris, and Belgium peeled off a good hunk of the millions it cost to open the store in the spring of 1986.

"Everything you see in that store I bought," says Walker, "every painting, every rug, every chair." It was a crowning achievement for someone whose training had been a typical meander along the specialty store path. After studying advertising and set design, Walker took a job at Dayton's in Minneapolis where Lauren showed up for that fateful fashion show.

Dayton's was followed by stints at a few other stores, including five years as creative director at Wilkes Bashford in San Francisco. Ready for a change in 1983, he headed for Seventh Avenue and joined Lauren. Last August Walker became a vice president at the company, and to celebrate, he acquired a vintage car. Like many items in the Lauren line, Walker's 1957 Mercedes 220S Cabriolet is stylish, functional, and, above all, durable. Restored and running "more smoothly than when it was new," Walker's car is the envy of every pedestrian from Manhattan to Southampton, where he weekends in the summer. Says Walker, "I work and I go to the sun. That's it. That's all I do." ♠

Editor: Ruth Ansel

Timeless Charm

(Continued from page 135) minimalism was letting up, and the couple went decorously wild. "He wanted everything taped and trimmed and bordered," says McNamara. "I had to sort of hold him back."

Together they created a living house, one that has evolved over time. In 1984 McNamara added a subtly designed two-story wing for a new master bedroom and a family room. The exterior was brushed with a special white paint that immediately peeled to blend beautifully with the antique brick of the rest of the house. McNamara stepped back a bit for the interior of the bedroom. "I wanted the room to be feminine—full of pinks and blues," says the wife. "One day I found this Cowtan & Tout fabric, and we designed the room around it." There are botanical prints, family photographs, pale blue Staffordshire, delicately painted antique clockfaces, and a set of library steps that the couple uses to store their cherished design magazines. "It's for the most recent ones," she laughs. "We've got boxes and boxes."

While McNamara combed Manhattan's finest antiques and fabric houses the couple picked up this and that in England, in Connecticut, and on Long Island. "I don't think she made any mistakes on her own," says McNamara. "She's an incredible shopper." "He gave himself tremendously," she says. "I learned so much from him. And it was fun. It was never work."

Over the course of fifteen years, McNamara was insinuated into the family unit. He watched the kids grow up and develop their own tastes: "Like all young girls, their daughter asked for lavender, which still makes me laugh because what she really meant was purple, and I had to spoon it out gently." He attended their parties and even helped with a few—birthday parties for the children, a surprise party for the husband. Afterwards, they would all go dancing in the city.

Lately, the decorator's datebook is filled with new projects, and the couple is moving on. They're still adding to and subtracting from the house even though the kids have left for school. "I often wonder how a project will end," says McNamara. "The nicest ones never seem to." So he still calls, though less frequently. "I'll remember to ring up and say, 'It's been months, let's have dinner.'" ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

Lost and Found

(Text continued from page 148) a print of the same image with the caption "Tout passe avec le temps, sauf l'amitié." Relieved that the sentiment was one I subscribed to, I framed the toile de Jouy and began collecting early 19th century polychrome prints.

Going to flea markets is the only sport that interests me, a form of urban hunt that combines the illusion of freedom with the need for stealth. Flea markets also provide fresh air and a decent amount of exercise and demand a mental attitude that can otherwise be attained only in the higher stages of Zen: calm attention, a drifting, tolerant curiosity, and an openness to whatever crosses the mind's eye and the hand's touch. When an object beckons, a real contact is made: the rush comes on, palpitations begin, the momentum created by desire engenders a sequence of absolutely focused actions—I see it, I want it, it's mine. In that sequence, nothing else is allowed to happen; a hailstorm, sirens, stampedes, dogfights—none of it touches me, none of it exists. Once the object is in my hand, in old newspapers and thin plastic bags (or blue diapers at the New York flea markets), the calm returns and I can move on. There is no room for uncertainty; the mood is indifference or desire. The other states—ambivalence, hesitation, doubt, my usual confusions—are for every other day and hour. The hunt cleanses the soul.

I never know what I'm hunting, and that is the charm of the adventure. Although a flea market is a place of transactions, of commerce, it yields more ideas than trophies. Cold mornings, before the papers have been read, the coffee unfinished on the side of the sink—in old clothes and flat shoes, with a large empty bag, keys, and money, too sleepy to think, I go out to let the leftovers of other people's lives think for me. One foggy morning at the Marché Paul-Bert, I came across a linen-covered anatomical model of a woman's torso, open at the stomach to reveal a linen-covered fetus. It held my attention for half an hour, as if I had just discovered where babies came from. Eventually I realized that this was not a pleasant object with which to decorate a living room and moved on.

Some of my best friends are inanimate objects. The lesson of flea markets is that specific desire will be disappointed and alert curiosity rewarded. In this disparity between expectation and reality, flea markets resemble film festivals and dinner parties, with the saving grace that you are spared all small talk. The exchange is confined to "How much?" "Looks broken to me," and "Can you do any better?"—which is really all that needs to be said at a film festival or a dinner party.

In 1971, when the European avant-garde held the second and last of its Wet Dream film festivals in Amsterdam, I crept away from the relentless reels of sex and went to refresh my soul. Not to the Rijksmuseum to look at Rembrandts, but to the Waterlooplein, a tarmac meadow full of junk. "How could you do that?" asked one of the revolutionaries. "That's not what we're here for." I still have the velvets I found that day, and blissfully I have forgotten the films. ♠

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

Classical Romance

(Continued from page 195) onto a portico with a magnificent view across Lake Geneva. The Mavroleons call the oval rotunda the day room and, since it adjoins the dining room, use it mainly for drinks before lunch and dinner. Most of their time is spent in the high-ceilinged library, which is dominated by a pair of early nineteenth century English bookcases acquired from the late Geoffrey Bennison. "It is a very comfortable, very English room," says Mrs. Mavroleon, "a room in which to put your feet up with a good book, have a drink, or play cards. It faces west, so the windows catch the evening sun."

Although the Mavroleons also spend time in France and Greece, their heart is in La Gordanne. The romantic history of the place and its beauty make it easy to understand why. But this is also an easy house in which to feel at home, with its perfectly proportioned yet not too grand living rooms and a limited number of guest rooms. "You have to feel an enormous attraction for an old house," Mrs. Mavroleon explains. "Otherwise you are not prepared to go through everything it requires. We used to live in a lovely house near here which was decorated by Nina Campbell. It could not have been prettier. We had no need to move. But Bluey and I wanted to do something together. We wanted to do a house ourselves, and this is the result." ♠



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TIMECASTS

Page 114 Dressmaker sofa in gaufré velvet, $5,000, from Drexel Heritage Furnishings, for stores call (800) 447-4700. Judith Leiber capeskin handbag (#9032), at Marshall Field's, Chicago; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; I. Magnin; Jacobson's; Saks Fifth Avenue. Manolo Blahnik Notte mules, $550, at Posh, Chicago; I. Magnin; to order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Curly Twine vermeil necklace, by Mish Jewelry, $880, at Barneys New York, NYC, Chestnut Hill, Costa Mesa; Greenhouse Spa, Grand Prairie; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Palm-Aire Spa, Pompano Beach; to order at Fred Segal Hoops, Santa Monica. Candeur candelabra, by Attribut à la Frivolité of London, $895, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; to the trade at Ken Hanson, West Hollywood. Couvert de Feuilles, 51" wide, $294 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Baroque Limoges porcelain plate, Fr1,200 dinner, from Rochas, Paris (1) 47-23-54-56.

TIMELESS CHARM

Pages 130–35 Window treatments, designed by Kevin McNamara, from Decorator's Workshop, NYC (212) 879-6585. **130–31** French 10-Mesh needlepoint rug, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Cabbage Rose chintz on curtains, sofas, armchair, 56" wide, $69 yd, Leopard Silk on armchairs, 55" wide, $135 yd, Napoleon II armchairs (to order), $3,900 ea, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms call (212) 758-0844. Sofas, armchair, to the trade to order at Henry B. Urban, NYC (212) 679-3511; also to the trade to order at Christopher Norman, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Rozmallin, Chicago. **132–33** Regency reproduction chairs, to the trade at Christopher Norman (see above). Custom-made silk for curtains, to the trade to order at Christopher Norman (see above).Portuguese needlepoint rug, to the trade at Stark (see above). Vermeil candlesticks, to order at Tiffany & Co., NYC. Lido lounge chairs by pool, from Brown Jordan, for dealers call (501) 523-4546. **134–35** Balmoral Stripe wallpaper, Winfield chintz, Cole Stripe cotton inside canopy and on bedskirt, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. Colonial Batiste cotton (#98230) on canopy skirt, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms call (212) 980-3888. Rice Bed (#1915-6), from Historic Charleston Reproductions, $7,751 king, from Baker Furniture, 917 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 60654. Custom-size Nantucket Design carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above). Love seat, club chairs, to the trade to order at Henry B. Urban, NYC (212) 679-3511; also to the trade to order at Christopher Norman (see above). Deauville Plaid cotton on valances, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beechwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Antique botanical prints and watercolors, similar items at Stephanie Hoppen, NYC (212) 753-0175. Hydrangea cotton, 54" wide, $62 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Minneapolis, Palm Beach, Princeton, San Francisco; Polo/Ralph Lauren Home Collection, Palo Alto.

McGUANE COUNTRY

Page 141 Yippee-ei-o cotton duck, 54" wide, $48 yd, from Full Swing, Newport (401) 849-9494.

ENCHANTED COTTAGE

Page 152 Galtee Sidewall wallpaper, Lily of Galtee chintz, by Sybil Connolly, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 134–35). **154–55** Tipperary wallpaper, by Sybil Connolly, Tipperary border, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). **156** Dublin Toile cotton, by Sybil Connolly, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above).

PRIVATE STOCK

Pages 158–59 Canvas Oyster cotton, 54" wide, $30 yd, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren (see above for pgs 134–35). Three seat sofa, to order from George Sherlock Antiques, London (1) 736-3955. Italian wool challis (#98094) for curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms call (212) 980-3888. Savoy oak/stone table, to the trade to order at Dennis & Leen, Los Angeles; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco. Hand-painted 1930s globe, similar items at Lost City Arts, NYC (212) 941-8025. Steamer trunk, similar items at Richard Kazarian Antiques, Newport (401) 846-3563. 19th-century French white glass vase on pedestal, similar items at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. **160** Jacques Adnet chairs, similar items at David Gill, London (1) 589-5946. 1930s photographer's studio lamp, similar items to the trade at Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308. 18th-century Portuguese bust of a saint, similar items to the trade at John Rosselli Antiques, NYC (212) 772-2137. Mannequin, similar items at Kelter-Malcé, NYC (212) 989-6760. Neoclassical récamier, similar items at Richard Kazarian Antiques, Newport (401) 846-3563. Silk/linen robe, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, similar items at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC (212) 606-2100. **161** Louis XV–style Sevigny armchairs, $3,300 ea, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for showrooms call (212) 838-6420. Leather on armchairs, available only on Ralph Lauren Home Collection Upholstered Furniture, not available by the yard. Apple Rush Matting, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 130–31). 19th-century French wooden sphere and stand, similar items to the trade at Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308.

LIGHT GEOMETRY

Pages 170–71 Villa Gallia armchairs, by Josef Hoffmann, to the trade at ICF, for showrooms call (914) 365-2500. Unika Plush mohair with piping on armchairs, to the trade at Unika Vaev, for showrooms call (914) 365-2500. Table, one-of-a-kind sculptural furniture, by Fletcher Mackey, to order from Ir-rational Art & Design, Houston (713) 522-4657. **172–73** Custom forged-steel candelabras, designed by Tim Bailey, to order from Sculpture Forge, Houston (713) 868-1810. Haus Koller armchair, by Josef Hoffmann, to the trade at ICF (see above). Unika Vaev's Unika Plush mohair with piping on armchair (see above).

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Page 176 Kenneth Turner Ivy cotton, from Country Collection of Fabrics, 54" wide, $40 yd, at Pranich-Snyder, Palm Beach (407) 655-1192. Tapered and Candelabra candles in various scents, from $48 per box, at Kenneth Turner Boutiques at Macy's, NYC, Arlington; I. Magnin, San Francisco, Beverly Hills; also at Pranich-Snyder, Palm Beach. **179** Kenneth Turner Tapered candles (see above).

CLASSICAL ROMANCE

Pages 190–91 Bowood chintz, Wool Fan Edging



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THOS. MOSER

CABINETMAKERS

Pennsylvania

on pillows on banquette, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 134–35). Serge Antique cotton twill on sofa, 130 cm wide, £44 m, to the trade at Claremont, London (1) 437-5502. Striped silk check taffeta on pillows, to the trade to order at Bernard Thorp, London (1) 352-1776. **192–93** Toile Carreaux cotton on chairs, 130 cm wide, £42 m, to the trade at Textiles DMC, London (1) 903-3528. Peking shantung silk for curtains, to order from Eschke, Stallikonerstrasse 71, 8903 Birmensdorf, Zürich, Switzerland. **194–95** Côtes de Villefranche hand-printed wallpaper, $3,840 for 14 12'10"×18½" panels, to the trade at Zuber & Cie, NYC, Los Angeles.

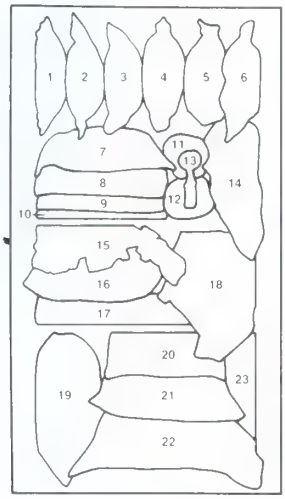
READING ROOMS

Page 196 Bernard Magniant rug, 2.5x3.5 m, $8,000, to the trade at Casa Lopez, NYC, Paris (retail). **198** Trompe l'oeil bookshelf (#5423), 29"x 58", $912.50, from Chelsea House-Port Royal. Bibliothèque wallpaper and Etagère de Bibliothèque wallpaper in front, to the trade at Westgate, for showrooms call (800) 527-2517. Bibliothèque wallpaper, by Richard Neas, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 134–35). **199** Book sculpture, approx £400, at Christophe Gollut of London, London (1) 370-4101. Book hand-carved wood lamp, £275, at Parsons Table Company, London (1) 352-7444. Lampshade, $100, special order from Judyth van Amringe, NYC (212) 736-5130. Bookends, $180 pr, at Il Papiro, NYC (212) 288-9330. Tole library table (#TM2), $812.50, from Chelsea House-Port Royal. Sheraton-style dictionary stand (#C-9A), $2,580, to the trade at Smith & Watson, for showrooms call (212) 355-5615. Book-shaped storage boxes, $264 ea, at Il Papiro, NYC (212) 288-9330. Ottoman (tuffet), $2,400 COM, to the trade from Ronald Jonas Interiors, NYC (212) 691-2777. Gabrielle Large Rope, Traviata Tassels, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 134–35). Grenoble cotton, Book wastebasket, to the trade at Robert Allen, for showrooms call (212) 759-6660.

SAMPLES

Page 200 Aladin cotton sham, $65 pr king, from Palais Royal, for stores call (804) 979-3911. Davis velvet throw pillow with gold cord/tassels, $195, Aubusson Floral cotton comforter, $605 full/queen, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren (see above for pgs 134–35). Louis Philippe–style armoire (#FR150), $3,690, at Grange Furniture, NYC (212) 737-8080; for showrooms to the trade, call (212) 685-9057. KEY TO DIAGRAM **1.** Boudoir cotton sham (#5426), $75, goose down pillow, $42, from D. Porthault, NYC, Palm Beach. **2.** Monet's Lilies cotton/poly breakfast pillow, from Claude Monet Museum–Giverny Collection for Martex, for stores call (212) 382-5185. **3.** Millefleurs cotton/poly breakfast pillow, from Claude Monet Museum–Giverny Collection for Martex, for stores call (212) 382-5185. **4.** Alexandra cotton/poly breakfast pillow, $34.99, by Mario Buatta, for Revman Industries, for stores call (800) 237-0658. **5.** Newport Gardens cotton breakfast pillow, by Robert A. M. Stern, for Martex, for stores call (212) 382-5185. **6.** Rosa cotton breakfast pillow, $30, by Eileen West for Stevens, for stores call (415) 982-2275. **7.** Madame Du Barry cotton/poly breakfast pillow from Martex, for stores call (212) 382-5185. **8.** Tropikee cotton/poly sheet, $29 full, by Jenny Kee for Sheridan, for nearest store or to order call (800) 777-9563. **9.** Tropikee cotton/poly European sham, $27 ea, by Jenny Kee for Sheridan, for nearest store or to order call (800) 777-9563. **10.** Cyan Stripe cotton/poly sheet, $17 twin, from Wamsutta/Pacific Home Products, for stores call (800) 344-2142. **11.** Lipstick cotton/poly neck roll, $18, from Wamsutta/Pacific Home Products, for stores call (800) 344-2142. **12.** Cyan cotton/poly neck roll, $18, from Wamsutta/Pacific Home Products, for stores call (800) 344-2142. **13.** Faux gold tassel (#38040), metallic cord (#38003), to the trade at Houlès, Los Angeles, NYC; Grizzel & Assocs., Atlanta; Hensel & Assocs., Chicago; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco. **14.** Cachemire cotton pillowcase, $32 European sq, from Descamps, NYC, Boston, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. **15.** Aurora Swiss organdy cotton throw pillow, $195, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren (see above for pgs 134–35). **16.** Laura cotton madras pillowcase lined in Martha, $100 standard, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren (see above for pgs 134–35). **17.** Marseilles cotton bedspread, $325 queen, from Pierre Deux, for nearest store call (800) 992-2998, outside NY state call (800)-8-PIERRE. **18.** Slate Ticking Stripe cotton/poly pillowcase, $13.99 pr standard, by Gear Country Classics for Springmaid, for stores call (800) 537-0115. **19.** Portico Stripe cotton/poly pillowcase, $22 pr standard, by Adrienne Vittadini, for stores call (800) 841-3336. **20.** Gardenia Evenings cotton breakfast pillow, $30, by Eileen West for Stevens, for stores call (415) 982-2275. **21.** Brittania cotton/poly pillowcase, $22 pr standard, by Adrienne Vittadini, for stores call (800) 841-3336. **22.** Kenzo Tartan cotton pillowcase, $60 pr standard, from Palais Royal, for stores call (804) 979-3911. **23.** Gardenia Evenings cotton neck roll, $30, by Eileen West for Stevens, for stores call (415) 982-2275.

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Gandee AT LARGE

Maya Lin's young, brilliant, accomplished and doesn't like to talk about it

She catapulted to national prominence in 1981 when, as an undergraduate architecture student at Yale, she beat out 1,420 other entrants in the much-publicized competition to design the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. Nine years later, her controversial black granite V indelibly etched not only into the ground at Constitution Gardens but into our collective consciousness as well, thirty-year-old Maya Lin lives and works in relative anonymity in a roomy but rugged loft 72 steep steps above one of the seedier streets in lower Manhattan. She shares the space with her boyfriend, Peter, and their two cats, Ranch and Trout, and although the professional and domestic accommodations might be safely described as minimal, she wouldn't have it any other way. She is perfectly content. No one bothers her on the Bowery.

"I go through stages where I do a project and I'm in the public eye, and then I duck out and concentrate on my work," offered the delicate, if only in appearance, daughter of two Chinese academics by way of explaining a series of appointments we had made and she had canceled. I had finally caught Lin just as she was attempting to step out of the spotlight after the November 5 dedication of her latest work, a civil rights memorial in Montgomery, Alabama, commissioned by the Southern Poverty Law Center.

"I've been incredibly fortunate to have been given the opportunity to work on not just one but both memorials," said Lin. "They are special. They mark the beginning and closing of a decade." Since Lin was in diapers at the beginning of the sixties and in elementary school at the closing, I asked if she felt comfortable creating monuments to honor two of that decade's most important issues. "I feel very much a product of that time. My generation watched it happen. It's true we were more a product of the sixties than a participant, but I think if you're a participant then it's not influencing you as much as you are trying to influence it." In other words, yes, she did feel comfortable.

In response to the oft-repeated criticism that her work is cold, Lin admitted that she favors simple and abstract forms. "I'm not into excess," she noted. "I like my language bare. But that doesn't mean I subject bare. If you do something simple is it necessarily austere? Can something simple be very warm?" To those who sense a certain aloofness about the Vietnam and civil rights monuments, Lin will only offer: "I try not to editorialize on history but to document it. In that respect I'm not political. I would never tell someone how or what to think. That's not what these pieces are about. They present facts." In Washington, of course, those facts are the names of the dead and missing in action, and in Montgomery those facts are events such as the Supreme Court's 1954 *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas*, decision and the 1966 murder of Samuel Younge Jr. for attempting to use a whites-only rest room.

Considering the significance of the work she completed in her twenties, I was curious to know how Lin planned to spend her thirties. "The Vietnam and civil rights pieces are special," she said, "but they are off on their own. I've never felt like trying to figure out what I'm going to do to top them." So Lin is pursuing her interests in art and architecture. Thanks to an NEA grant, she continues to work on her small-scale lead and beeswax sculptures. And she is currently at work on her first public art piece, commissioned by the Manhattan Transit Authority's Arts for Transit office, which will visually animate a 320-foot-long corridor in New York's Pennsylvania Station with a series of suspended and fragmented arcs. And in North Carolina she is collaborating with landscape architect Henry Arnold on an environmental piece that will serve as a new entranceway to the Charlotte coliseum. "They expected a pedestal sculpture," noted Lin, who is giving them a whimsical topiary installation.

Her professors back at Yale will be happy to hear that Lin is also at work on her first architectural project, renovating an 1830s Victorian house in Norwich, Connecticut. Meanwhile,

> "I try not to editorialize on history but to document it"

she is on schedule with the drawings she is preparing for a new guesthouse addition to her childhood home in Athens, Ohio. I asked Lin how she liked architecture, how she felt about addressing the domestic needs of clients. "I love it," she said. "I'm interested in the psychology of the client, in figuring out what's really needed. It's very satisfying. But I have to do the sculpture, too. Just doing one wouldn't be the full picture for me. It will be a few years before the architecture comes out, before the sculpture comes out. But I'm taking my time, and I enjoy the time. I'm very young." **Charles Gandee**



Maya Lin in her lower Manhattan loft

ELIZABETH NARUS

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COVER *Two boys in an Alto Adige courtyard. Page 136. Photograph by Alexandre Bailhache.*

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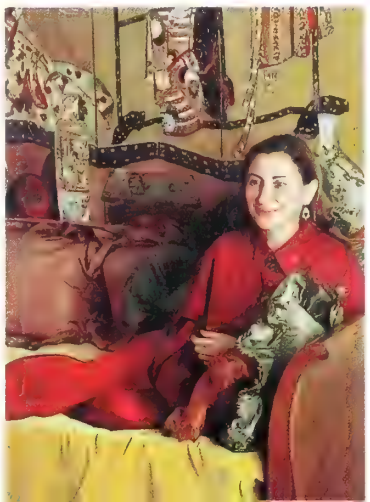


Giorgio Armani's Milan apartment, above. Page 144. Below left: Model for Antonio Canova's Dancer with Finger on Chin. *Page 176.*





Gore Vidal's Amalfi coast retreat, above. Page 202.

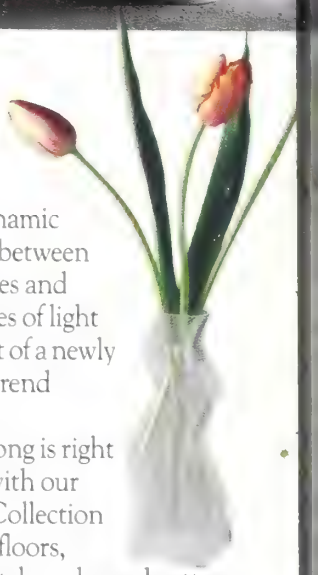


Fashion designer Miuccia Prada. Page 170.

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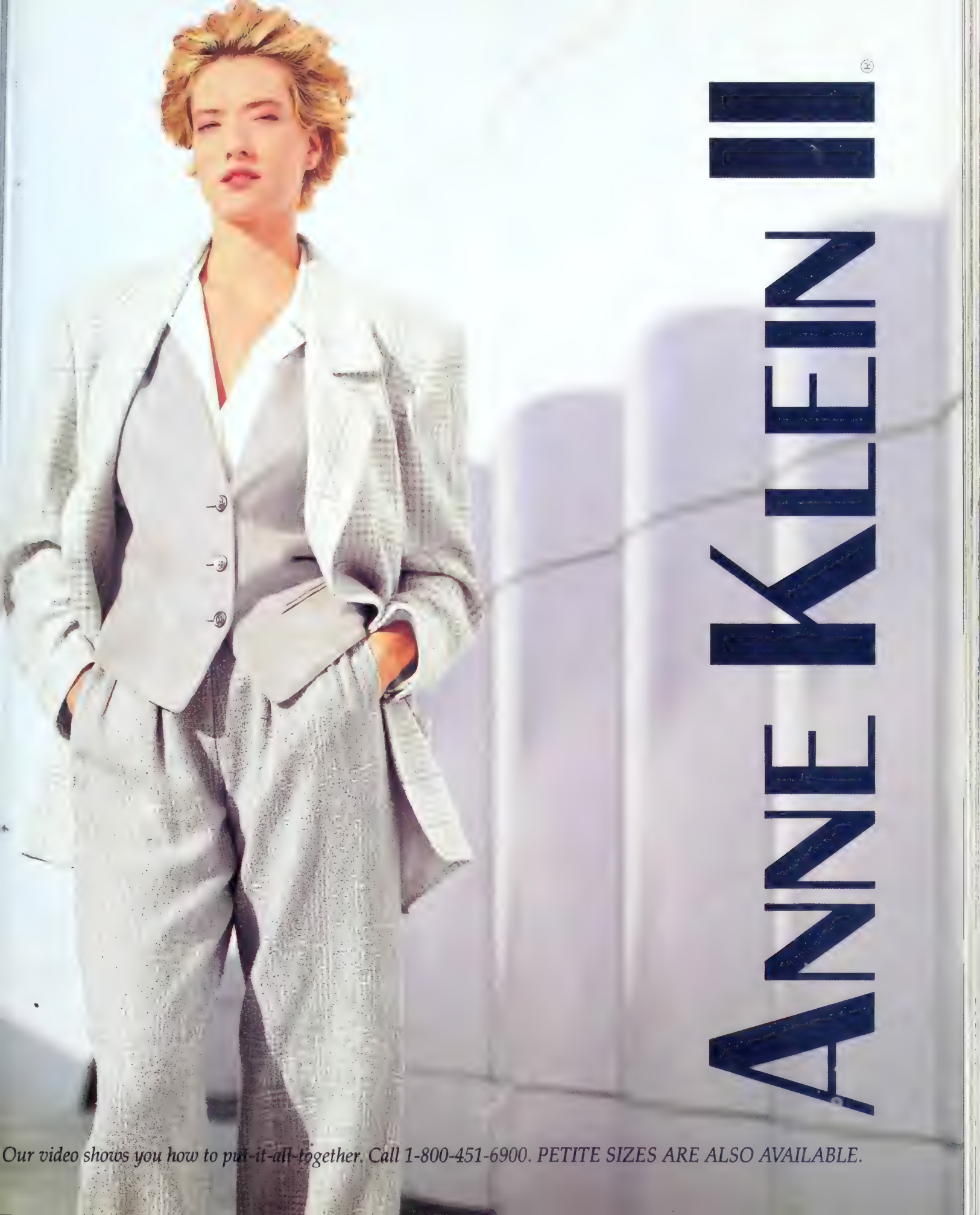
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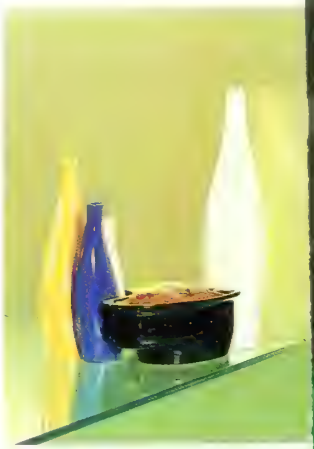


Mario Bellini's Olivetti calculator. Page 102.

A Sicilian family chef. Page 124.



A still life from Milan's Museo Alchimia. Page 130.



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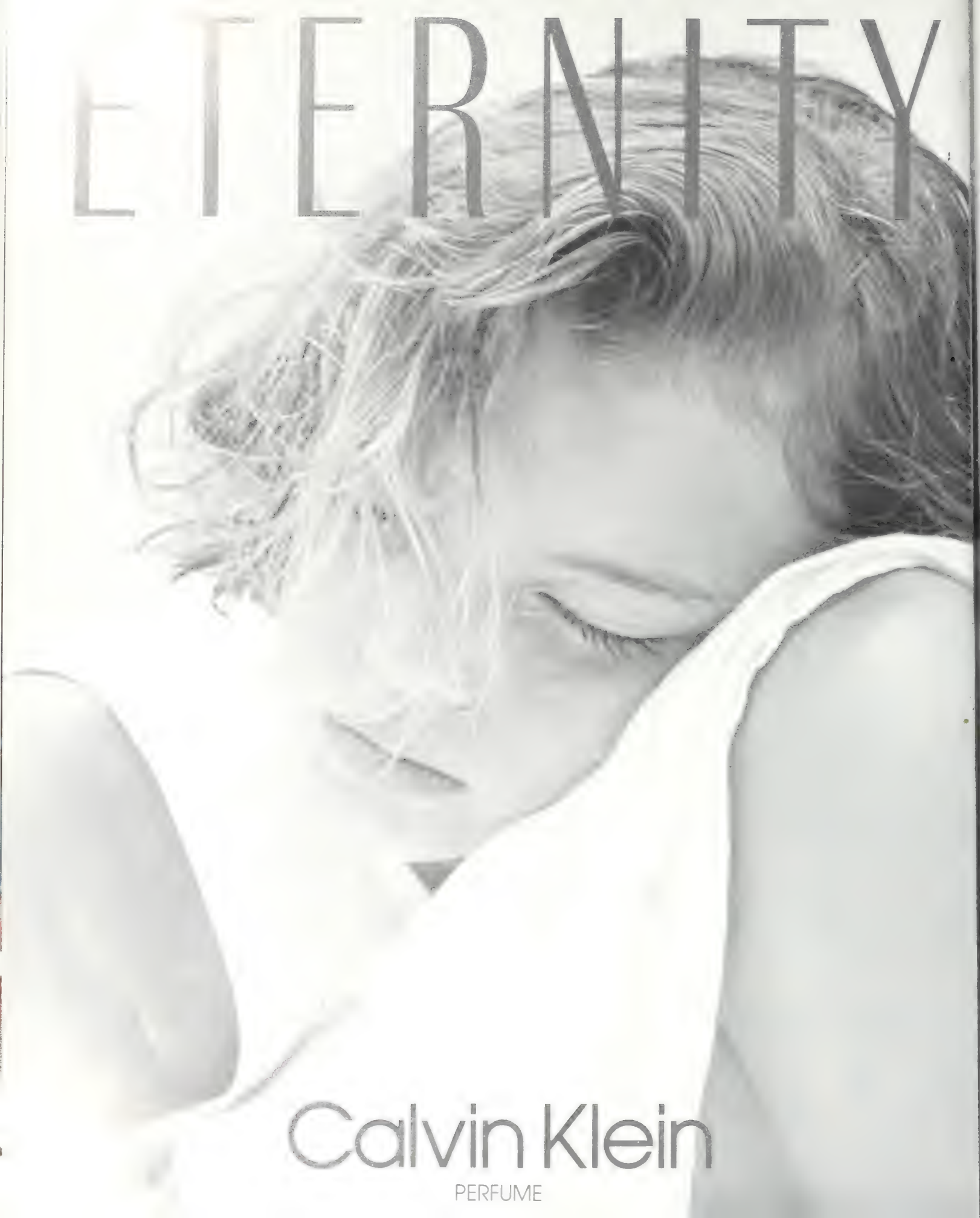
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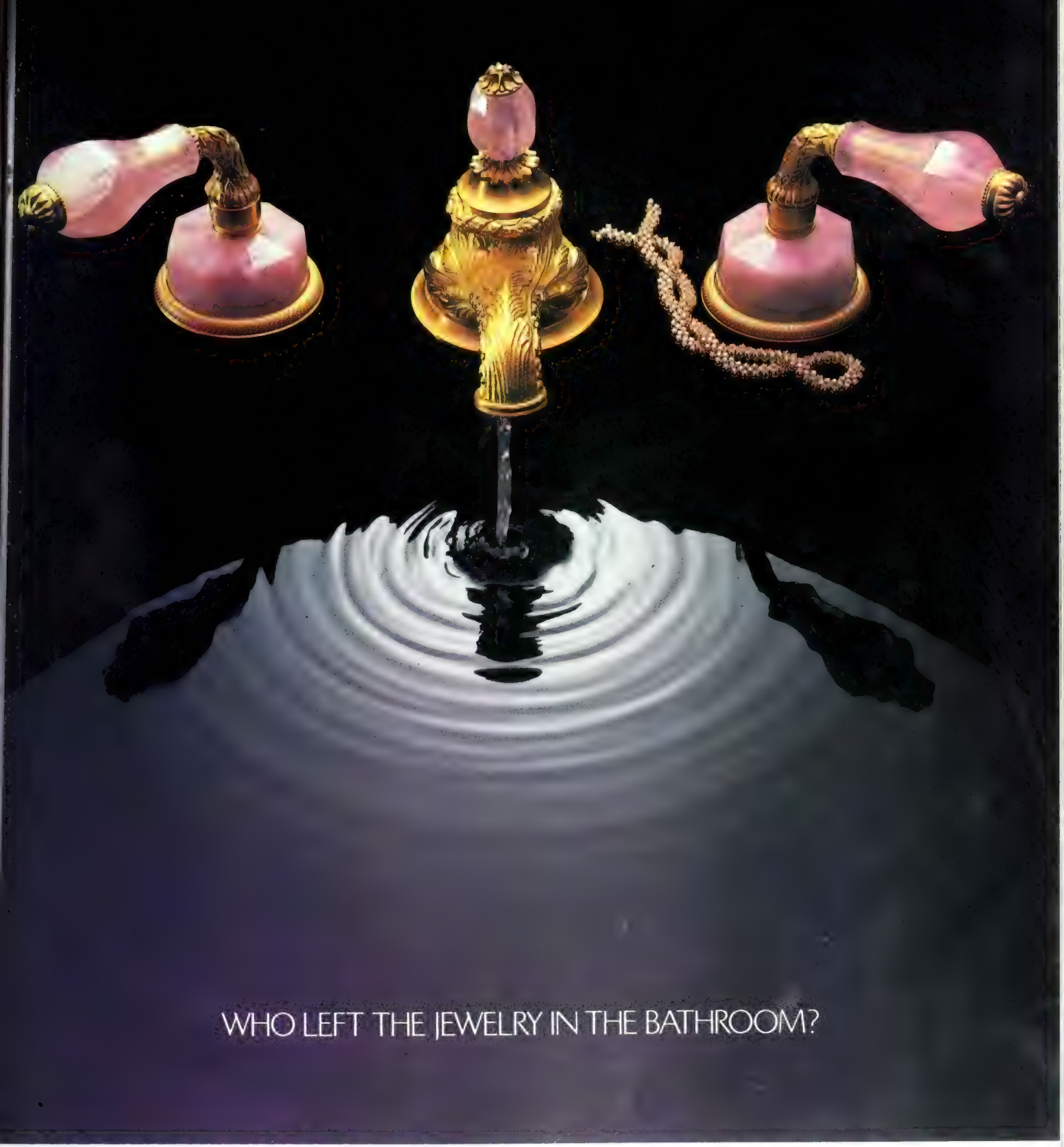
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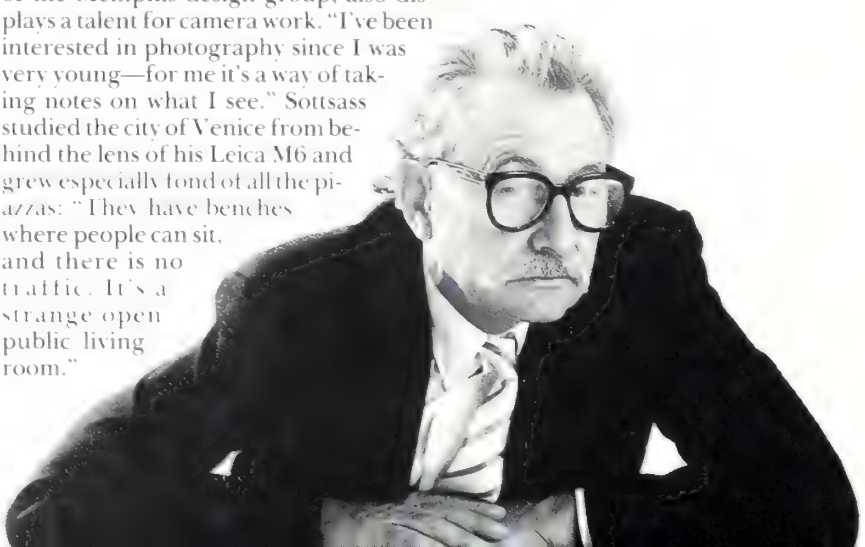


Prince Michael of Greece, a contributing editor of HG, shares the secrets of Maremma, a secluded region on the coast of Tuscany where he has vacationed for many years. "I spend most of the year living and working in New York and Paris. It's a delight to escape to this life-giving oasis," says Prince Michael, author of the French best-sellers *Sultana* and *Le Palais des larmes*. In between writing books, he interviews prominent people, from Empress Farah to Margaret Thatcher, for *Parade* magazine. He is currently writing a novel about Abdul Hamid, the last great sultan of Turkey.



Beatrice Monti della Corte says she wanted to offer a "glimpse of unknown sides of Italy," in the many articles she produced for this issue. An HG consulting editor, she developed her eye for the telling detail directing her Galleria dell'Ariete art gallery in Milan. She and her husband, Gregor von Rezzori, divide their time between New York and Italy. Rezzori, author of *The Snows of Yesteryear*, ventured the Italian Alps to write this month's article on Giorgio Franchetti's 17th-century estate.

Ettore Sottsass, the renowned founder of the Memphis design group, also displays a talent for camera work. "I've been interested in photography since I was very young—for me it's a way of taking notes on what I see." Sottsass studied the city of Venice from behind the lens of his Leica M6 and grew especially fond of all the piazzas: "They have benches where people can sit, and there is no traffic. It's a strange open public living room."



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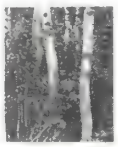


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"I occasionally turn over my chair and wonder if the person who built and signed it knows how much their handiwork is appreciated."



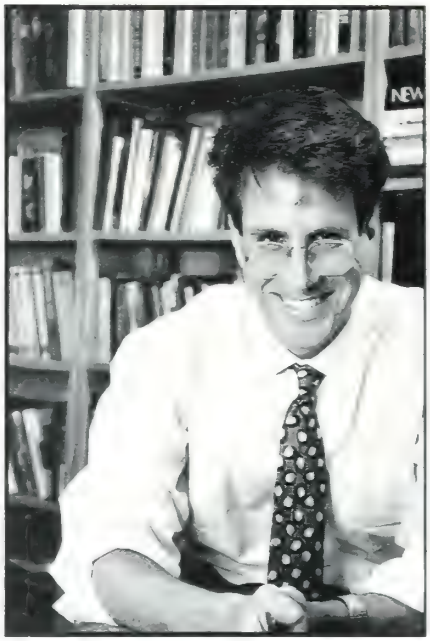




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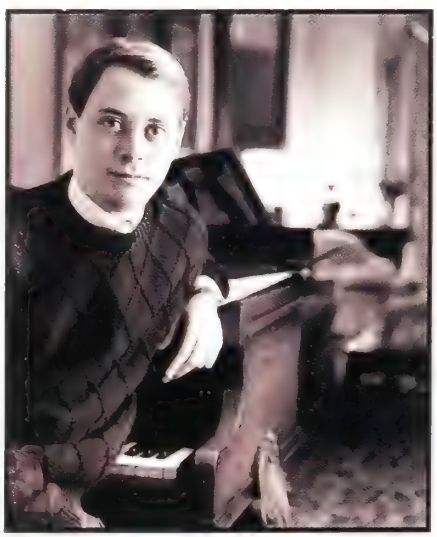
CABINETMAKERS

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Peter Haldeman, a new features editor at HG, has a long-standing involvement with the magazine. "My grandmother rarely threw out issues," he explains. "One day when I was about ten I was going through a stack of them at her house. There were a few cousins around, watching football on TV. My grandmother said loudly, 'Oh, Peter, do you like to look at interiors?' I said, 'No,' sheepishly put the magazines away, and joined everyone in front of the set. So here I am, coming clean—and making my own contribution to the family library."

Andrew Solomon visits the Filacciano hideaway of Gian Enzo Sperone, "a man who has made significant contributions to the American and Italian art worlds." Solomon, a contributing editor of *Harpers & Queen* and currently at work on a book about Soviet art, writes for HG because "I have always been fascinated by beautiful things. The magazine is a forum for exploring cultural interests—it's where aesthetics meets real life."





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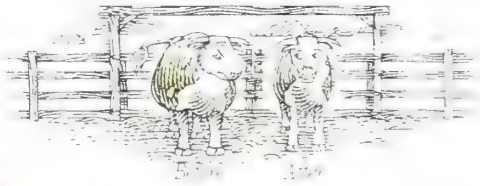
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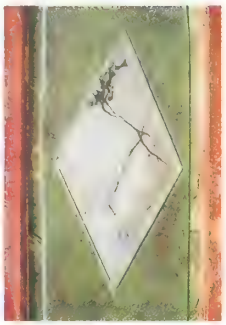
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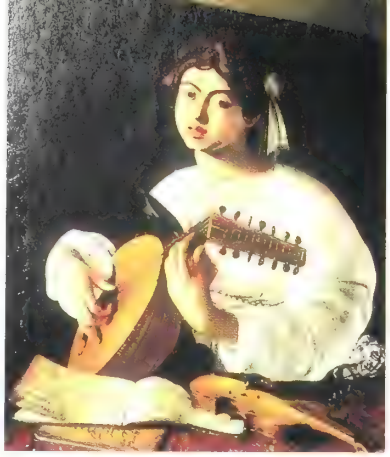
HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Amy Abrams and Eric Berthold



Livia Monaco takes brush to canvas and spatula to wall, making landscapes appear where none existed, transforming bare rooms into realms of color, texture, and light. A trompe l'oeil artist and master of many media, Monaco specializes in stucco lustro, an intricate process that requires mixing lime, pigment, and water, applying it layer upon layer to a clean surface, and finishing it with polished beeswax. "Very few people know how to employ this technique, which gives walls the luminosity of opals. It is a dying craft and I want to preserve it," she explains. When Monaco is not working on commissions like the acrylic on canvas mural at right, she paints screens (*above*) in her SoHo studio. She also teaches at Parsons School of Design, where a new generation of would-be masters is studying the art of illusion. (Livia Monaco, 133 Greene St., New York, NY 10012; 212-473-5657)



notes



...Caravaggio
...Metropolitan Museum
...Feb. 9–Apr.
...Thematically
...related works by the
...artist and his
...contemporaries are
...also included, along
...with antique musical
...instruments.



Classic Curves An Early Renaissance design graces a Deruta majolica jug (*right*), $220, at Avventura, 463 Amsterdam Avenue, NYC; (212) 769-2510.



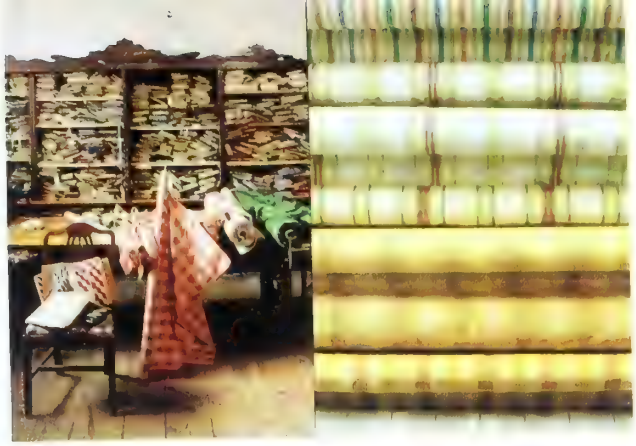
Mozart Heads South Charleston's fourteenth annual Spoleto Festival U.S.A. (May 25–June 10) will feature a production of *The Marriage of Figaro* (*left*). For information call (803) 722-2764.



Global Appeal Serve tea or coffee in grand style from the silver-plated spherical samovar (*left*), $825. At Dean & DeLuca, NYC (212) 431-1691, outside NY (800) 221-7714.



Well-Dressed Sofa The glory that was Byzantium is recaptured in a new collection of pillows and sofa robes (*above*) that combines rich red velvet, gold embroidery, antique metallics, and braid with creamy silks. From Vesta Designs, call (203) 629-5740.



Perennial Pucci Behind the red door of the Pucci silk factory in Florence weavers continue to make fabrics (*above*) originally designed for the Medicis and other noble patrons. The fine silk, which can cost $1,000 a meter, is available at Antico Setificio Fiorentino, Via L. Bartolini 4, 50125 Florence; (55) 213861.



The Grand Tour
Venetian Palaces (*above*), $95, due from Rizzoli next month, takes readers on a tour of elegant façades and sumptuous palace interiors in La Serenissima.



Two for Tea Old gold decorates Claudio La Viola's new collection of jade green porcelain tabletop accessories. The Amadeus teacup and saucer (*left*), $115, exemplify traditional Italian design. At Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300.



Sight Specific
Adapted from an engraving after a painting by Canaletto, *The Grand Canal* (*above*), $475, is a wallcovering that can make any space a room with a view. To the trade at Louis W. Bowen, call (212) 751-4470.



Capital Idea Piero Fornasetti drew upon Classical architecture for his chairs (*above*), $1,933 each. Made from molded laminated wood these column capitals support people's backs instead of pediments. At Norton Blumenthal, NYC (212) 752-2535.



Tile Talisman
First Stone sun tile (*above*), $55, is a Sicilian good luck charm. From Vietri, call (800) 277-5933.

Venetian Hour Ancient byways of the lagoon will be explored by art historian Olivier Bernier in a lecture on medieval Venice (Apr. 12) at New York's Knickerbocker Club, to benefit the Save Venice group. Limited seating; call (212) 737-3141.

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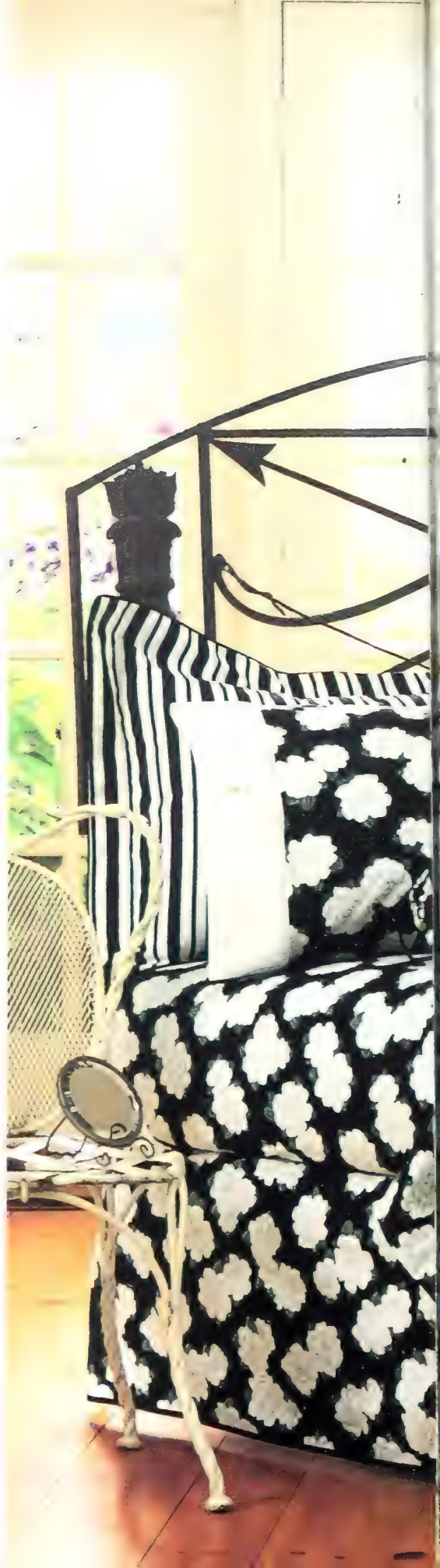
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Stamp of Approval Contemporary Italian furniture such as Sawaya and Moroni's Diva chair and Bonacina's Fidia chair and ottoman (*above left*), $1,575 and $2,800 respectively, is the specialty of Postmark. The shop also carries such classics as the aluminum Toledo chair (*above right*) by Jorge Pensi, $550. At 333 Bryant Street, San Francisco; (415) 243-9780

Bright Ideas Benetton bursts into the house with linens for the bed (*right*) and accessories for the bath that exhibit the firm's trademark flair for color and pattern. The Home Colors collection comes Stateside this fall.



notes

Perfect Specimen On the block: the best specimens from the past ten years of the Annual Rare Plant Auction (*below*) (Apr. 27), at Longwood Gardens, Kennett Square, Penn. Tickets are $60. Call (302) 658-1913.



Bella Basin Delicate hand-painted Renaissance motifs decorate a porcelain basin (*above*), $1,200, by Christine Belfor Design, NYC. The Classical Grisaille pattern is one of several designs in her HPS collection. To order, call (212) 722-5410.



Pick of the Past Fine marquetry distinguishes the c.1780 commode (*above*), $225,000, from dealer Frederick P. Victoria's stock of exquisite 18th- and 19th-century Italian and other European furniture and objects. At 154 East 55th Street, NYC.



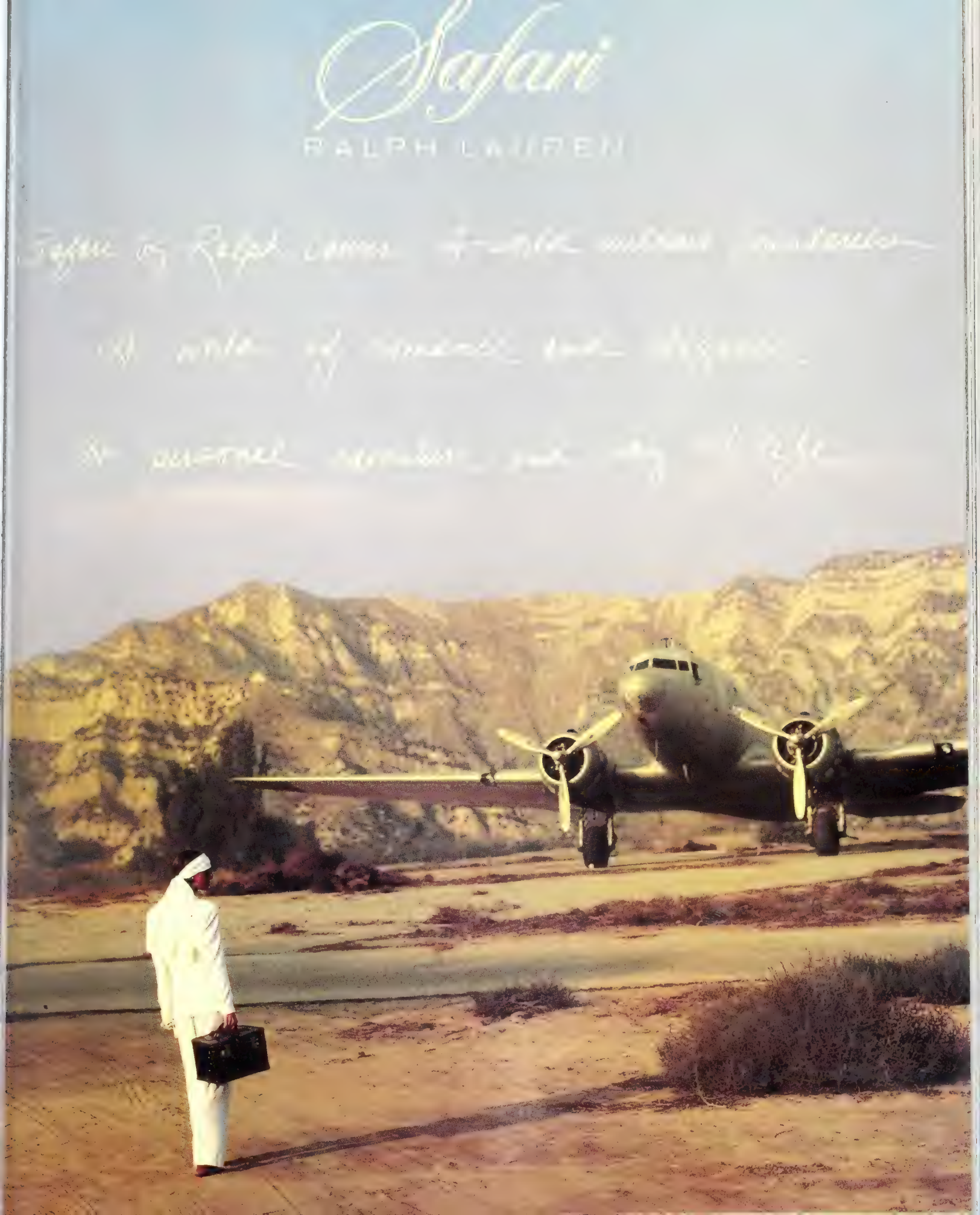
Tempting Fruit The apple and plum jam jars (*right*), $1,450 each, are made of Venetian glass with hand-wrought sterling lids and spoons. At Buccellati, NYC (212) 308-2900. Outside NY state 223-7885



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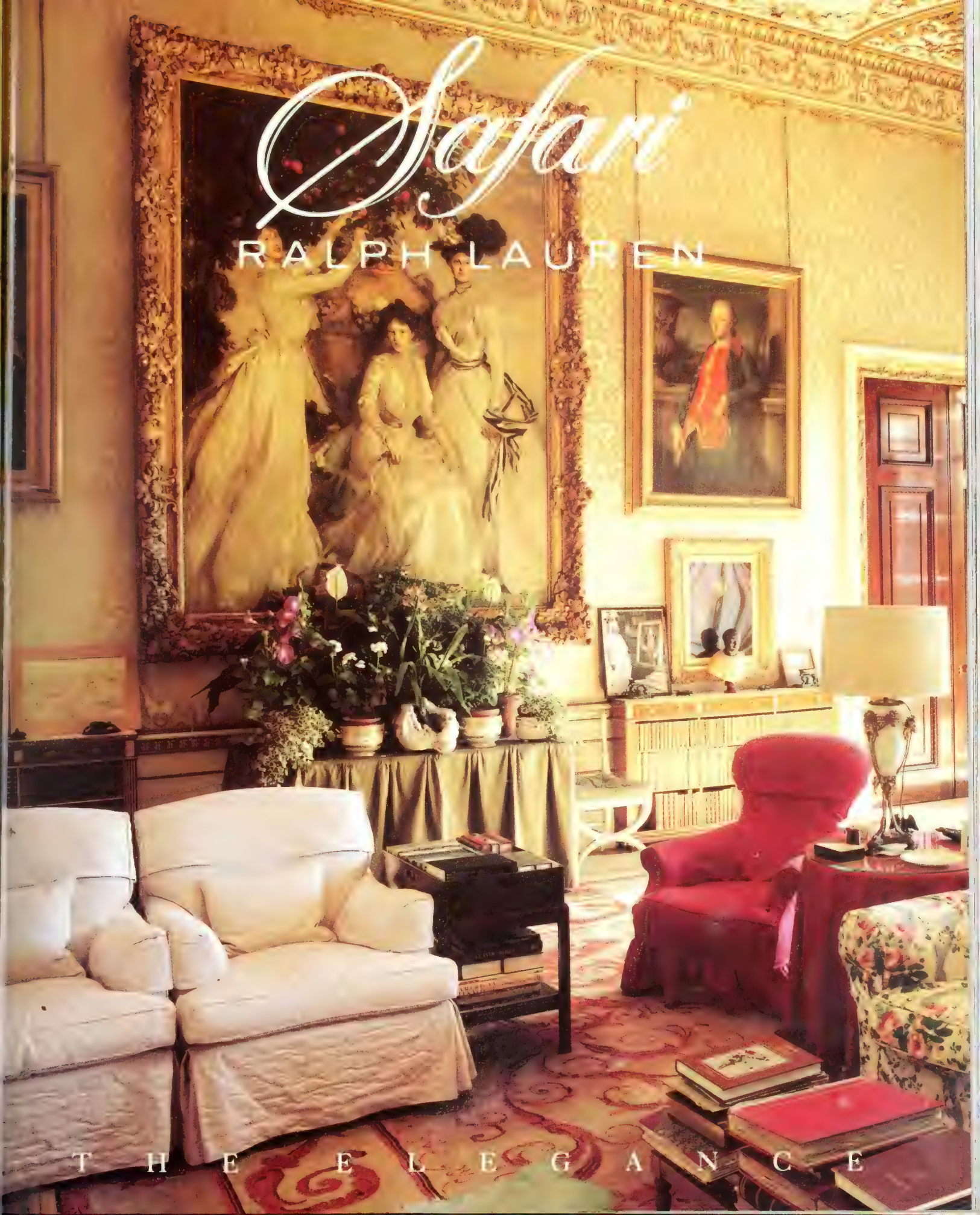
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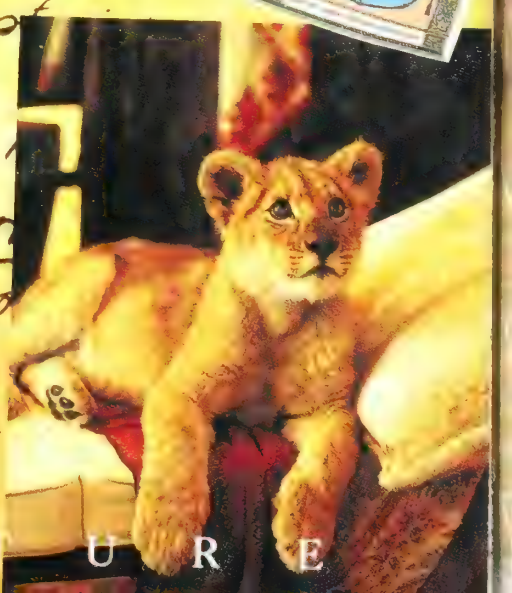
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guide to Masai Steppe Camps dog ...

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Coastal Attractions

History and highlands beckon in villages along the Maremma shoreline. BY PRINCE MICHAEL OF GREECE

Broadly speaking, the Maremma region spans the southern coast of Tuscany—it has no firm delimitations. Purists maintain that it covers the area between Pisa and Tarquinia, the entire former territory of the Etruscans, but I prefer to locate the Maremma in its heartland, which lies between the large modernized townships of Cecina and Follonica. Tourist and gastronomic guides remain curiously silent on the subject of this out-of-the-way region, which is a stroke of great good fortune: few travelers stop here on their way up or down the dreaded Via Aurelia, the ancient Roman road that crosses the Maremma from north to south. With its convoys of impassable trucks, shoals of cars that shark around them nonetheless, and other Italian motorists crawling along like snails, the Via Aurelia has become one of Italy's worst nightmares. When, in a few years time, this deafening thoroughfare is replaced by an autostrada, those who travel along it will no doubt be even less tempted to pause and penetrate the secrets of the adjacent Maremma.

In antiquity the Etruscans occupied the region, leaving tombs, many painted with frescoes, all over the countryside. Some belong to celebrated necropolises like those excavated







A centuries-old house outside the village of Bibbona, top. Above: The walls of the fortress in Massa Marittima. Above left: In a fresco, wild game dominates the local fare. Left: The street life of Bibbona.

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All of the Maremma villages are alike—and no two are the same

not far from Populonia, a fortified village on a cliff overlooking the sea; others are hidden in the distant fields and woods where they remain inviolate.

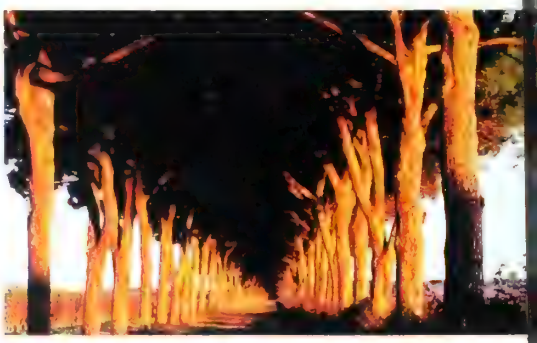
Throughout the Middle Ages the Maremma region belonged to a single family, the conti della Gherardesca, whose principal occupation was the defense of the coastline against Saracen raiders. According to Dante, the most celebrated of these counts, Ugolino, was captured by his enemies and left to die of hunger in a dungeon where he devoured the flesh of his own sons—an exploit that inspired not only a long passage in the *Divine Comedy* but also a large number of nineteenth-century paintings and sculptures.

During the Renaissance a Gherardesca aunt, out of malice toward her nephews, sold her land to the Serristori, a Florentine banking family, who constructed a magnificent villa that was burned to the ground by German troops during World War II. The castles that survive were all built by the Gherardescas. These former strongholds are Castagneto, the family seat, a fortress with an interior pleasingly adapted during the nineteenth century; Segalari, a Neo-Gothic pile whose ruins rise above abundant vegetation; and Bolgheri, which ...sts the world's loveliest cypress avenue, a three-mile tun... trees that has been celebrated by many a poet.

The noble landowners rarely set foot in the Maremma until ...century. The name of the region comes from the pestifer... ...ps that once straddled its lower reaches, balefully generating malaria and other dank diseases; the Medicis of Florence banished their opponents here, and for several hundred years the Maremma was left at the mercy of banditi. Today descendants of the bandits, most of whom are Sardinians, live in the impenetrable backcountry, the marshes are fruit orchards, and the titled owners have returned. (The supermarket cashier in the village of Donoratico keeps a copy of the Italian who's who of nobility within reach in order to tell her principal clients apart.)

The Gherardescas occupy villas admirably designed in the 1920s along the flat, slightly monotonous beaches of the Tuscan coast—where one can contemplate the island of Elba and, on clear days, the distant Corsican mountains—and farther back among the dunes, with their thick covering of





A castle in Bolgheri, top, where time stands still and a cypress avenue stretches for miles, above right. Above: The shores of Populonia.

huge pines and scented shrubs. When, in the 1950s, the habitual calm of the Maremma was threatened by development, members of the noble clan had the wisdom to transform their properties into preserves for the local fauna and flora, thereby avoiding the leprosy of motels, advertising billboards, and camping sites.

Perhaps most important of all, no thoroughfare was authorized to cut through the woodlands. The forests begin exactly at the junction of flat farmland and hills: a wide expanse of tree-mantled wilderness populated by wild boar and other woodland creatures. The sole indication that they were ever otherwise occupied is the occasional glimpse of a seventeenth-century farmhouse deep in the undergrowth.

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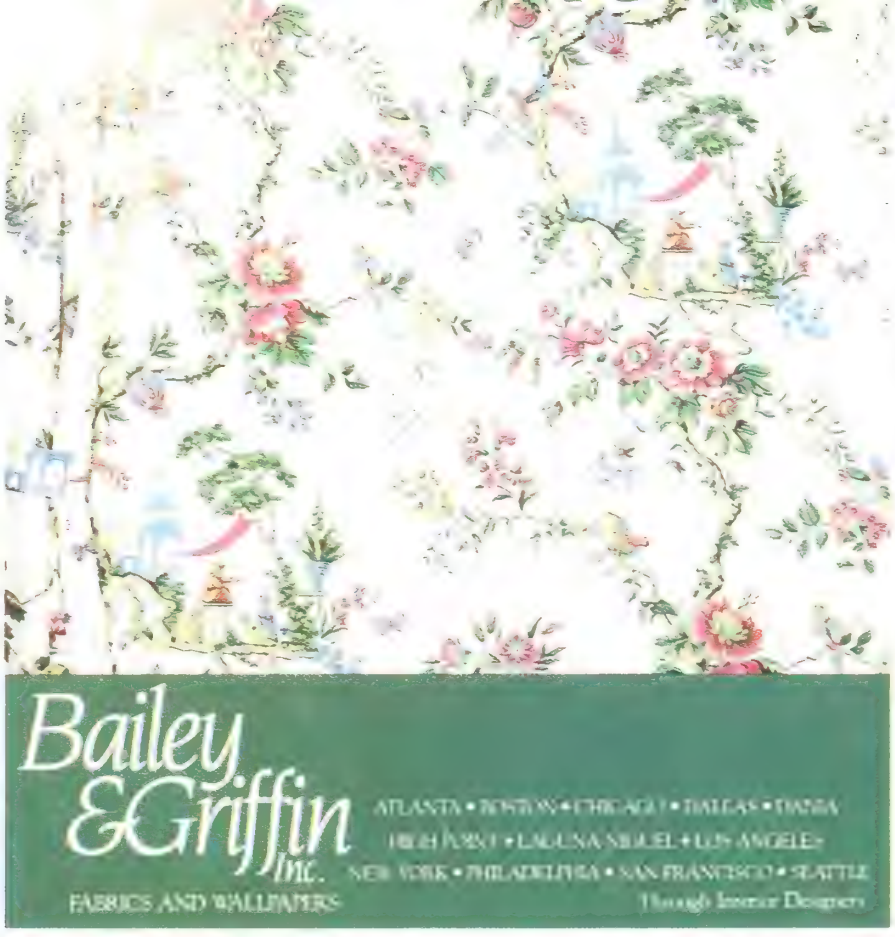
Dozens of narrow byways lead off the Via Aurelia to wind around orchards and the adjacent wooded slopes. They will bring you to villages that have remained unaltered for centuries: Casale Marittimo, Bibbona, Sassetta, Suvereto, and Campiglia Marittima. All these places are alike—and no two of them are the same. From a distance their old tiled roofs seem to be stacked on top of one another, in a kind of pyramid culminating in the bell tower of a church or the ramparts of a fortress. Apart from the charm of their steep, sometimes vaulted alleys and irregular piazzas, each of these villages has special features to offer the determined visitor.

The ancient and little-known city of Massa Marittima possesses a Romanesque cathedral and the delicate cloister of Saint Augustine, tucked modestly behind massive fortress walls. Other towns conceal Gothic palaces, civic buildings sprouting arms and escutcheons, Etruscan tombs, and altarpieces of wonderful beauty in modest chapels.

Visiting these villages is like embarking on a treasure hunt for which one needs both luck and the iron will to compel the opening of locked doors and sanctuaries. Most guides imply that there is not a single hotel or restaurant in the entire Maremma region. Don't believe it. Every village, every forgotten hamlet has its own small hotel, usually old and always delightful. You can obtain directions to an albergo from the proprietor of the local trattoria, which even in the deepest countryside is not difficult to find.

Naturally enough, the cooking of the region is dominated by the local wild game, with dozens of different recipes for wild boar and rabbit, such as pappardelle alla lepre, a delicate pasta in a tomato and red wine sauce filled with garden vegetables and chunks of hare. Fortunately—for these delicious dishes are nothing if not heavy on the stomach—the Maremma wines are young, refreshing, and stimulating.

Go instantly—but say nothing about it to anyone. The Maremma is a secret that must be preserved, fresh and pure, for generations to come. ♠



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Courtly Souvenirs

Under royal patronage, Neapolitan porcelain captured the flavor of everyday life. BY OLIVIER BERNIER





When porcelain making was at the cutting edge of technology and the secrets of its manufacture were as zealously guarded as those of the state itself, it behooved a good king to see that his country produced its own version of this fragile commodity. An added incentive, of course, was that the royal apartments could then be graced by some of the most enchanting and coveted objects ever made.

The first European porcelain manufacture was set up at Meissen in Saxony in 1710, and other countries soon followed. That early on distant exotic Naples rivaled the likes of Vienna, Sèvres, and even Meissen might seem a little surprising. But in fact, the porcelain of Capodimonte—substituting charm and vividness for sophistication—is among the most appealing ever produced.

Much of the credit for this achievement goes to Charles III, king of the Two Sicilies. A clever if startlingly ugly monarch, Charles ruled his inherited domain in the most enlightened fashion. And it was he who decided to create a porcelain manufacture, thus promoting the arts and the sciences while raising the reputation of his kingdom. In this endeavor the king was urged on by his wife, Queen Maria Amalia, daughter of the elector of Saxony. Having brought Meissen porcelain as part of her dowry, this ambitious, notoriously mean-tempered woman felt it was time for her new country to rival the old. And so in 1741 in a forested area just outside Naples known as Capodimonte a factory was built expressly for the production of porcelain.

From the beginning a strict division of labor prevailed: each specialist knew just what his job was—whether the preparation of new models or their actual manufacture. No one could guess at all this disciplined work, however, by looking at the results. Frivolity is the keynote when it comes to this first phase of Capodimonte, best exemplified by Queen Maria Amalia's salottino in the Capodimonte palace, now open as a museum. Here every wall of a not so small boudoir is encrusted with porcelain. Festoons of fruit and flowers link musical trophies, animals, and large plaques depicting scenes of life in China. There are baskets of fruit, life-size parrots, ribbons, dragons, and bearded sages, all reflected in large inset mirrors so that the room appears to be the center of an endless Rococo fantasy.

The very exuberance of the salottino is typically Neapolitan, and even if the details are not as refined as those of Sèvres porcelain, it hardly matters: spontaneity and charm are equally commanding. The same is true of a great number of small boldly colored figurines. Some represent standard subjects, such as cupids and commedia dell'arte characters, but the most appealing are those that capture life in Naples of the 1740s and '50s. There are street vendors hawking everything from fish to picture frames, eager lovers, aristocratic couples, even a risqué scene or two.

To appeal to the tourists who flocked to southern Italy in the 18th century, the cup and saucer, above, still in their original box, are decorated with scenes of the Bay of Naples and Vesuvius erupting. Below: The coffeepot, c. 1790, has a Roman satyr's head as spout.





Profiles of the Capodimonte factory's second royal patron, Ferdinand IV, and his family surround the gilded cup and saucer, above. Right: A comical figural group, c. 1750, featuring a leering professor and his student.

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Naturally all this was expensive, and Capodimonte, its popularity notwithstanding, never broke even under Charles III, but that never bothered him. In 1759, when Charles inherited the throne of Spain, he passed on Naples and Sicily to his eight-year-old son, Ferdinand IV, and closed Capodimonte, not wanting his heir to share in its glories. The factory wasn't reopened until 1771, when Ferdinand, in a rare show of tact, gave it a new name—the Reale Fabbrica Ferdinandea—and larger premises in Naples itself.

By then the court had lofty ambitions: Ferdinand's wife, Queen Maria Carolina, like her sister Marie Antoinette, placed prestige and showy luxury at the top of her agenda. And Ferdinand, who was interested in nothing but hunting and sex, was always willing to be presented as an enlightened ruler. A porcelain manufacture fit admirably into both of these schemes. Timed perfectly to a boom in tourism, the new porcelain became the favored souvenir of well-to-do travelers who flocked to the Bay of Naples after making obligatory stops at Pompeii and Herculaneum. Plates, platters, and entire dinner services embellished with illustrations of the dramatic local landscapes and colorfully dressed people served as treasured mementos for these visitors.

In all its frivolous spontaneity, Capodimonte was a perfect incarnation of the ancien régime. It barely survived a revolution in 1799; then in 1806 the reinstated Ferdinand decided production was too expensive and nonessential. The manufacture was sold to a private company and the great era of Capodimonte ended. Still, today, surviving pieces provide glimpses of a gloriously beautiful period in Neapolitan history. The bay appears as it did before it was lined with cheap high rises. Volcanoes erupt, peasants dance, and the middle class, amusingly depicted in a series of figurines, shows us just how to be fashionable in the last twenty years of the eighteenth century. ♠

For more information on the history of Capodimonte porcelain see Le porcellane dei Borboni di Napoli *(Naples: Guida, 1986) by Angela Carola-Perrotti, who was a consulting editor on this story.*

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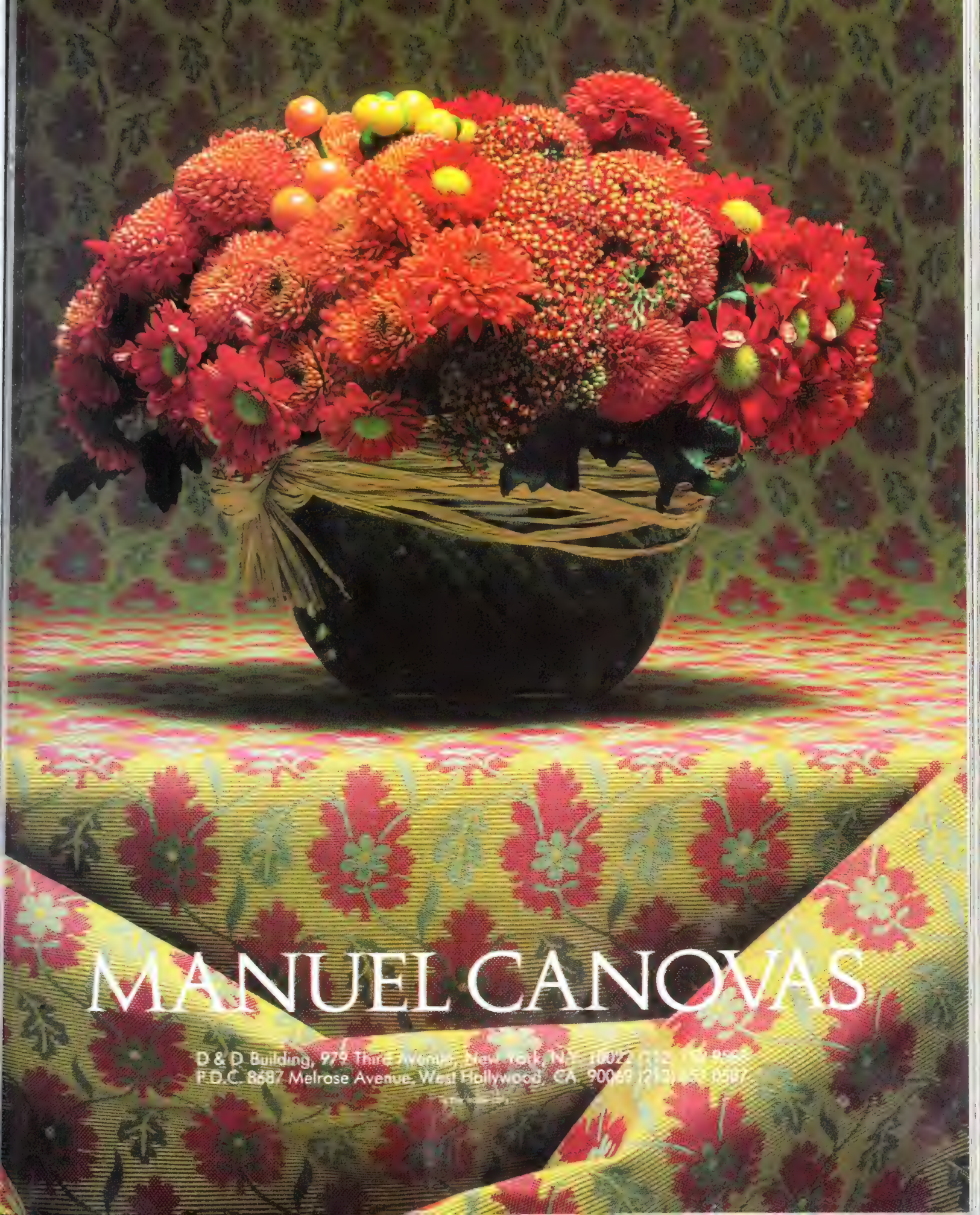
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Italian Hours

A footloose novelist finds home in southern Italy

BY SHIRLEY HAZZARD

Of the millions who visit Italy each year, some thousands will return there "to live": to spend a season or a year or two. Of these, a few will remain all their lives. If they are painters, writers, or musicians, they will carry on their trade in an ambiance that still esteems the individual effort of art. If they are scholars, they must take their chances in the gladiatorial arena of Italian erudition. Others may develop a career or, more usually, eke out a living with expatriate odd jobs. And there are some who can afford idleness in that peninsula where the cult of leisure flourishes yet and where variety and pleasure can fill up many, though not all, days. No longer visitors, never to be natives, these people have arrived without the grim compulsions of migrants or refugees, and they move for the most part easily through the Italian dance, with excursions to their homeland. For a measure of affluence takes, these days, the edge off finality's blade, and mobility suggests —delusively—that every journey is potentially a round-trip.

Those of us who, when young, chose "to live" in the Italy of the postwar decade felt we were doing just that: living more completely among the scenes and sentiments of a humanism the new world could not provide. The Italian admixture of immediacy and continuity, of the long perspective and the intensely personal, was then reasserting itself after years of eclipse. It was a time not of affluence but of hope, and Italy again offered to travelers her antique genius [illegible] human relations—a tact, an expan[illegible] never without form. One was [illegible]o, by beauty that owed as much to centuried endurance as to the luminosity of art and which seemed, then, to create an equilibrium as lasting as nature's. Like the historian Jakob Burckhardt, we felt all this was ours "by right of admiration."

I was warned, as all are who pursue their dream, that "reality" would soon set in—warned by those who define reality as a sequence of salutary disappointments. I was reminded that immemorial outsiders had followed that same cisalpine path. Yet one trusted to the private revelation. Of her time in Rome, Elizabeth Bowen wrote: "If my discoveries are other people's commonplaces I cannot help it—for me they retain a momentous freshness." And so, for most of us, it was and is.

I was fortunate when I first lived in Italy in being obliged to work for a year in Naples, a city that in its postwar dereliction had been virtually erased from the modern travel itinerary as arcane and insalubrious (and which for the same reasons remains little touched by tourism today—the last great Italian city whose monuments retain their animate, authentic context). In an old seaside house, Pompeian red, I had high humid rooms and a view that swept the bay—city and volcano, the long Sorrentine cape, and the island of Capri, which floated far or near according to the light. No expatriate English-speaking network existed to modify my ardor or palliate hard lessons. Then in my early twenties, I had lived around the world but had never previously seen Italy, never been there as a footloose tourist, and thus had no adjustment to make. To visit a beautiful country on holiday is a freedom, a suspension. To reside there is a commitment for which one must not only forfeit much of the indulgence that Italy extends to visitors but subdue, also, the visitor in oneself.

From other loved Italian places, the bay of Naples drew me back—to white rooms on Capri long ago and also, of recent years, to another sea-bound house on the Neapolitan shore. My worktable faces a blank wall, for the sights of Siren Land are no aid to concentration. Even so, throughout the day my husband and I call one another—to see the light on Vesuvius, the red ship, the colored sails, the fishermen hauling nets, and the wave breaking over Roman walls.

The "reality" prefigured to me, like a

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spread of wet cement, never did "set in." But by definition a leap through the looking glass disturbs one's self-image, and I had to learn something of my own ignorance. Intimacy with another country is ripened by pleasures but also by loneliness and error. It is nurtured through long wet winters as well as radiant days and through the fluctuations of mood inevitable to any strong attachment. The colorful scene will not compensate indefinitely for a sense of exclusion from the exchange of thought and wit. The early hospitality of the Italian tongue in daily matters is little preparation for its exigency in the expression of ideas, and the outsider genially praised for his declarative sentences cannot suspect that years may pass before this elusive language becomes as flexible and spontaneous as his own. The many resident foreigners who remain visitors forever, hovering eternally at a rim, have recoiled from these rigors and may applaud Italian joys or deplore Italian ills, responsible for neither. Yet a life without responsibility can pall, and most such people will go home at last, having exhausted not Italy but their own capacity for aimlessness.

In Italy we learn, as W. H. Auden noted, "That surfaces need not be superficial/Nor gestures vulgar" and that, since Italian life is to some extent a performance—an idea of the self played out with style—responsiveness and good manners do not guarantee depth and consistency. We learn, too, that the ability to rise to the moment, to the human occasion, is linked to a sense of mortality intrinsic, in Italy, to all that pleases us.

Life in Italy is seldom simple. One does not go there for simplicity, but for interest: to make the adventure of existence more vivid, more poignant. I have known that country through dire as well as golden times and have dwelt in town and country, north and south. Whether I wake these mornings in Naples to the Mediterranean lapping the seawall or on Capri to the sight of a nobly indifferent mountain, it is never without realizing, in surprise and gratitude, that it all came to pass and that I—like Goethe, like Byron—am living in Italy. ♠





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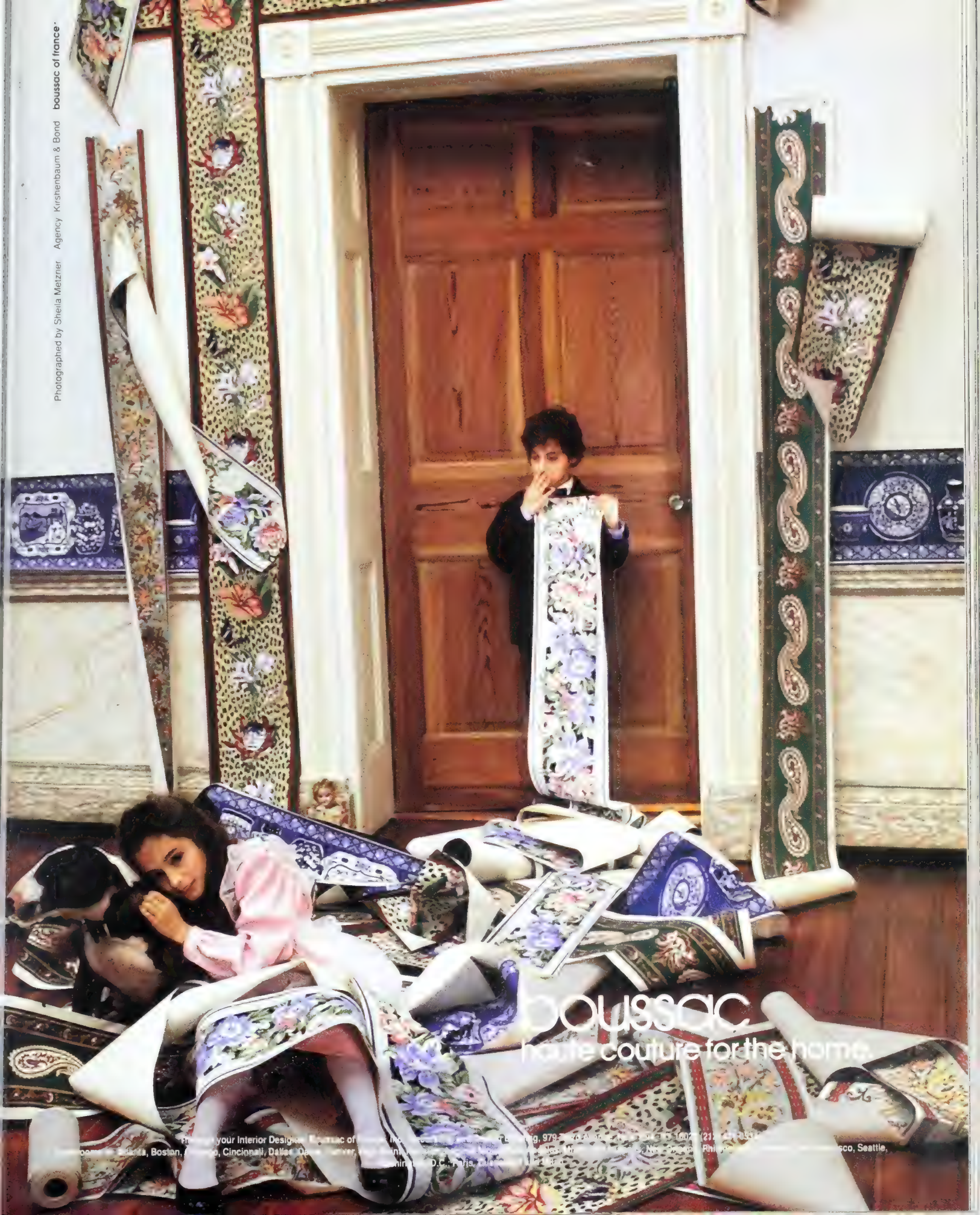
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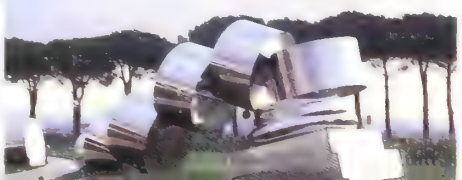
At the new Luigi Pecci Center for Contemporary Art, left, skylights form a dramatic profile against the Tuscan sky. Bottom: Anne and Patrick Poirier's 1988 stainless-steel sculpture *Exegi Monumentum Aere Perennius.*

Forum for the Arts

A new contemporary museum surveys the international scene from an Italian point of view BY MARTIN FILLER

The worldwide flood of new museums during the eighties made a curious detour around Italy. Perhaps it was because the country that has been termed an "art slum" has such a difficult time tending to its existing treasures that the construction of buildings for new art appears unseemly when so much old art is falling apart. Now, however, Italy has a new contemporary art museum that fills one of the most glaring gaps on that country's otherwise rich cultural landscape. The Centro per l'Arte Contemporanea Luigi Pecci, in the small Tuscan city of Prato, [illegible] miles west of Florence, has recently [illegible]d and in one bold gesture brings It[illegible] the international circuit of mod[illegible] museums from which it had been so conspicuously and inexplicably missing. Rome's Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna, for example, is pretty much a joke, with not even the influential twentieth-century art of Italy particularly well represented. Aside from commercial galleries in Milan, Rome, Turin, and Florence, there had been little opportunity for the Italian public to view new art, so the Pecci Center, which has its own permanent collection in addition to playing host to traveling exhibitions, instantly assumes an important place in the nation's aesthetic life.

Designed by Italo Gamberini, the architecture of the Pecci Center regrettably is not up to the superior standard recently set by a number of his countrymen, including Renzo Piano's Menil Collection in Houston and Gae Aulenti and Antonio Foscari's Palazzo Grassi in Venice. The steeply pitched skylights create a lively silhouette, but the coarse forms and detailing of much of the structure below the roofline make this a disappointing statement from a country with so much architectural talent. However, the proximity of this combination museum, study center, archive, and performing arts venue to one of the most traveled tourist districts of Italy assures a ready-made international audience that will make the Pecci Center a major cultural force quite aside from its lack of architectural impact. It augurs well for a 2,500-year-old creative tradition that can now be brought convincingly into a new millennium. ▲



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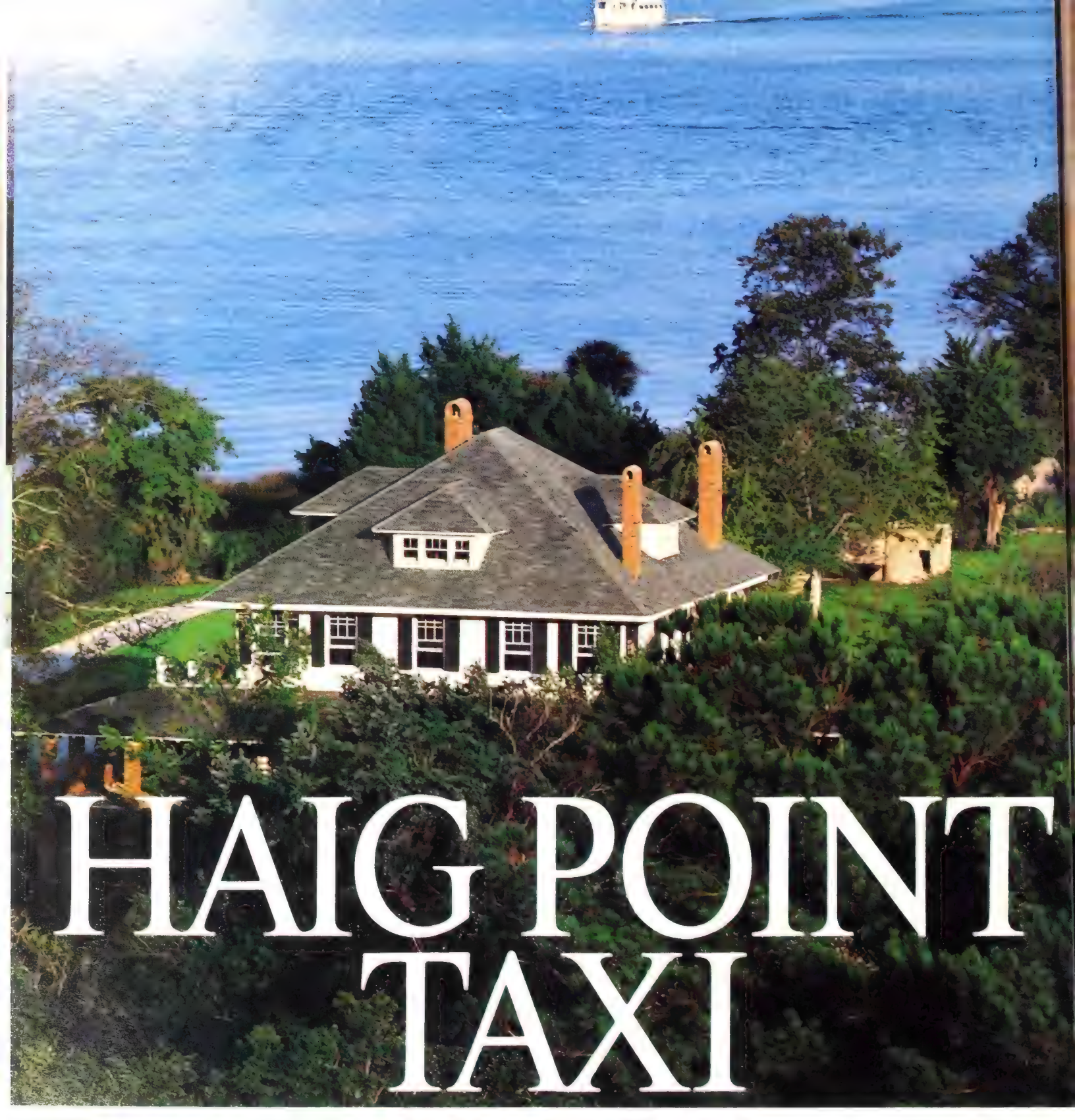
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For those in the know, Dino Franzin's antiques gallery is heaven on earth

BY MARTIN FILLER



Dino Franzin, right, favors sumptuous treasures such as, below right, a 17th-century painting by Evaristo Baschenis and a pair of 18th-century Piedmontese consoles and mirrors. Below: A rare Venetian mirror with white porcelain flowers and a garniture of delft covered jars.

Even when money is no object, it's still not easy to get exactly what you want, as the exasperated seekers after glory in decorating all too often discover. Finding the really good stuff is so difficult that dependable sources for truly extraordinary things—especially antiques—is jealously guarded insider information among the world's top decorators and collectors. They know better than to tip off the competition as to where the most stupendous gold lacquer Regency daybed can be had or a dozen Russian Neoclassical dining chairs that put most others on the market to shame or twelve terra-cotta busts of the deities of Parnassus or four splendid eighteenth-century gold and white majolica panels. Those, at the moment, can be found at the Milan gallery of Dino Franzin, a dealer who has been content to keep his small but devoted clientele as much of a secret as they do him.

Virtually unknown to the nonprofessional public beyond a small coterie of collectors—even that fortunate segment of it that could afford to be his customers—Franzin houses his thriving business in a palazzo-like enfilade of large rooms on the sixth floor of a discreet building at 7 Corso Matteotti, off the fashionable Via Montenapoleone. He lives above the store, occupying a rooftop flat of considerably greater intimacy and coziness than the grand saloni on the floor below.







Belgian terra-cotta bust of a goddess, right

Franzin's sumptuous stock is neither for the self-effacing nor the budget-minded. Grandeur is the unifying theme among his richly embellished large-scale showpieces, which carry correspondingly lofty price tags. "Stavros Niarchos calls me the 'big thief'—you can ask him," confesses Franzin with a hearty laugh. This is international tycoon taste, remarkably unchanged since the teens and twenties: lots of gilding, crystal, rare woods, and ormolu mounts. Objects that other dealers would deem too impractical or bizarre or difficult to sell find a natural home with Franzin—but not for long. A brisk turnover is ensured by his intuitive understanding of his clients, mainly those who retain the services of Franzin's best patron, Italy's master decorator Renzo Mongiardino. Nonetheless, against the tangerine-colored walls of Franzin's showrooms those pala-

ALEXANDRE BALLHACHE

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tial pieces seem as though they have been there forever—and by implication, will look that way in your house, too.

Franzin has no need to keep a high public profile in order to reach his potential audience, so tiny is it. Not for him the international circuit of antiques shows or full-page ads in prestigious magazines. Nor does he cultivate the scholarly aura that makes many high-end dealers seem more like museum curators. Franzin's range, which encompasses Italian, French, English, Spanish, and Russian antiques, is too wide to fit into the collector-oriented realm of specialist dealers who can sell more on the basis of rarity than on sheer aesthetic impact. Though he always has a number of museum-quality pieces on hand, they are there for their decorative appeal.

Franzin gives so many dinner parties in his flat and gallery that Milanese wags have dubbed him Pranzin—pranzo being the Italian word for meal. But his astute social instinct has led one international friend to call him the "Metternich of antiquaires." He was the host, for example, of the memorable

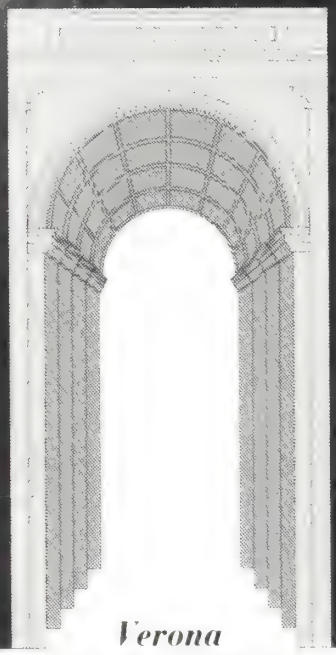


Among the current stars of antiquaire Dino Franzin's tangerine-walled Milan gallery is a gold lacquer Regency daybed.

dinner party that has been called Andy Warhol's Last Supper. On January 22, 1987, exactly one month before the artist's sudden death, Warhol was in Milan for the opening of the final exhibition of his work held during his lifetime: a series based on Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* and shown in a gallery across the street from the Renaissance original. The post-premiere party was vintage Franzin, with a stellar but highly eclectic guest list that mixed art world heavyweights, dolce vita glitterati, and a sprinkling of presentable press.

Though in the business for almost thirty years, Franzin found the past decade to be exceptionally successful, not least because his particular brand of opulent taste found a wider audience than ever before. The Italian upper class has never been shy about showing off its wealth and social position to its peers, and the interiors of their houses are calculated to make the most magnificent impression possible, an idea that gained greater currency in the U.S. during the eighties. Although the trend toward interiors of almost suffocating splendor seems to have crested in this country, there will still be a demand for the irreplaceable object of spectacular singularity, and Dino Franzin is certain to have it in store. ♠

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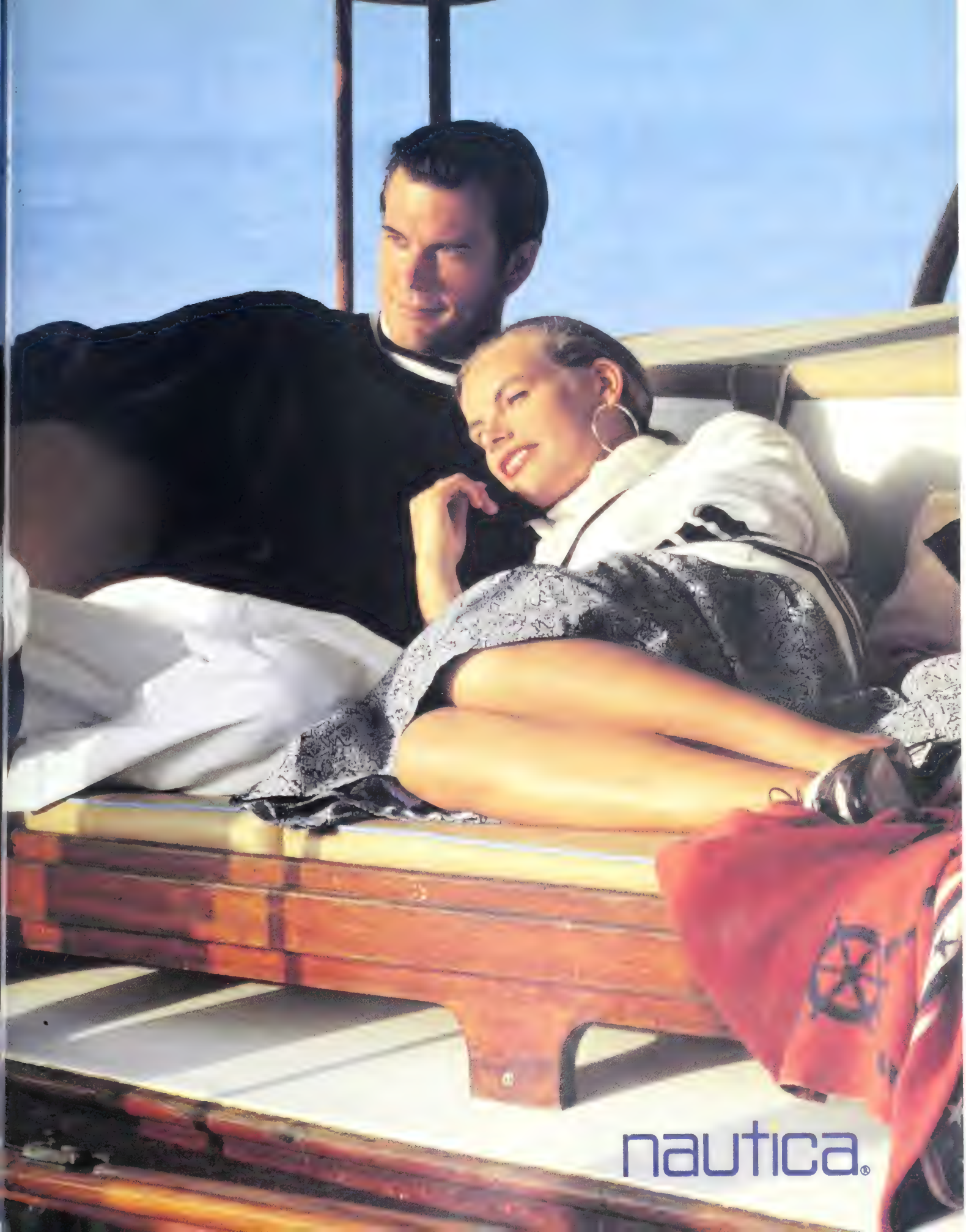
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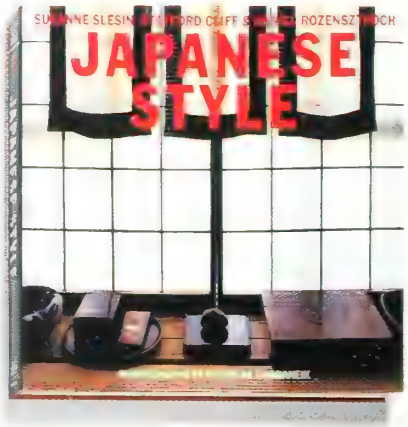
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Mr. Smith Goes to Italy

British menswear designer Paul Smith loosens his tie in a Tuscan farmhouse

BY CHARLES GANDEE



Each summer, British menswear designer Paul Smith and art student Pauline Denyer, left, escape their 1830 Georgian house in London's West End for what they like to call "almost a villa," twenty minutes from Lucca. The modest 100-year-old farmhouse is surrounded by vineyards, below, which is what recommended it to Smith and Denyer, who are "afraid of forests."

Contrary to what you may have heard, real men do wear purple socks with their gray flannel suits—as well as brocade vests with their dinner jackets, flowered shirts with their linen trousers, and polka-dot boxer shorts with anything they please. Or at least they do if they're dressed by Paul Smith, the British menswear designer who refuses to choose, when it comes to the question of stylistic inspiration, between Alistair Cooke and Oscar Wilde, between Savile Row and Carnaby Street, between the Eton schoolboy and the East End bad boy.

To some, Smith's signature mix of the quiet and the traditional with the flamboyant and the hip is a bit, shall we say, idiosyncratic. To others, of course, the marriage of discreet haberdasher and squawking peacock is precisely the reason why over the past two decades the designer has parlayed a tiny boutique in his hometown of Nottingham into a $60 million per year empire that spans twenty countries and includes 47 emporiums in Great Britain, the United States, and Japan.





In the master bedroom, left, mosquito netting envelopes a hand-made bed from Scotland.

Keeping tabs on his worldwide operation keeps Smith on the road and in the air seven out of every twelve months. There are tailors to direct in Milan, fashion shows to orchestrate in Paris, cashmere sweaters to weave in Scotland, and forty shops to monitor in Japan. But when July rolls around, the 43-year-old designer escapes, like generations of Englishmen

JAMES MORTIMER

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Although Smith and Denyer were committed to maintaining the character of their Tuscan retreat, top, they did add a new coat of terra-cotta-colored stucco and new green shutters to the exterior. Above: The designer in his swing.

before him, to Tuscany, where a modest house he calls "almost a villa" awaits.

Smith bought his humble retreat, twenty minutes from Lucca, three years ago because "I can't relax," because there are no tourists in the area, and because the house is located in a valley on twelve acres of open land surrounded by vineyards rather than enveloped by forests. "For people who have never lived in the country," he explains, "it can be worrying—it's dark at night and it's quiet, very very quiet." Although the 100-year-old stone and tile structure had sufficient charm to seduce the designer and his longtime companion, Pauline Denyer, twenty years of neglect had taken their toll. The house was a shambles—without plumbing, without electricity, and without a complete roof.

Judging by Smith's sartorial snap, it would be fair to deduce that his domestic accommodations would be riddled

"As you get more worldly or as you get a bit older your ideas change. I still adore modern things, but more to look at than to live with"



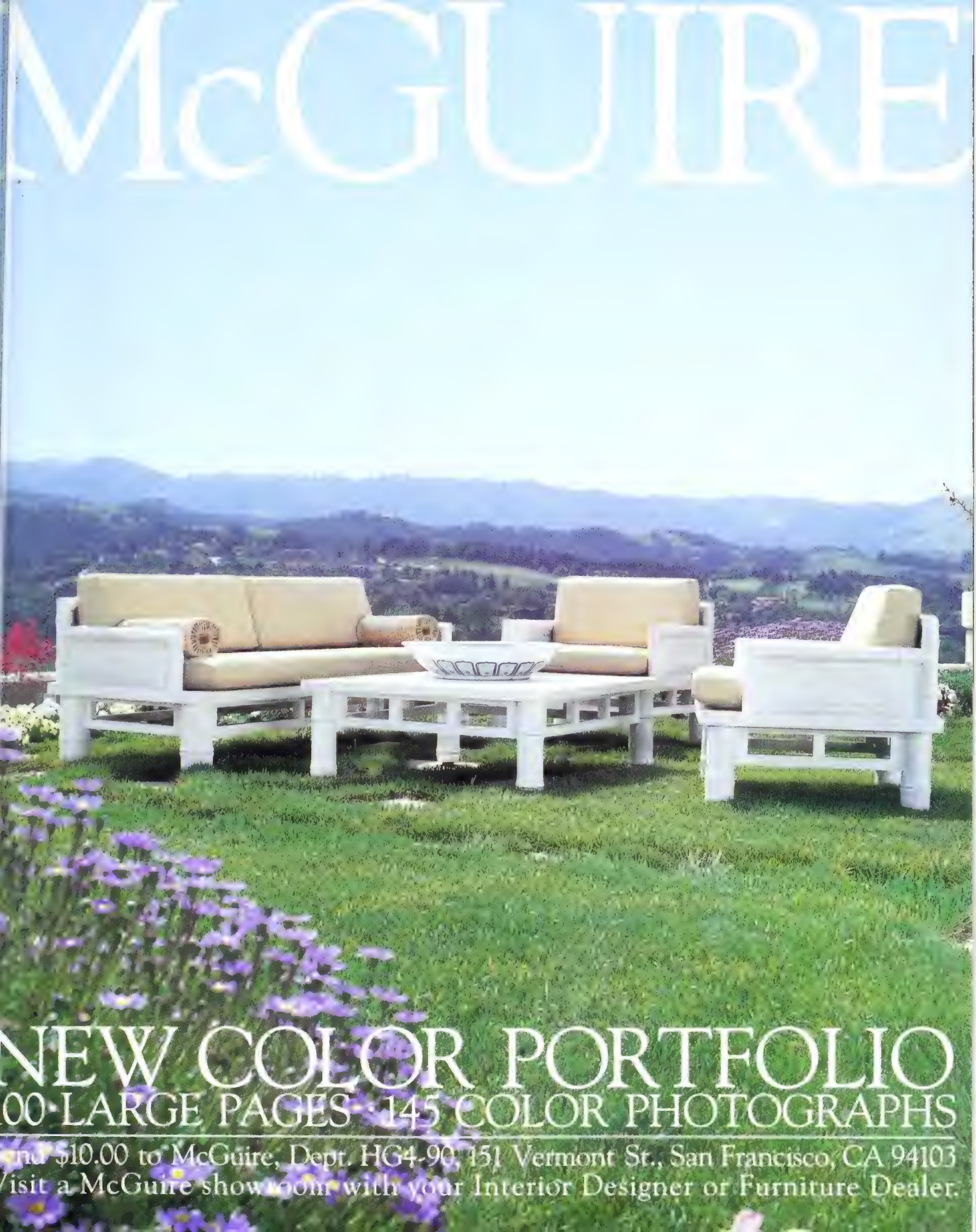
A white wicker chair with a Manuel Canovas fabric cushion greets visitors in the entry. Details see Resources.

with the same kinds of mixed aesthetic signals that have made him rich and famous. But it would be wrong. His Italian home-away-from-home, now fully restored, looks as if the owner were a farmer whose idea of a complete wardrobe is a pair of overalls. In other words, there's not a purple sock in the place.

"I live such a mad mad mad life," explains Smith, "that when I get home I just want to get into a comfortable sofa. I suppose that as you get more worldly or as you get a bit older your ideas change. I adore modern things, but more to look at than to live with. They really aren't very comfortable." So instead of modern, Smith and Denyer opted for simple rural charm. Although extensive reconstruction efforts were made—including new tile floors, new beamed ceilings, and a new coat of stucco—the goal was "to take it back to the way it might have been." Says Smith: "It's got a nice feeling about it. It makes you quite sleepy." ♠

Editor: Amicia de Moubray

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What's so great about Italian design?

A roster of experts tell critic JANET ABRAMS *what they adore and abhor*



Alessandro Mendini's 1985 Macaone table, above, for Zanotta. Right: Aldo Rossi's recently completed Palazzo Regionale in Perugia's new civic center. Below: Paolo Deganello's 1982 Torso chair for Cassina. Details see Resources.

Since the 1960s when the Italians began performing miracles with molded plastic, their masterpieces of form, function, and brio have been shaping the course of contemporary design. From Ettore Sottsass's fiery 1969 Olivetti typewriter to Gaetano Pesce's tactile 1987 Feltri chairs, Italy has roused the rest of the world with its workmanship and unfettered imagination. Now after nearly three decades does Italy still deserve its laurels? And are further accolades yet to come?



PAUL GOLDBERGER, *architecture critic, The New York Times.* Nobody else has managed to merge spareness and sensuality as well as the Italians. Their work isn't overly ornamented or cluttered. The Germans are often more hard-edged, the Japanese more razzle-dazzle. But there's no excess in Italian design. You want to touch it and feel it and caress it. One of my favorite examples is Mario Bellini's wonderful Olivetti desk calculator with the nipples—it's no longer in production, but I recently saw it again at the Design Museum in London. It carries the natural qualities of Italian design to the point of exaggeration. Too bad it was rendered obsolete by the advent of the microchip.

LELLA VIGNELLI, *president, Vignelli Design, New York City.* Italian design is a national phenomenon, not an isolated factor. It really is understood by an enormous percentage of the population—I'm tempted to say the whole population. And it's appreciated and communicated by all the publications, from newspapers to popular magazines. It's almost like soccer—something that everyone participates in and has pride in at different levels, whether at the very high and expensive end or at Italy's equivalent of Woolworth's.

ROBERT A. M. STERN, *principal, Robert A. M. Stern Architects, New York City.* The truth is that with the exception of Memphis I haven't found Italian design interesting for ten years or more. Emilio Ambasz put the lid on its coffin in 1972 at MOMA in his exhibition "Italy: The New Domestic Landscape." That was the end of it for me. It became repetitious, too involved in new technologies. The shapes were boring. They went one way and I went another. But in the sixties and early seventies the Italians' use of hard and expandable plastics was new and fresh compared with the then-limited forms of high Modernism—a dull diet of glass and chrome. Italian design opened wider possibilities. It was seductive, evocative, soft and hard. The white was white and the color fantastic. I moved on. Maybe they didn't.

R. CRAIG MILLER, *associate curator of twentieth-century design and architecture, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.* What gives Italian design an edge is its fabrication: the choice of material, quality of detailing, how the leg joins to the seat, how the fabric is attached. Italian technical innovations—like finding new methods of molding plastic—have radically changed our perceptions of what a chair or table might be. Modernism may have become a little threadbare, but Italy's Postmodernists are still very vital, and there's even a second generation emerging.

NIGEL COATES, *partner, Branson Coates Architecture, London.* The Italians are elegant perfectionist masters of the industri-







Richard Sapper's 1972 Tizio lamp, above, for Artemide. Right: Ettore Sottsass's 1969 Valentine typewriter for Olivetti.

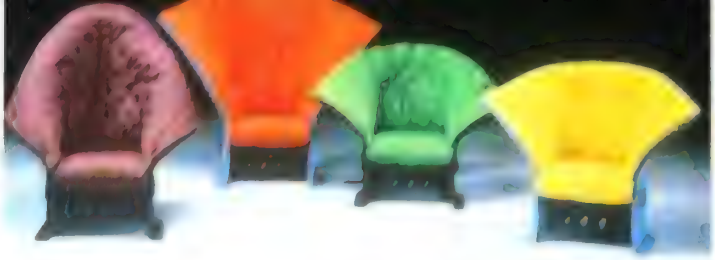
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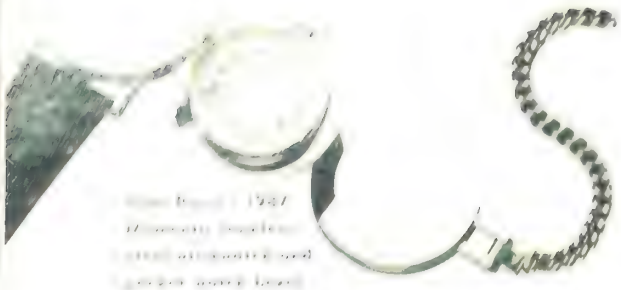
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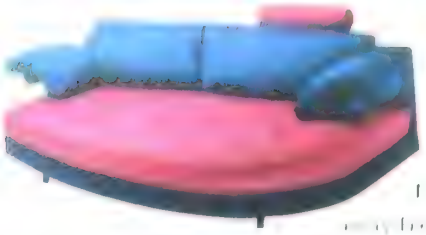
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Gaetano Pesce's 1987 Feltri chairs, right, for Cassina

Gae Aulenti's 1987 Kansas leather and aluminum and glass-and-steel chairs for Alivar. Below right: Hadrian 44 Secretary, 1983. Paper tube for Memphis Milano. Below: The sofa component of Antonio Citterio's 1986 Soft sectional line for B&B Italia



Massimo Iosa Ghini's 1987 Tahiti chair, below, for Memphis Milano



Italian designers have no fear because they have been brought up from the day they are born thinking that design is what matters



RICHARD MEIER, *principal, Richard Meier and Partners, New York City.* There are about 10 talented, capable people in Italy, like Mario Bellini, Ettore Sottsass, Vignelli, Cerri, Citterio and Aldo Rossi. They have a different attitude, which probably has to do with where they live and what they eat and everything else about their lives. The overall environment helps and motivates them to be more open and interested in new ideas than those in other countries, and new designs are pursued well. Look at computers. Olivetti is a success in terms of its product design and its workplaces. But the atmosphere that appears and disappears. It all depends on leadership.

MICHAEL GRAVES, *principal, Michael Graves, Architect, Princeton.* I've never known what all the fuss was about. It's not that I dislike Italian design, but I've always found it a bit too self-consciously Italian, you're talking about Italian clothes, Italian cars, Italian everything. The cars are fantastic. I once owned a Lancia Stratos and a Maserati—you can't help looking cool in the top of Lancia with all that hand-sewn leather. I've designed 75 pieces for Alessi, and we've kept touching new elements. Alessi has the quality

Italian designers have no fear because they have been brought up from the day they are born thinking that design is what matters

Massimo Iosa Ghini's 1987 Tahiti chair, below, for Memphis Milano

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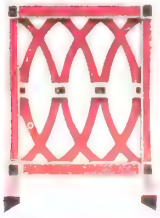
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Fine Italian Hands

Six Tuscan craftsmen carry on centuries-old traditions

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS





It is said that the only thing the distinguished artisans of Tuscany and its hub, Florence, cannot make to order is disappointment. History, integrity, and technique are built into the region's traditional crafts like a guarantee. The variety of crafts themselves is eye-opening—from terra-cotta floor tiles promised to last three centuries to plain or fancy hand-carved picture frames; from night tables painted with chinoiserie to scagliola tabletops that trick the eye into thinking their surface decoration is marble. Tuscany is home to a wealth of workshops, and six of the finest discussed here—artisans adept at furniture restoration, terra-cotta production, the art of scagliola, frame making, fabric weaving, and silversmithing—are well worth the trip.

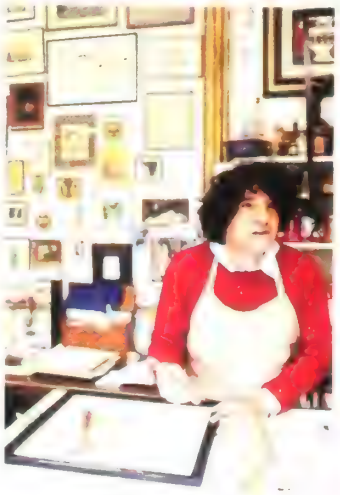
PAINTED FURNITURE Since the end of the last century, the Ponzianis of Florence have been identified with the soulful restoration of antique painted furniture, whether gilded or lacquered, Venetian or Louis XIV. Since the late 1940s the

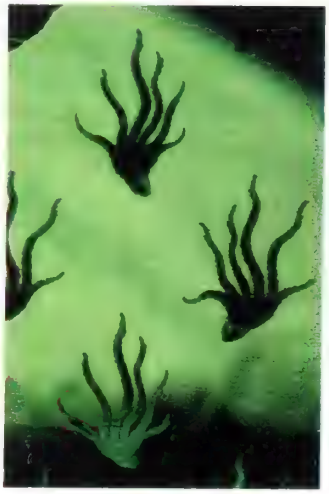


Ponzianis have also been crafting historically correct state-of-the-art copies of these same pieces as a less expensive alternative. Today the pocket-size firm, located in a ravishing Renaissance palazzo in the woodworking quarter of Florence, is run by Maurizio Ponziani, the son of the founder, who employs a team of six artisans. Tables, chairs, desks, cabinets, chests of drawers, and more are all made to order, hand-crafted, and hand-painted.

People who own replicas of the duchess of Windsor's jewels may want to consider a Ponziani reproduction of her black japanned Queen Anne bureau bookcase. Their facsimile of a seventeenth-century Spanish pharmacist's cupboard is equipped with dozens of minuscule drawers—some real, some false—that are meant to store herbs, but they would be just as good for separating tagliolini from tagliatelle in the kitchen. Ponziani doesn't guarantee that your prose will improve by working at their Louis XVI–style writing table, its drawers and legs lavished with swags and garlands, but it seems likely. Some of the company's copies are so good they have been mistaken for period originals and sold as such by international auction houses. Maurizio is shocked they don't know better. A full eighty percent of Ponziani's business in reproductions is derived from the United States. Typically an American client will come into the shop

Mario Mariani, above left, shapes a terra-cotta pot destined to hold a lemon tree. Above: From Bianco Bianchi, an elaborate scagliola tabletop. Left: A dining chair highlighted in gilt from Ponziani. Below left: Framer Piero Franceschi in his Santo Spirito workshop. Below: Lisio's handwoven silk with a motif taken from Botticelli's *Primavera*.





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Ponziani doesn't guarantee your prose will improve by working at their Louis XVI–style writing table, but it seems likely

with a copy of Florence de Dampierre's *The Best of Painted Furniture*, turn to a page, and say, "I would like that." And they are thrilled when Maurizio Ponziani is able to give it to them, line for line. (Ponziani/Lo Studiolo, Via Santo Spirito 27, 50125 Florence; 55-287958)

TERRA-COTTA Like vineyards and olive groves, terra-cotta tiles, flowerpots, and garden statues are crucial to the Tuscan landscape. The finest and most durable in Italy, and some authorities would say the world, is from Impruneta, a once-important market town off the old road to Siena six miles south of Florence. The Etruscans who settled Impruneta learned to make terra-cotta from the Greeks around the fifth century B.C. The Romans also later produced it, but their technique never matched that of their predecessors'. It wasn't until Renaissance artists such as Donatello and Verrocchio started working in it that terra-cotta became a popular alternative to stone or marble. Brunelleschi handpicked Impruneta tiles that cap his duomo in Florence, and Della Robbia contributed terra-cotta decorations to the arches of Brunelleschi's Foundling Hospital on the Piazza Santissima Annunziata. Today nearly half of all Italian "baked earth" comes from the kilns of Impruneta.



One of Bianco Bianchi's tabletops in progress. The floral design is incised in marble and filled with a colored gypsum mixture called scagliola.

Although there are much older factories in the town, few operate on the same level as that of Mario Mariani, whose grandfather founded the business in 1914. Mariani's entire output is formed by hand and fired in a wood-burning kiln. Like every craftsman in



Impruneta, the reason he is there in the first place is the exceptionally smooth local gray clay. Because it absorbs much less moisture after firing than terra-cotta made with other inferior clays, it resists low winter temperatures that lead to cracking. The high iron and aluminum content of the raw material also contributes to strength and longevity.

Since chunky floor tiles one and a half inch thick and widemouthed containers for lemon trees obtain their first characteristically pink coloring from the oxidation of iron in the clay during firing, the quality of that heat is critical. Many of Mariani's contemporaries use easily operated methane gas ovens that produce a flat, crude, unvarying shade of orange considered hopelessly vulgar by terra-cotta aficionados. He and his clients prefer the subtle and unpredictable gradations that result from a wood fire.

Everything made by this good-natured artisan, including orcios designed to store olive oil and now used as garden decorations, follows the designs of his grandfather. Nonno Mariani left behind sketches and jottings that fill a notebook which Mario refers to as "my computer." (Mario Mariani, Via di Cappello 29, 50023 Impruneta; 55-201-1950)

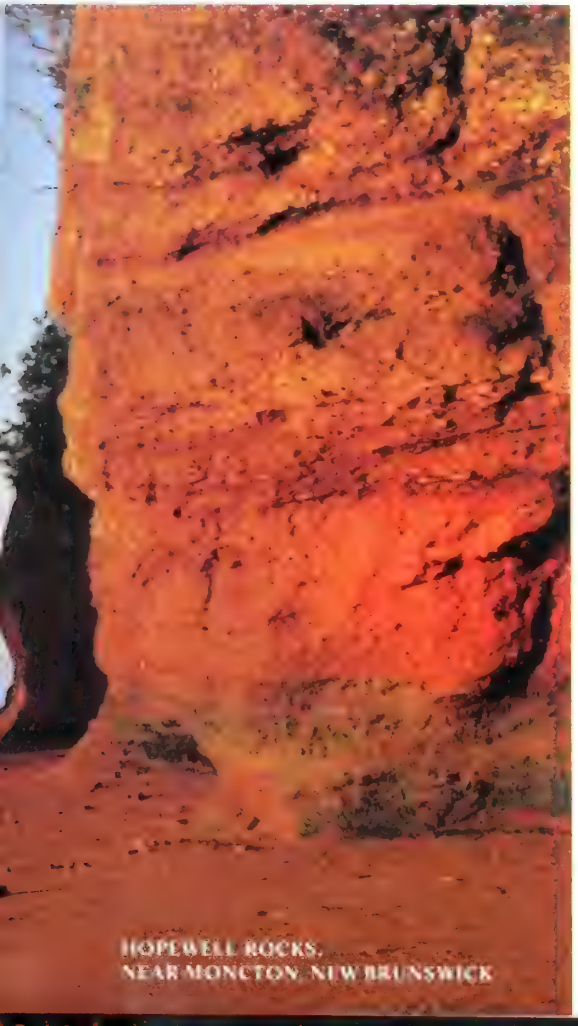
SCAGLIOLA Dismissed as a minor art when it was introduced in Italy in the sixteenth century, scagliola has no pedigree problem today. A marblelike mixture of ground gypsum, pigment, and glue employed as filler in designs incised in marble or slate, scagliola is collected by English nobility (the duke of Kent for his apartments in Kensington Palace) and fashion nobility (Gianni Versace for his Lake Como villa).



At painted furniture specialists Ponziani, a desk drawer is embellished with a carefully brushed still life of fruit.

Both men's blue-chip resource for one-of-a-kind furniture incorporating the painstaking trompe l'oeil art of scagliola is Bianco Bianchi, who was an office worker and a moonlighting artisan until an American department store promotion in the late sixties generated enough business for him to devote himself to his craft full-time. He makes tables, small decorative boxes, as well as picture designs for hanging on the wall just as one would a painting, and he is pleased to carve them with any image a client suggests. Versace favors Neoclassical motifs: one of the eighteen tables he commissioned shows shapely amphoras; the angry head of Medusa crops up in another. The duke of Kent opted for his own coat of arms—a crown framed by a lion and a unicorn.

The gypsum used in scagliola is mined in the Apennines, a mountain chain that forms the boundary between Tuscany and Romagna. Dissolved in glue, it fills



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to a depth of about [illegible] inch. Drying time is fifty days, after which the surface is smoothed first with a razor, then a wet pumice stone. For complex realistic motifs such as birds and flowers, the process begins all over again with the carving and inlaying of the scagliola itself. (Le Scagliole di Bianco Bianchi e Figli, Viale Europa 117, 50125 Florence; 55-686118)

FRAMES "The artisan is an anachronism. He's the bicycle of today," says Piero Franceschi from behind his craftsman's curtain of brown curls. The foremost framer in Florence perceives himself as a kind of chronological error, but business could hardly be described as flat. There are always so many frames waiting to be picked up or delivered in his fifteenth-century Santo Spirito workshop and boutique, the 1940s atelier of realist painter Ottone Rosai, that people are often fooled into thinking there is actually something to buy. In fact, everything is made to order and chosen from a repertoire that includes lavishly ornamented Baroque or severely rectilinear Art Deco designs, Empire frames that look as if they have been dipped in gold, and simple fluted and marbleized frames that Franceschi has come to regard as his signature classics.

Franceschi works in all woods, including raw, splintery cast-off pieces he salvages from building sites and then insets, typically, with lozenges of colored resin. "I learn a lot by studying windows and doors, both of which are kinds of frames," he says. "If you look at them this way, man has been making frames for six thousand years."

The son of a brass smith and the grandson of a hat trimmer, Franceschi says he had learned the names of virtually all the tools he uses by the time he was seven. Early apprenticeships taught him that the artists whose paintings and drawings he would be hired to frame shouldn't influence him. "What interests me is the rapport between the work and the frame I am making. It makes no difference to me if the painter is Picasso or someone completely unknown." (Franceschi, Via Toscanella 28–38R, 50125 Florence; 55-284704)

TEXTILES If eight hours seems a ridiculously long time to produce a 3½-by-23-inch morsel of jacquard fabric, think of the three months that go into programming the thousands of perforated cards that set the turn-of-the-century pine handlooms in motion. As in 1906 when Giuseppe Lisio founded his namesake company, such is the time-consuming reality today of making what are surely the world's most extravagant, most elaborate, and most expensive damasks, figured silks, brocades, and chiseled velvets.

The Florentine firm employs just two full-time and two part-time weavers, and for their patient trouble and good strong legs (necessary to animate the

In his workshop, Piero Franceschi makes frames that look as if they've been dipped in gold



looms and achieve the proper tension in the cloth), only orders of sixty meters or less are accepted. Old Italian nobility make up the core of the tiny audience for Lisio's handwoven textiles, many of which are based on tapestries and on garments in paintings by Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, Perugino, and Veronese. Others are taken from fabrics charged with historical meaning. Imperatore is a copy of a Byzantine cloth discovered in the sarcophagus of a bishop in Bamberg. Woven in Constantinople in the emperor's atelier, which catered exclusively to the court, it shows a figure on horseback that may be Constantine himself returning victorious from war. Dalmatica, another typically ornate design, is borrowed from the chasuble that is said to have belonged to Charlemagne. This silk shows Christ on an ash-blue ground with a procession of kings, patriarchs, monks, nuns, angels, and bishops.

In collaboration with Venetian textile manufacturer Lorenzo Rubelli, Lisio also offers a second collection that is produced on power looms yet looks almost as rich and luxurious as its labor-intensive counterparts. Designed to coordinate with the handwovens, these less expensive versions are stocked in Rubelli's own shops with branches located throughout Italy. But it is the handwovens that young men who are entering the priesthood and need proper vestments insist on. "They adore beautiful fabric," says Roberta Landini, who directs Lisio's weaving school. "Italian priests are very concerned about how they look." (Lisio Fondazione Arte della Seta, Via Benedetto Fortini 143, 50125 Florence; 55-680-1340)

SILVER In a tiny Florentine carriage house crowned by a vaulted ceiling, Paolo Pagliai and his trio of assistants work miracles on silver in need of repair or replacement. When all of Florence was gearing up for Countess Fiametta Frescobaldi's 1988 wedding, Pagliai was called upon to add new shine to Santo Spirito's towering silver chandeliers—the very ones the Frescobaldis had donated to the cathedral two hundred years earlier. Heirloom teapots with faulty spouts and eighteenth-century flatware services requiring a few more forks are also standard fare for Pagliai, who learned his craft working alongside his father, Orlando. Equally adept at quality reproduction, Pagliai eschews mass-production techniques and still casts his pieces in one-shot molds handmade from octopus cartilage. He stocks the few display cases in his studio with extraordinarily convincing replicas of eighteenth-century Florentine trays, saltcellars, vegetable dishes, and charming ornamental shells of his own design. And though his client roster reads like a who's who of Florentine nobility, Pagliai remains the consummate humble artisan. "My work," he shrugs. "It's useful." (Paolo Pagliai, Borgo San Jacopo 41R, 50125 Florence; 55-282840). ▲

Three months go into programming the perforated cards that set Lisio's looms in motion

The dress was chiffon, the stockings were silk, and a martini was the height of fashion.

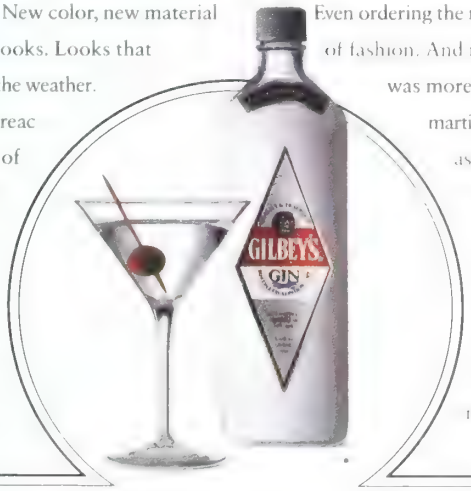
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But whether or not a dress was a designer original was just part of the story. Everything that was "in fashion" became part of one's own personal style. Viewing the latest portrait from Tamara de Lempicka, driving your Bugatti out on Long Island or listening to jazz on a gramophone were all fashion statements unto themselves.

Even ordering the right cocktail was part of fashion. And in the 1920's nothing was more fashionable than the martini. Today fashion is just as obvious. And though the times may call for a Patrick Kelly instead of a Paul Poiret, the martini is still made the same way. Gilbey's. Good taste never goes out of style.



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Rescued Relics

Tribal art meets cartoon classic in the Milan apartment of designer Stephan Janson

BY UMBERTO PASTI



"Every time I uncover a new relic it gives me the feeling of having saved something from oblivion," says Stephan Janson, above. Right: His collection of Amazonian and other tribal headdresses show their colors in a case in the foyer of his apartment.



In the bedroom, above right, a 1940s armchair by architect Emilio Terry, a rustic Victorian iron table, a late 18th century Neapolitan bed, and a 1950s Walt Disney carpet form an inspired ensemble. Right: An Italian Neoclassical console supports a Roman head of Venus and a fragmentary Parian marble horse, both 2nd century B.C.





Decoration is an irritating word," says 33-year-old French fashion designer Stephan Janson. "To furnish a house by adopting a style or following a plan is like dressing according to fashion. I believe in freedom."

This everything-goes stance is best exemplified by Janson's Milan apartment, which has been his home base for the past seven years. In each of the five rooms there isn't a piece of furniture, an object, or a fabric that is in harmony by period or style with the thing next to it. The master bedroom, for instance, features a carpet festooned with Disney characters, an eccentric 1940s neo-Baroque armchair by architect Emilio Terry, a late eighteenth-century Neapolitan bed, and a Victorian iron table in the form of intertwined roots. Meanwhile, the focal point of the dining room, which also serves as library and studio, is an Empire table cloaked in silk-embroidered Turkish cloth and surrounded by French iron garden chairs. Here the carpet is a kilim from Bessarabia, the painted light fixture is Russian, and the desk is Italian Art Nouveau—and yet it all emanates a curious harmony.

Of his passion for the overlooked and slightly arcane Janson explains, "I have always collected objects that were underappreciated. It's not an investment for me; it's a compulsion. Every time I uncover a new relic, it gives me the feeling of having saved something from oblivion, of redeeming a small piece of history." Thanks to Janson's highly successful rescue efforts, his apartment has gradually been transformed into a haven for rare and precious artifacts. Tribal headdresses from the Amazon, the

CLOCKWISE FROM FAR LEFT: STEFFEN GENTIS, OBERTO GILI (3)


Jacqueline Ferrar

There isn't a piece of furniture, an object, or a fabric of the same period or



In the dining room, which doubles as a library and studio, a French iron garden chair is paired with an Empire table cloaked in 18th-century silk-embroidered Turkish cloth. Parts of an extensive collection of Islamic ceramics, dating from the 9th to the 18th centuries, pattern the walls.

Philippines, the plateaus of Cameroon, and New Guinea display their vibrant feathers and beadwork in a tall glass showcase at the entrance foyer. Islamic ceramics dating from the ninth to the eighteenth centuries, with brilliantly colored enamelwork and sumptuous glazing, rest on the bookcases in the dining room, and Roman and Byzantine sculptural and architectural marble fragments form still lifes on low tables and consoles in the living room.

"The Indians of the Amazon, the Arabs, and the ancient Romans have been my three passions since I was young," says Janson. "Prowling in a Paris junk shop when I was twelve years old, I found a remarkable Amazonian headdress of the sort adolescent males of the Karajo tribe used in their initiation rites. The dealer couldn't believe I was interested. It was an old carnival hat, he said, and promptly sold it to me for the equivalent of a couple of dollars. As far as I know, the only other existing headdress similar to mine is at the Musée de l'Homme in Paris."

Janson belies his fragile looks with tales of his adventures among the wily antiques dealers of Cairo, Damascus, eastern Turkey, and north Syria. His search for Ottoman tiles and other ceramics salvaged from mosques and palaces has taken him through a maze of tiny outpost towns where he honed his talent for negotiating with sign language and rarely left empty-handed. "About fifteen years ago there wasn't a lot of interest in Islamic art. Entire buildings were torn down, and the ce-

ORREFORS. HUMBLED ONLY BY THE TEMPTATION

style as the thing next to it—yet every room emanates harmony

ramics that lined their walls were easily found on the market. The same thing is happening today with ancient marble. There are warehouses in Italy loaded with architectural fragments dating back to the Roman Empire. In the workrooms of tombstone carvers you can actually find bricks made of porphyry or serpentine, and cornices made of that pavonazzetto marble from Asia Minor which, legend has it, was stained by the blood of Actaeon."

I ask him how he finds the time to design two Italian collections every year as well as another two for Micalady (a Japanese clothing company) and also devote inordinate hours to browsing the world's antiques shops and flea markets, to corresponding with dozens of bookstores, to frequenting museums, to reading and studying. He looks at me surprised, as if the answer is obvious. "It's all about the same search. The way colors are used on a feather cloak from Central America or on a thirteenth-century Persian goblet can help me create a room or design a dress."

And after a brief pause, punctuated by an ascetic Oriental smile that conceals his absolute determination, he adds, "Just as I don't believe in good taste, I don't believe in styles. To me there is just one style, and it crops up everywhere. The anonymous Roman stonecutter who carved a frieze had it and so did the Turkish craftsman who painted a dish for his master. Style is a search for greater freedom. You don't need money or culture—just a bit of courage and a lot of passion." ▲





On a trio of shelves, brilliantly glazed Isnik ceramic tiles, right, from the 16th and 17th centuries join 18th-century cups and saucers from Kütahya in Turkey. Above: Tree-shaped coral and a Roman marble bust, 2nd century B.C., surround a contemporary shell frame made by a child in Tangier.





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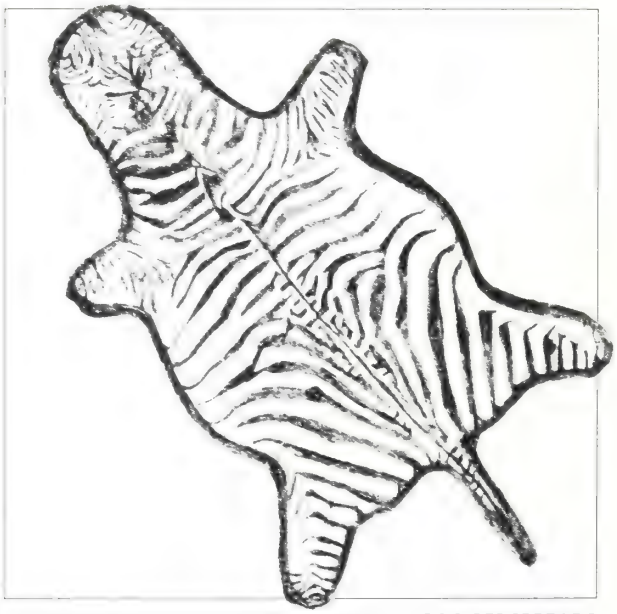
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The Tasca estate, Regaleali, left, where Mario Lo Menzo reveals the secrets of his noble trade. Far left: The chef tests the bouquet of a tangerine stem.



Costanza Tasca Camporeale, Anna Tasca Lanza, and Rosemarie Tasca in the 1960s.

The Last of the Monzù

Mario Lo Menzo upholds a vanishing tradition of Sicilian family chefs

BY MARY TAYLOR SIMETI

Imagine the desperate poverty of postwar Sicily—it is 1954—and a young lad, fresh from the provinces, being conducted along a palm-lined drive on the outskirts of Palermo toward a luxurious garden of swan-filled pools and bougainvillea vines brilliant against a backdrop of magnolias and tall cedars. Behind the garden rises the severe façade of Villa Tasca, pale brown stone decorated with an elaborate escutcheon of carved marble.

Mario Lo Menzo was eighteen then, a Sicilian version of Dick Whittington in search of fame and fortune. With four years' experience as a kitchen boy, a remarkable talent with food, and most probably a certain dose of trepidation, he was on his way to enter the service of Giuseppe Tasca, Conte d'Almerita, as helper to the count's chef.

Count Tasca was something of an anomaly among Sicilian aristocrats, for together with his lands and his title he had also inherited a pronounced entrepreneurial bent. His forefathers had already turned Regaleali, a large feudal estate in the Sicilian interior they had acquired in the 1830s, into a model farm for livestock and grain production; he himself was soon to begin bottling and marketing the estate's wines—heretofore produced only for local consumption—with such success that today Regaleali wine is sold internationally.

Young Mario may have been awed by his first meeting with the count, but he was probably downright terrified by his first encounter with the king of the kitchen. Chef Giovanni Messina, who had been serving the Tascas for forty years, was familiarly known as Giovannino, an unlikely nickname for a bad-tempered autocrat who was extremely jealous of his secrets and his prerogatives and very much aware that he too was heir to a glorious title, that of monzù.

The first monzù had come to southern Italy with Napoleon's army as chef to Joaquin Murat. When his boss lost the crown at the Congress of Vienna, Monsieur Robert went home, leaving behind him a taste for French cuisine and the title of monsieur, which in Neapolitan dialect soon became monzù. From the Bourbon court at Naples the fashion for French cooking spread rapidly to aristocratic households throughout the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The early monzù, Frenchmen imported at great expense, were succeeded by Neapolitans and Sicilians who had trained in


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Tangerines transformed: panierini al mandarino

the great kitchens of Paris. A well-paid elite, they owed their title less to their training than to their employers—the monzù served only the aristocratic families and never fraternized with the chefs of the bourgeoisie—and to their art. In their hands the ancient tradition of Sicilian baronial cuisine reached new heights of sumptuousness.

It was during the Belle Époque, a period of lavish entertaining, that the monzù Giovannino served his apprenticeship, working his way around the aristocratic kitchens of Palermo and learning each master's specialty, from soups to ices, sauces to pastries. The art of making consommé could be acquired under Giuseppe, chef to Baron Lo Monaco, whereas Enrico, who worked for the duke of Salaparuta, was famous for his ability to transform vegetables for his employer's amusement so that what appeared to be pasta con le vongole turned out to be made with eggplant.

Mario's own apprenticeship lasted nine years. Giovannino, in his eighties by that time, was despotic and loathe to part with any of his secrets. He would tolerate no youthful levity or distraction in the kitchen and demanded that his assistants concentrate totally on the food at hand: the whole body must be present before the stove, he claimed, with all its senses alert. It was harsh training, especially for a jovial youth like Mario, but it produced an heir worthy of the old monzù. The first meal prepared under Mario's command was served to a frequent guest at the Tasca table, Conte Lanza di Mazzarino, the father-in-law of the eldest Tasca daughter. "Ah!" sighed the guest at the end of dinner, "Giovannino is still Giovannino." No mistake ever gave more satisfaction.

Mario has carried on Giovannino's traditions, both in the everyday delights of Sicilian cooking and in the exquisite masterpieces created for weddings and other gala Tasca family occasions: pasticcio di selvaggina, a pâté of pheasant and quail, or medaglioni di pollo, round slices of chicken galantine decorated with pâté, aspic, and truffles and served in wide baskets made of pasta woven with fresh flowers dipped in wax. While these require professional skill, even an amateur can master panierini al mandarino, a delicate citrus gelatin served in baskets of tangerine peel. A very old Sicilian dish, this probably originated as a tornagusto, served, as ices often were, between two very rich courses in order to cleanse the palate. Today it makes a pretty and pleasantly refreshing dessert.

Like his predecessor, Mario has the privilege of working with homegrown ingredients. Most of the vegetables, fruit, meat, and dairy products as well as the olive oil, vinegar, and wine that he uses in his cooking are produced at Regaleali, where the Tasca family spends much of its time. The strong Sicilian flavors hold their own even in the face of exotic imports, like the caviar in Mario's version of pasta al caviale.

Despite the strong hold of tradition, Mario has created his own recipes. Occasionally his innovations are fortuitous—like all artists he is a great believer in using flair to turn error into advantage—but ordinarily Count Tasca wishes to be advised ahead of time of any changes, and only those that meet with his approval become part of the repertoire. One such invention is castrato al Rosso del Conte, a ragout Mario created to celebrate a fine red Regaleali wine. Although on the Tasca estate this dish is made with the meat of young goats, it is perfectly adaptable to mutton or lamb.

Mario's debt to Regaleali goes beyond his ingredients. In an age when few aristocratic families can still afford to employ chefs of his standing, Regaleali and its winery have allowed him to become one of the last true claimants to the title of monzù. At the fairs and exhibitions where the Regaleali wines are being promoted, his cooking has acquired an international reputation, and now the lovely old stone buildings of the estate have become the setting in which he can teach others his secrets.

The first monzù arrived with Napoleon's army —and left behind a taste for French cuisine

The count's three daughters, who share their father's enterprising spirit as well as his fondness for the old baronial cuisine of Sicily, have recently inaugurated a series of spring and fall cooking courses at Regaleali. While they attend lessons in which Mario demonstrates his skills, small groups of American enthusiasts are guests at the cottages of Anna, Costanza, and Rosemarie Tasca. With the help of yet another generation of Tascas, the glorious traditions of the monzù are gaining a new audience.

PANIERINI AL MANDARINO

- 1 ounce sheet gelatin
- 1 cup warm water
- 2 cups orange juice, freshly squeezed
- 2 cups tangerine juice, freshly squeezed
- ½ cup lemon juice, freshly squeezed
- 2 cups water
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 dozen tangerines with stems and leaves attached

Soften the sheets of gelatin by soaking them for a few minutes in the water. In a saucepan combine the softened gelatin and its water with the juices, the remaining water, and the sugar (adjust amount of

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[illegible]ording to taste and to the acidity [illegible] bring to a boil over low [illegible] stir continually with a whisk so that the gelatin dissolves. When it comes to a boil, remove from heat and, using a slotted spoon, skim off the foam that [illegible] on the surface.

Place a chair upside down on a table, place a bowl on the underside of the seat, and tie a dish towel to the legs so that it is suspended over the bowl. Slowly pour the gelatin mixture into the towel so that it will filter through the cloth into the bowl. Cover the bowl and place the liquid in the refrigerator overnight to jell.

With a sharp knife cut an opening on either side of the stem of each tangerine leaving the bottom half intact and a ½-inch strip going over the top so that the peel forms a round basket with a handle. Carefully extract the pulp through the openings. About an hour before serving, remove the gelatin from the refrigerator, stir it lightly, and spoon it into the hollow peels. Serves 12.

PASTA AL CAVIALE

1 ½ pounds vermicelli
⅔ cup extra-virgin olive oil
½ cup finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons chopped chives
3 cloves garlic, finely chopped
2 ounce jar red lumpfish caviar
2 ounce jar black lumpfish caviar
Freshly ground black pepper

Cook the pasta in boiling salted water until al dente. Drain, reserving a half cup of the water, and place in a serving bowl.

While pasta is cooking, heat the oil in a skillet over a low flame and sauté the onion until softened but not colored. Remove from the heat and immediately add the parsley, chives, garlic, and half of the red and black caviars, stirring well. Add immediately to the pasta and mix well, with a little reserved cooking water if it is too dry. Add the freshly ground pepper. Garnish with the remaining caviar and serve immediately. Timing is all important because the garlic, herbs, and caviar must cook a little but only in the heat given off by the onion and hot pasta. Serves 6.

CASTRATO AL ROSSO DEL CONTE

1 leg of lamb, boned and cut into large pieces
1 medium onion, sliced
2 bay leaves
1 bottle Rosso del Conte Regaleali
¼ cup olive oil
1 cup brandy
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
2 pounds white mushrooms, sliced
½ pound pancetta
1 tablespoon olive oil
2 pounds whole baby onions, peeled
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons flour

Put the lamb together with the onion and bay leaves in the red wine and marinate in the refrigerator overnight. Drain the lamb pieces, reserving the marinade, and dry them with paper towels. Rub them with the olive oil and brown lightly in a frying pan. When the pieces have colored and the juices evaporated, add the brandy. Set fire and let the brandy burn until evaporated.

Place the meat in a heavy saucepan, adding the reserved marinade and salt and pepper to taste. Cover and cook slowly over a low flame for about 1½ hours. The sauce should just cover the meat; add additional wine if necessary.

While the meat is cooking, sauté the mushrooms and pancetta in oil until lightly colored. In a saucepan sauté the onions briefly in the butter. Add sugar and enough water to cover, and simmer uncovered until all the water is absorbed. When the meat is done, add the mushrooms-pancetta mixture and the onions. Simmer for a few minutes. Add the flour, dissolved in a little water, and bring to a boil, cooking over low flame for a few moments until the sauce is slightly thickened. Correct the seasoning if necessary. Serves 8–10. ♠



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Merchants of Milan

Shops of the northern metropolis stock everything from antico to avant-garde

BY PETER GREEN





Alessandro Guerriero, above, is one of the minds behind Museo Alchimia, a shop-cum-gallery featuring objects whose roots began in Memphis. Left: A spherical theme informs the shop's recent Soli Collection. Below: Fornasetti's small space is filled with an impressive range of black and white objects. Below right: Books are treated as jewels at Franco Maria Ricci.





Amid the variety and contradictions, the mesh of tradition and avant-garde, Milan has had one strong common thread: design. In addition, a commitment to quality and style has established Italy's northern metropolis as a shopping mecca. From the old-world bookbindings of Legatoria Artistica to the sleek contemporary teakettles at Alessi, walking along the Milan storefronts is like leafing through a history of Italian design—a history that is being written as the shop windows change for the season.

ALESSI When Alessandro Mendini's new cookware was unveiled at Alessi, the window displayed a mannequin of Mendini adorned with angel wings and dripping from head to toe in his pots and pans. This band of irreverent creativity is evident in the shop itself, where Alberto Alessi has brought together the unconventional designs of such names as Michael Graves, Robert Venturi, and Richard Sapper. Teakettles are the store's best-sellers, but Alessi also carries serving bowls, candlesticks, watches, clocks, and limited-edition prints. (Corso Matteotti 9; 2-795-726)

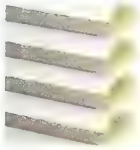
CENTRO BOTANICO In a quiet courtyard off the busy Via dell'Orso, a narrow stairway leads to the shabby but genteel eighteenth-century flat that houses Centro Botanico, Angelo Naj Oleari's shop for lovers of greenery. Few living specimens are for sale; instead the proprietor offers classes for aspiring botanists and a phytopathological service for sick plants. Besides a generous assortment of books and seeds, the shop stocks an array of perfumes, soaps, and olive oils, many made from plants and trees cultivated in Naj Oleari's garden and greenhouse near Orvieto. (Via dell'Orso 16; 2-873-315)

ETRO Gimmo Etro began designing fabrics nearly 21 years ago and has since become Italy's prophet of paisleys. Etro's vibrant variations of that curved and curly shape, available at his home furnishings shop, makes even the patterns of Liberty of London look like just so many black and white checks. Besides place mats, bath towels, sheets, and bedspreads rich in purples, blues, reds, and greens, Etro has fabrics by the yard, all in paisleys. In an adjoining mahogany-paneled room—designed to resemble a pharmacy—Etro sells his line of men's and women's fragrances called—what else?—Paisley. (Fiori Chiari; 2-795-203)

IMMAGINAZIONE Entering this shop on Via Brera is like stepping inside a small space in the back of Piero Fornasetti's imagination. The tiny room is crammed with plates, cups, obelisks, chairs, screens, cufflinks, and buttons silk-screened, often in trompe l'oeil, with the designer's idiosyncratic and amusing themes—eyes, suns, and images from seventeenth-century architectural perspective drawings. Although most of the objects are in black and white, Fornasetti's vision is anything but colorless. (Via Brera 16; 2-805-0321)

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DUETTE



Walking along the Milan store fronts is like leafing through a history of Italian design



FRANCO MARIA RICCI Franco Maria Ricci began publishing his exquisite limited editions amid the turmoil of the 1968 Communist revolution in Italy. While Ricci's efforts gained little appreciation then, today the two-story shop is so crowded during the winter holidays that people wait in line outside to get a glimpse of his shelves. Ricci's volumes are bound in [illegible] silk and printed on acid-free paper, and illustrations are tipped in by hand onto the page. The books encompass a range of subjects in art and design, from the pyramids of Egypt to the contemporary fashions of Armani and Valentino, although a large number are devoted to painting. (Via Durini 19; 2-798-444)

LEGATORIA ARTISTICA At the bookbinding laboratory of Mose Forte and his wife, Ornella Bacchetta, old volumes are rebound in the traditional handsewn way with marbled covers and endpapers. The couple also makes the usual selection of books for sketching, addresses, appointments, and diaries. A few yards up the Via Palermo, Forte creates custom shoeboxes, hatboxes, and linen trunks, and Milanese cognoscenti bring in their favorite wallpaper to be used as covering for Forte's handmade cardboard or wooden storage containers. (Via Palermo 5; 2-861-113)

MUSEO ALCHIMIA Behind a styleless façade on Via Torino you'll find the shop and gallery of Alchimia, a group of Italian designers whose work is addressed to the "decorative and superficial man." Alchimia delights in combining the playful and the beautiful in uncommon shapes and colors, yet the originality of their objects sometimes precludes utility. A spherical wood chest from the recent Soli Collection proves frustratingly inconvenient—each drawer must be lifted off to reach the one below. More successful—aesthetically and practically—is the sparkling violet coffee table, its round glass top etched with stars. Alchimia's designs are produced primarily in workshops in Brianza, and many rely on traditional skills of cabinetry, marquetry, and hand finishing. (Via Torino 68; 2-869-2296).

SHED Margherita Motto has spread her enormous selection of furniture, housewares, and gourmet food over 2,200 square meters of a former mozzarella factory. Recent furniture offerings include a table and chairs by Mario Botta, bookshelves by Philippe Starck, and such reissued historic pieces as a Charles Rennie Mackintosh high-back



chair and a Mies van der Rohe sommier. A worldwide search for rare objects and gadgets has yielded such disparate discoveries as a Philippine rattan love seat and a Japanese birdcage. (Viale Umbria 42; 2-5519-0065)

VETRERIE DI EMPOLI Those who enter Vetrerie di Empoli cannot help but marvel at the oversize handblown glass designs of Franco Parentini populating the frescoed space of Gallarati-Scotti, a late seventeenth century palazzo. Parentini's creations, inspired by his late father, Ugo, a glassblower in Empoli, include giant fruit bowls and vases wound with ribbons of contrasting hues. Parentini focuses his talent on achieving a mastery of color, evident both in the verisimilar shades of his glass grapes and strawberries and the surreal tones of his amphoras. (Via Borgospesso 5; 2-540-8719) ▲



The enormous space that is Shed, above and top left, showcases Italian design as well as imported furniture and objects. Top right: Seventeenth-century frescoes provide a backdrop for handblown glass at Vetrerie di Empoli. Right: Candlesticks by Paolo Portoghesi join Alessi's silver and stainless-steel wares.


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A silk print dress inspired by Monet's "Years at Giverny".



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Editor's Page

APRIL 1990

ACHIEVING AN INTERESTING EDITORIAL MIX IS ALWAYS A CHALLENGE—ONE THAT increases when geographic boundaries are limited. In preparing this special issue on Italy we had to find diversity among palazzi, apartments, and country houses, making difficult choices among venerable frescoes, ravishing gardens, and inventive modern interiors. That we had so much to choose from is largely to the credit of consulting editor Beatrice Monti della Corte, whose web of connections reaches throughout Italy as well as the international art and literary worlds. There were also European editor Deborah Webster, who flew from her Paris base to Milan on a number of occasions, and creative director Charles Gandee, who secured the scoop on Giorgio Armani's newly redecorated apartment and the story on influential young designer Matteo Thun and his family. Herbert Muschamp's friendship with Ettore Sottsass and their shared love for Venice yielded unexpected insights into that fabled city. Heather Smith MacIsaac, HG's architecture and design editor, was a special help with stories on Miuccia Prada and shopping in Milan. Gardening editor Senga Mortimer led photographer Langdon Clay through the doors of the legendary Knights of Malta compound in Rome as well as to Gore Vidal's retreat on the Amalfi coast. Prince Michael of Greece offers his first piece as an HG contributing editor on the maritime region of Tuscany where he and his family often visit. Then, too, we were lucky to have not only the keen eye of photographer Oberto Gili, who lives in New York and Italy, but also the observations of some extraordinary writers, including novelists Gregor von Rezzori and Shirley Hazzard, editor at large John Richardson, who profiles the great decorator Renzo Mongiardino, and Everett Fahy, chairman of the Department of European Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum. While restricting our scope to one country made achieving diversity more of a challenge, it also provided boundless inspiration for a fresh and surprising look at Italy today.



In the private garden of the Knights of Malta on Rome's Aventine hill, buildings designed by Piranesi in the 1760s surround classic Italian parterres.

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



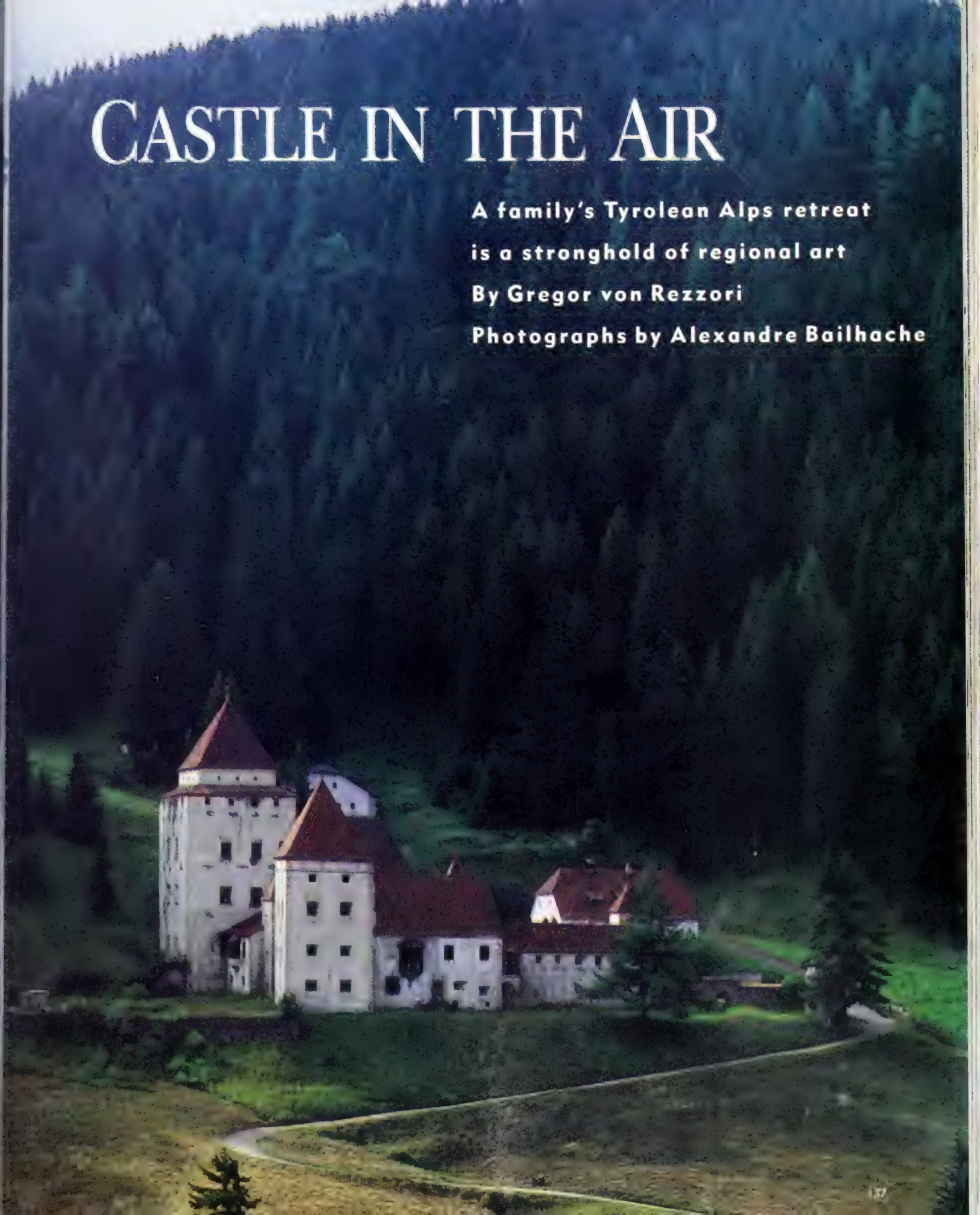
An Austrian count built Castel Gardena, *right*, as a hunting lodge in 1616. It had become a poorhouse by the time Carlo Franchetti began restoring the castle shortly after World War I. *Left:* Franchetti's grandson Pietrarco and great-grandson Giordano play on an 18th-century sleigh in the frescoed entry courtyard.

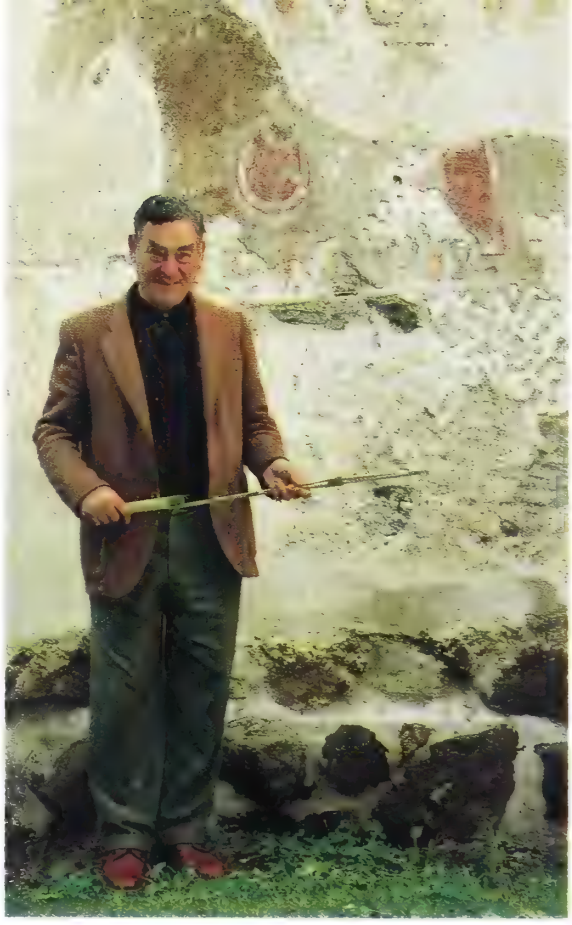
CASTLE IN THE AIR

A family's Tyrolean Alps retreat is a stronghold of regional art

By Gregor von Rezzori

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache





WITH A TRAVELER'S ARDOR AND A scholar's erudition, the baron tells the history of his gingerbread castle. It lies in the Valgardena, a green valley in the south of the Tyrolean Alps. The Italians call this region Alto Adige; the partly German-speaking population there, nostalgic for the times when it belonged to the glorious Habsburg empire, call it Südtirol. Both parties claim it as theirs. Baron Giorgio Franchetti, though considering himself a thoroughbred Italian, is much too cosmopolitan to take part in the debate over whose claim is better founded. Originally, he expounds, there were neither Italians nor Germans in the Valgardena but Rhaetians who spoke Ladino, a language rooted in Vulgar Latin like French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and Rumanian. But the Rhaetians were a small people living in a remote area, and Ladino was about to disappear. It was revived only centuries later—by a German.

Around the end of the first millennium the Holy Roman Empire was headed by a succession of German kings who went to Rome to be crowned emperor by the pope. To meet resistance from some Italian rulers, the northerners sent their armies over the Alps. Castles were built to secure the passes, and colonists settled around these strongholds. That is how Germans came to the southern Tyrol, though not to the Valgardena. It is a particularly pleasing part of the world, but no pass leads through the Alps at that point, so there was no need for a castle.

Many a great name of the Austrian aristocracy originated in the other valleys of Südtirol. One such family, stemming from Villandro in the Val d'Isarco, is that of the counts Wolkenstein. At the end of the fourteenth century Oswald von Wolkenstein gained fame as a minnesinger and wrote some of the most beautiful verses ever written in German. It was also he who revived Ladino. A couple of hundred years later—in 1616, to be exact—Ehrengard von Wolkenstein, another cultivated gentleman, chose the virginal Valgardena as the site for a fishing and shooting lodge that would look like a castle but provide comforts lacking in his ten real fortresses. Originally called Fischburg and later renamed Castel Gardena, it was used by the Wolkensteins until the middle of the nineteenth century.

It is quite an experience to listen to Giorgio Franchetti speaking about his predecessors at Castel Gardena. He is not linked to them by blood but by the passionate energy with which he consecrates himself to his various hobbies. A Maecenas of the Italian art scene, he has crammed his apartment in a crumbling Roman palazzo with paintings and sculptures, mainly the works of conceptual artists whose maître à penser he became. The interest in art runs in the family: his sister Tatia is married to Cy Twombly, who shares the Franchettis' obsession with rescuing and restoring dilapidated houses and castles. There are quite a few such semi-ruins in Italy, and the ones purchased and renovated by Twombly or his brother-in-law combine precious works of art—from Roman sculptures to contemporary paintings—in a style that envisages the scientifically cozy domesticity of the year 2000. Castel Gardena is not among these abstracted beauties. It's as fresh as a crab apple just off the tree. Giorgio and his elder brother, Mario, who died tragically a few years ago, inherited it from their father, Carlo. With it they inherited his infatuation for enhancing the castle's rustic charm. It is used—as it was by the Wolkensteins—as the family's summer retreat.

Nothing better illustrates the heterogenous composition of European aristocracy than the differences between the Wolkensteins and the Franchettis. While the former descend from warlike country squires, the latter were urban Sephardic merchants and bankers. They had come to Padua in the fifteenth century and flourished under the generous and open-minded Gonzagas, whose vision of architectural magnificence may have inspired Ehrengard von Wolkenstein to give Castel Gardena two courtyards like an Italian Renaissance princely residence. This refinement did not prevent Ehrengard's offspring from abandoning the castle and letting it decay. For half a century it was used as a poorhouse by the nearby community of Santa Cristina. In the meantime the Franchettis lived in splendor at a palazzo in Venice.

Carlo Franchetti's discovery of Castel Gardena was literally accidental. He just fell on it. Like his cousin Raimondo, the explorer, who gave one of his daughters, Afdera (later Mrs. Henry Fonda), the name of an Ethiopian volcano, Carlo was an avid mountain climber. An officer of the Alpini, he led a

Baron Giorgio Franchetti, *above,* holds the meter stick he carries on expeditions to historic buildings. The ghostly horse behind him is part of a fresco on a castle tower. *Opposite above:* Baroque plaster reliefs in the household chapel retain traces of original paint. Heraldic crests are interspersed with religious icons, such as Saint George and the Dragon over the door at left. *Opposite below:* Andrea Franchetti's bedroom, paneled in Trentino Renaissance style, is furnished with a 17th-century bed and other pieces from Alto Adige.







The [illegible] Gothic Room is [illegible] complete [illegible] paired elsewhere in the [illegible] Tyrol by the [illegible] and reconstructed [illegible] Castel Gardena. [illegible] simple Alpine country [illegible] contrasts with [illegible] Renaissance [illegible] and a painted chest [illegible] period.



commission charged with tracing the new frontiers between Italy and Austria after the First World War. On an expedition to a peak above the Valgardena he slipped and, miraculously unhurt after a fall of ninety feet, rolled downhill till he came to a halt right in front of the castle. There it stood, in poor condition but still extraordinary. It was a genuine castle, not a fake like so many Gothic Revival copies of the nineteenth century and yet despite its belfry, battlements, and buttresses, it looked serene and livable. The two inner courts with their loggias, instead of giving it a foreign urban aspect, enhanced the typically local character of its architecture. Surrounded by meadows, ponds, and brooks, it was a castle in miniature, ideally suited to summer sojourns. Even more, it was the perfect toy for Carlo Franchetti. He bought the castle immediately. Thus began a romance that has involved the last three generations of Franchettis.

It all started with the usual *(Text continued on page 222)*



Once a smokehouse for venison, the kitchen, *opposite,* is now a family gathering place. Produce from the Franchetti garden rests on a medieval pine table and a chair with a double-eagle back inspired by the Austrian coat of arms. *Above:* One of the children's "dwarfs' rooms" opens onto a balcony. The faux marbre door frame, carved railings, and frescoed façade combine elements of Italian and Transalpine style. *Right:* A 17th-century angel beckons from a niche in the courtyard.



When the designer decided to re-tailor his palazzo in Milan, he turned to American architect Peter Marino

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Oberto Gili

THE HOUSE OF ARMANI

A MASSIVE BLACK DOOR SEPARATES Giorgio Armani's office from his apartment at 21 Via Borgonuovo in Milan, and every two hours or so, during the three days I spent with a photographer in the recently renovated duplex, that massive black door would open, and on some pretext or other the great silver-haired designer would appear. Each time he did I felt it only polite to present him with the Polaroid of the shot we happened to be working on at the moment, and each time he would study the image and graciously compliment me on our effort. And then he would take my arm and direct me a few feet to the left or to the right, quietly offering, in halting English, that a slightly different perspective was "nice, no?" So we'd [illegible] the massive black door [illegible] and Giorgio Armani I would go back to work.

haracteristic though it was, I [illegible] to my host—not



Giorgio Armani, *opposite*, in his parchment-lined dining room. The model's jacket, vest, and trousers are from Armani's spring/summer 1990 women's collection. *Right:* French-polished ebony doors divide the salon from the gallery where a bronze Art Deco panther crouches on a lacquered goatskin table by Jean-Michel Frank. Details see Resources.



w York–based artis hand-painted the neat wooden grid
velops Armani's library. The inspiration for the walnut
skin cabinets flanking the Minnesota limestone
came from Frank, who designed the oak ceruse desk,
and pa hment lamp, and the two straw chairs.



host but because only
ion the eve of the mae-
all Armani in Milan. Since
he then 41-year-old fash-
ion's official debut, his
signature black label has come to represent some sublime variation on the classic theme of quiet good taste. *W*'s John Fairchild even went so far as to dub him the "Jesuit monk of fashion," perhaps because his clothes rely on self-confident reserve rather than on some reckless show of unbridled creativity for their style. It is a disciplined aesthetic in which the sensuous drape of a supple fabric is all—in which what is subtracted is no less critical than what is added.

Although Armani has never wandered far from the path of luxurious simplicity, his most recent collections reveal a softer line and a looser silhouette. Gone, tellingly enough, are the power shoulder pads. The aesthetic shift is not insignificant—*GQ* even went so far as to call it a revolution. Not surprisingly, since Armani is an exceptionally consistent man, he recently decided to extend his newfound love of opulent ease beyond the confines of his design studio, to the other side of the massive black door. So he put in a call to Peter Marino, the New York–based architect and decorator whom *Casa Vogue* magazine had the foresight to dub the fashion designer's interior designer in 1979. To many the choice of Marino was surprising. The high-profile architect is not only an American, but his portfolio includes interior design projects for Yves Saint Laurent, Calvin Klein, Carla Fendi, Valentino, and, most recently, Donna Karan. Didn't it bother Armani that Marino had worked for the competition? Or that he is an American? "These remarks are absolutely not my concern," he says. "I was told he was a great professional, well organized, and extremely willing to meet his client's requests." Another possible explanation for the
Marino comes from Marino:

"It's not about color, pattern, or decoration,

In Armani's oak-lined salon, architect Peter
mixed vintage Frank designs found
Paris with custom pieces made in
The
silk fabric on the sofa was
by Lanes Gould.

xplains architect Peter Marino. "It's a game of textures and finishes"











A fashion designer doesn't want to be dictated to; so he doesn't want to work with somebody who has a definite image, a definite look. I can do anything—my stylistic range is very broad. Photographers always have to qualify: quality, quality, quality—which is, of course, the great fashion designer's concern.

True to his word, Marino turned to Armani for inspiration, declaring the direction they were about to take. "Giorgio is a decisive man," reports the architect with a smile. "He knows exactly what he wants." For his part, Armani will only say: "I suggested a period in the past as a point of reference. Since the structure of the house was suitable for that kind of atmosphere." As a glimpse reveals, that period is the past. Armani suggested, and Marino rallied around, was Paris in the thirties—more specifically, Jean-Michel Frank's Paris of the thirties. Why? "A great simplicity of line that took up natural materials—modernity without futurism," explains Armani, who might also have been referring to his own aesthetic.

Armani's love of sensuous simplicity is as conspicuous in this cream peach silk dress and duster for spring/summer 1990, opposite right, as it is in his recently renovated palazzo. *Opposite, left:* For example, the parchment-walled dining room is only minimally outfitted with a bleached oak pedestal table by Peter Marino and oak curule chairs by Jean-Michel Frank. Upstairs, in Armani's private quarters, the spare aesthetic is no less rigorous. The designer's closet and sycamore-lined bedroom, above, are models of elegant restraint. The rules against servants with pigskin drawers was handcrafted in France and Italy.



If Frank were alive today, he would undoubtedly feel right at home in the house of Armani. Not only does his near-iconic wood, parchment, and upholstered furniture reside in nearly every room of the bi-level apartment, but, more impressively, the rooms themselves feel as if they had been touched by the elegant early Modernist's peerless hand. Whether it's in the walls lined in meticulously crafted oak, sycamore, and goatskin or in the doors and casements meticulously crafted from French-polished ebony or in the palette that shifts in gentle increments from ivory to sand, Frank's spirit is alive and well and living in Milan. "It's not about color, pattern, or decoration. It's a game of textures and finishes," adds Marino. "And when you're playing that kind of game, one of the best people at it was Frank."

But is Armani, ever the perfectionist, content with his new rooms? Not quite. "I would like to have the time to fill them with personal objects, pictures, which can remove that aesthetically 'too perfect' look. And I would like as well to have the possibility of making some mistakes, thus bringing it closer to human nature." Until then, things at 21 Via Borgonuovo are pretty perfect. ♠

Armani wanted to preserve the gridded wall in the master bath, *right*, as a vestigial reminder of the apartment's previous incarnation. So Marino worked around the luminous vanity and added a goatskin-vered Jean-Michel Frank stool. *Above:* ee floors below, the designer's 'erranean lap pool was also preexisting.



Armani's palazzo, like Armani's clothe



dheres to his personal aesthetic—modernity without futurism

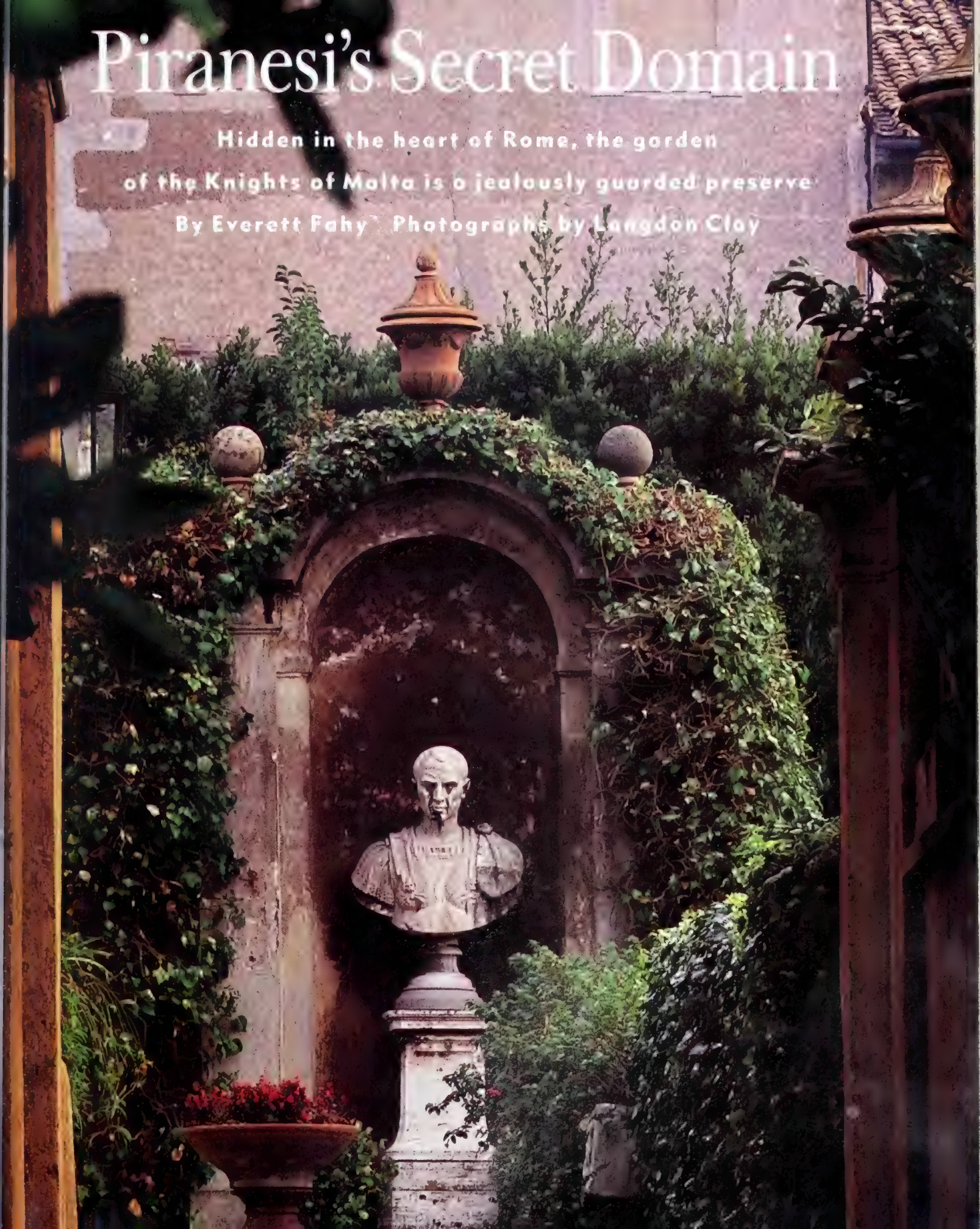


The view to Saint Peter's through the box and laurel allee is also visible through a keyhole on the outer gate. *Opposite:* Atop the niche for an antique bust are smaller versions of the cannonball finials and flaming urns that crown Piranesi's monumental screen facing the Piazza dei Cavalieri di Malta.

Piranesi's Secret Domain

Hidden in the heart of Rome, the garden of the Knights of Malta is a jealously guarded preserve

By Everett Fahy Photographs by Langdon Clay





SINCE THE SECOND CENTURY B.C., gardens have flourished on the slopes of the Seven Hills of Rome. At first they served as private parks where their owners could hunt, but with the advent of aqueducts the peculiarly Roman mixture of plants, water, and perspective evolved into a distinctive art that harmoniously integrated villas with the surrounding landscape. The structure these gardens acquired in antiquity and the Renaissance changed little until the nineteenth century, when the fashion for English informality swept away many a formal design. One survivor is the jewel of a garden on the Aventine surrounded by structures that Piranesi designed in the 1760s for the Knights of Malta.

Properly called Knights of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, the Knights of Malta belong to a Roman Catholic order of laymen and monks that still enjoys nearly complete sovereignty. Like the Vatican, the order has extraterritorial rights, its own passports, and courts of law. Initially, the Knights maintained an eleventh-century pilgrims' hospital in the Holy Land, but after the Crusades the order retreated to Cyprus, then conquered Rhodes and eventually was given Malta, which Napoleon seized in 1798. Today rich and influential, they provide funds for hospitals and the needy throughout the world, from their headquarters in Rome.

In the sixteenth century the knights repossessed some dilapidated Roman property which had previously belonged to the by-then-defunct order of the Knights Templars. Standing on the southwest angle of the Aventine, it consisted of the land now occupied by the garden with a simple rectangular church and a monastery attached to two sides. From old engravings and a drawing by Poussin, one can see how the knights remodeled these medieval structures into a lofty fortress. Because the land fell away precipitously in two directions, access was possible mainly through the garden, and even today the best view of the façade of the church is from below on the banks of the Tiber.

Many tourists know the entrance to the Knights' garden because of its singular view through the keyhole to Saint Peter's one and three-quarter miles away. The trompe l'oeil recalls that of the colonnaded corridor Borromini designed about 1635 for a courtyard in the Palazzo Spada, but the illusions work quite differently. Borromini's disproportionately small columns persuade the eye that the statuette they frame is colossal. Piranesi seemingly reduces the enormous

In the sunken garden of the Knights of Malta, *right*, box hedges in the shape of crosses frame beds of roses, marigolds, and salvia. Climbing roses are trained over a tall trellis between the palms. At right is the 17th-century Kaffeehaus. Known in Rome by the German name, such pavilions were cool retreats for coffee and literary conversation. Terra-cotta pots in the shade garden beyond are planted with oleander. *Above:* Santa Maria del Priorato, the medieval church Piranesi restored in the 1760s.







dome of the basilica to the size of a thumbnail.

For the entrance Piranesi designed a large screen with a low pediment topped with four cannonball finials and five urns carved to look as though they are aflame. To either side of the door are pairs of blind niches surmounted by stucco reliefs of military trophies, allusions to the long-past deeds of the Knights of Malta. The entrance stands on the north side of a piazza that Piranesi created as a monumental forecourt to the garden, in place of an ancient Roman cul-de-sac. Piranesi greatly enlarged this narrow road and enclosed the resulting space within high walls crowned by stelae, or decorative reliefs, flanked by tall obelisks. The reliefs (Piranesi's sketches for them are preserved in the Pierpont Morgan Library) consist of an exuberant jumble of Maltese crosses and Etruscan motifs. When the stelae were new, they must have made an eerie silhouette against the sky; now they are dwarfed by cypresses which, sadly, have been allowed to grow behind them.

Inside the entrance screen the plan of the garden is deceptively simple. There is an allée of laurel and box clipped to form a green tunnel running straight from the portal to a terrace overlooking the Tiber, the Janiculum, and Saint Peter's. Immediately to the east of this leafy passageway is a high wall, interrupted about a third of the way down by a portico reminiscent of the entrance screen and again adorned with flaming urns. It marks the division between two parterres to the west of the allée: the one closer to the entrance consists of eight beds converging on a circular fountain erected in the eighteenth century by Cardinal Flavio Chigi; the farther parterre is sunken so that its geometric beds can be seen from the windows of the priory, or, as it has come to be known, the Villa of the Knights of Malta.

Cardinal Benedetto Pamphili, grand prior of the Knights in Rome from 1681 to 1730, *(Text continued on page 220)*

A pool reflects the walled enclosure, *opposite*, that Edith Wharton called a "real 'secret garden,' full of sunny cloistered stillness, in restful contrast to the wide prospect below the terrace." *Above:* A Roman bust behind the entrance screen. Palm fronds and contrasting foliage add texture to geometric parterres. *Above left:* Shrubby daturas and beds of bergenia flank the entrance to the Kaffeehaus.







Purely Balthus

INSIDE AND OUT, THE PAINTER'S BARONIAL CASTLE NEAR VITERBO CARRIES THE SPIRIT AND TEXTURE OF HIS ART INTO THREE DIMENSIONS

BY GIULIANO BRIGANTI PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVELYN HOFER



COUNT BALTHAZAR KLOSSOWSKI DE ROLA AND THE PAINTER Balthus are, as everyone knows, one and the same person. But it would perhaps be more accurate to say that they are two people in one, in the sense that Balthus the painter—and a great painter at that—never forgets that he is Balthazar Klossowski, Count de Rola, the descendant of an ancient noble Polish family who, he claims, is related to the Romanovs and Lord Byron, among others. He is a great gentleman, in the meaning that word carried before the French Revolution, during the time of that douceur de vivre whose passing Talleyrand so deeply regretted. On the other hand, Count de Rola can never forget he is Balthus—that he was born a painter and therefore cannot keep himself from entrusting all the choices he makes in life to his soul and his eye as a painter.

Balthus's luminous spatial vision and his love for the Italian Renaissance synthesis of form and perspective, combined with an equally deep love for the purity and quintessential elegance of Far Eastern art, have guided him in his choice of places in which to live. For his own houses he prefers the vast and severe spaces of the Renaissance, with their sense of true grandeur, to the intimate refinement of later country retreats in the French manner. This preference helps explain why Balthus chose his castle at Montecalvello, in the Lazio region, which he purchased during the 1970s while serving as director of the French Academy in Rome. With the minimum retouching imaginable and a use of space ineffably balanced between Piero della Francesca and Zen, he has managed to

Balthus restored 16th-century frescoes in the main sala, *right*, a room whose austere grandeur recalls settings in the artist's own pa[illegible]ings. Seemingly plain walls have been layered with shades of [illegible]ellow and cream and then scratched to create a mottled effect. Wrought-iron lamps, made by a local blacksmith to Balthus's design, stand on an original terra-cotta floor. *Abo[illegible]* The castle dominates the hamlet of Montecalvello. *P[illegible]eding pages:* Balthus and his wife, the painter Setsuko, in [illegible]heir customary kimonos. Frescoes in the manner of Raph[illegible]line Balthus's favorite vantage point [illegible] sketching the hilly landscape of the Lazio region.



The interiors are Balthus painting



ith scratched layers of delicate tints making the surfaces come alive



impress the clear and shining mark of his personality upon the ancient citadel.

You could search in vain for the name Montecalvello in many maps of central Italy. If you find it at all, it might be in fine print, in some road map of Lazio, on one of the byroads that run along the west bank of the Tiber between Bomarzo and Bagnoregio and then branch off toward Lake Bolsena among the foothills of the Ciminian Hills. The Touring Club Guide grants it but a few lines: "Montecalvello, altitude 168 m., a few dozen inhabitants, is a picturesque castle-hamlet whose population is in sharp decline. Once the property of the Calvelli family from Viterbo, it passed into the hands of the Pamphilis in the year 1648. It has an imposing baronial palace with sixteenth-century decorations." That is all. And I suspect that the decline in the population has been sharply progressing, considering that during my last visit there I met only two people.

The walls of Montecalvello enclose a few semi-abandoned buildings alongside a crumbling square overgrown with weeds and dominated from above by the castle's stately sixteenth-century façade. Legend has it that this compound dates back to the thirteenth century, the era of battles waged between Emperor Frederick II and Pope Innocent IV in which one Alessandro Calvello was involved. A Ghibelline from Viterbo, he seized the



feudal estate to which he gave his name from the Guelph family of the Monaldeschis, who, however, in the typical course of such communal feuds later won it back. The member of the Pamphili family who eventually bought the castle in the seventeenth century was the infamous Donna Olimpia, sister-in-law of the reigning pontiff, Innocent X.

The architecture of the castle is connected exclusively with the Monaldeschis, whose coat of arms is carved on the façade and painted in the lovely frescoed friezes that adorn the loggia and some of the rooms. So potent, however, is the reputed wickedness of the woman who later owned Montecalvello that even today people call it Donna Olimpia's castle. When I visited there for the first time, many years ago, the castle was uninhabited and, if I remember correctly, up for sale. I wandered through an interminable procession of large vacant rooms with heaps of debris piled up on the floors in the company of an old caretaker who told me tales of savage crimes and love affairs drowned in blood at the hands of hired assassins. He even showed me a window from which it was said the cruel Donna Olimpia had cast lovers of whom she had tired into the ravine below.

The somber Stendhalian atmosphere and the traces of the dark criminal plots that linked Montecalvello to Donna Olimpia are far removed from the *(Text continued on page 224)*

In the dining room, *above*, a 17th-century chandelier hangs above a country table. Balthus had the floor level raised more than four feet to make the vaulted room less overwhelming and to bring diners closer to light from the window. *Opposite above:* The kitchen is also furnished with regional pieces. Old tiles surround the marble sink. *Opposite below:* Japanese porcelains and artist's materials are arranged on an antique desk in a third-story sitting room. *Below:* The entrance passageway.





taboret is 18th century. A door surround carved from pietra serena frames one of the many views through a labyrinth of rooms.

ith a use of space ineffably balanced between Piero della Francesca and Zen



althus managed to impress the mark of his personality upon the castle





Venice Rising



Herbert Muschamp and Ettore Sottsass tour the city and find that rumors of its death have been greatly exaggerated

WEEP NO MORE FOR VENICE. TAKE OFF THE black armband; rid your mind of that stale Romantic equation between Venice and death. And cancel the comparisons to Disneyland, the flip take on Venice as a pop tourist version of its mighty former self. These views of Venice, once fresh, now come between the city and ourselves like a blanket of dust. There has always been a lot to see in Venice; the trick is to refresh the eye that sees it. Start with the fact that Venice is not in imminent danger of sinking into the sea. Water is no longer pumped from beneath the lagoon, and some measurements even show that the city is rising. Although lovers of decorous decay will not be disappointed by the look of Venice today, restoration projects undertaken since the 1966 floods have given new life to ancient buildings and carved out a new industry in preservation technology. But the real change in the look of Venice today is not due to these efforts to reverse centuries of physical deterioration. Venice looks different primarily because of shifts in our perspective: changes in the world outside and in the way we view ourselves. After all, a visitor from New York, accustomed to crumbling highways, rotting piers, and exploding steam pipes at home, hardly needs to come here for an immersion in urban decrepitude.



A balcony view is more from below, right

It was a classically Venetian reflection on death that started me thinking about this shift. I was sitting on a terrace on the Grand Canal, looking across the water at the Salute, the most glorious of the city's "plague churches," wondering at a culture that would pledge to create a beautiful building in exchange for deliverance from disease. Then it occurred to me that we are closer to the people who built the Salute than we used to think: we too belong to a civilization that has yet to banish plagues. We have been to the moon; we can make all kinds of things with plastic. But we are no longer separated by the myth of our modernity from eras past when cities lived in fear of plagues.

Even before AIDS began to chip away at that myth, the modern barrier between ourselves and the past was in pretty sorry repair. For a quarter of a century, architects have been hammering away at this wall, questioning the stability of its foundations in reason, science, and progress. If Postmodernism has not demolished the wall (mercifully, unless you think the status quo can't be improved upon), it has at least punched out huge chunks, creating windows on the world of the past on the other side. And the view through some of those windows is the vista before me: Venice.



The pleasure of walking on a floor, top left. *Architecture must face the sky,* above left

Permanent means of support, right.



A little decoration goes a long way, below

It's just over there, a bit to the left of the Salute, that Aldo Rossi moored his floating theater, the Teatro del Mondo, through the summer of 1980. The theater's octagonal wooden tower, an embodiment of Rossi's ideal of architecture as the vessel of memory, held its own in the Venetian skyline for just a few months, then drifted out to sea to become a memory itself, perhaps the most haunting icon Postmodernism has produced. Rossi wrote that his theater was sited "in a place where architecture ended and the world of the imagination or even the irrational began." And for many of the architects who participated in the 1980 Venice Biennale (for which Rossi's theater provided the centerpiece), the city was a symbolic point of departure, a place to leave behind the austere rational world of Modern architecture and embark on a voyage of fantasy, pleasure, color, opulence, and memory. Hans Hollein, Michael Graves, Léon Krier, Paolo Portoghesi, and Venturi, Rauch & Scott Brown were among the architects who participated in a polemical exhibition whose purpose was to proclaim "The Presence of the Past."

The show's organizers could not have picked a more poetically just site to mount a Postmodern assault. For in the early years of the century Venice symbolized a past whose persistence the Futurists hoped to bury. "Let us burn the gondolas, rocking chairs for cretins, and raise to the heavens the imposing geometry of metal bridges," exhorted the Futurist ringleader Marinetti in *Against Past-loving Venice*. This was not the first time Venice had served as a focus for architectural controversy over the relationship of the present to the past. In the 1850s John Ruskin commandeered the city as a symbolic battleground for the Victorian war of the styles between Classical and Gothic. For Ruskin, who considered Venetian Gothic the noblest style ever produced, "it is in Venice, and in Venice only, that effectual blows can be struck at this pestilent art of the Renaissance." And Ruskin's campaign, in turn, was an echo of a debate that had raged three centuries earlier when the Classical forms of the Renaissance began to displace the Gothic style. Many Venetians saw no need to revive ancient Rome because they believed their city already was Rome. Why bother to evoke an empire when you already are one? Gothic architecture in Venice was a predominantly secular style that glorified the Republic's pioneering mercantilism and enshrined a system of government that descended from Rome's republican institutions. As Manfredo Tafuri declares in his brilliant book *Venice and the Renaissance*, here "there is no contradiction between tradition and innovation, development and memory, continuity and renewal, sacred and mundane."



To trace the past in Venice is not to walk the straight line of conventional art history but to describe a curving path that doubles back on itself like the canal coursing through the city's heart. To love Venice is to embrace disorientation, in space as well as time. In other cities you see tourists in a panic when they are lost. Where else but in Venice can you see desperation on the face of the tourist who is *not* lost? The visitor who, held in the grip of the main routes, with their prominent yellow signs ever pointing the way indulgently back PER SAN MARCO, searches in bewilderment for that chink in the wall that will open into the labyrinth of some imagined secret Venice?

Where else but in Venice can you see desperation on the face of the tourist who is *not* lost?

Mary McCarthy believed that one searched for that chink in vain: "The tourist Venice *is* Venice." But others have found that familiarity breeds fantasy. In Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities*, Marco Polo entertains Kublai Khan each night with descriptions of the amazing cities he has seen on his travels: Adelma, Pyrrha, Zirma, Eusapia. They are all, the emperor comes to realize, but different descriptions of Venice, Marco's hometown. Indeed, as the novel's conclusion turns the story inside out, Kublai begins to grasp that he, his court, and his entire empire are themselves destined to be part of Venice, fabrications of the city's desire to hear Marco's tales of the fabulous East. "It is not the voice that commands the story," Marco teases. "It is the ear."



And it is the eye that commands Venice to assume the shape of its beholder. Even before the 1980 Biennale the city's image was recast in the Palladian quotations of Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown, who have made nearly annual pilgrimages to the city for *(Text continued on page 224)*



The stones of Venice, above. *Never forget angels*, right

THE BUSINESS OF AMERICA IS BUSIness, the business of Italy is family. Miuccia Prada, granddaughter of the founder of one of Milan's most elegant purveyors of leather goods, is at once the pride and plaint of her parents. In the ten years that she has directed design at Prada, she has elevated the company to international status, an accomplishment that would make any family proud. But in so doing, she put a real spin into a firm that has carried and catered to the traditional for nearly a century. The same free spirit that rejected the family business and took up the study of political science returned to the fold and added women's clothing to the traditional line of luxurious leather trunks and shoes, belts, and gloves. Handbags of man-made materials such as woven nylon now sit alongside those of exotic natural skins. New shops designed by contemporary Italian architects opened in Paris, New York, Madrid, Los Angeles, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Singapore and elsewhere in Italy, introducing Prada to audiences beyond the well heeled or simply well informed who have long made pilgrimages to Milan's famous Galleria not because it is an architectural masterpiece but because it houses the splendid turn-of-the-century Prada shop.

In bringing Prada up to the twenty-first century, Miuccia has embraced the modern. Her designs, choice of colors, combinations of materials, and acceptance of industrial manufacture alongside old-world craftsmanship render



Miuccia Prada, *below*, wearing an oversize shirt, tapered pants, and faille stole of her own design, relaxes in her Milan apartment in front of a painting by Mario Cavaglieri. *Right:* Miuccia and her husband Patrizio Bertelli's farmhouse near Arezzo. Details see Resources.



Pride of the Pradas

At home in Milan and Tuscany, the guiding spirit of the venerable leather goods firm continues a long family tradition

By Heather Smith MacIsaac Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache

leather goods stamped with the names of other reputable houses no less fine but considerably less exciting. The freshness of her ideas, though, is anything but a rejection of the tradition she has inherited. Her appreciation of and respect for the past are as strong as her desire to make something original: "The story of what has come before is important. I'm not aiming so much to invent as to rethink the past and perhaps use it in a different fashion. What engages me is combining opposites in unconventional ways—the old with the new, the refined with the primitive, the natural with the machine-made."

Miuccia's two residences—an apartment in Milan and a country house near Arezzo, the hometown of her husband, Patrizio Bertelli, director of the company that manufactures Prada's wares—are entirely consistent with her design philosophy. Though living in lofts is now commonplace in American cities, in Milan it is rare. Rarer still is Miuccia's city place, a half-and-half combination of traditional apartment and open loft. The ground-floor offices of a circa 1800 apartment building became bedrooms, bathrooms, and a dressing room. A storage shed behind it was converted into a new white living area spacious enough to accommodate the precious—a collection of Capodimonte bronze figures—and the practical—a playpen of toys belonging to Miuccia and Patrizio's one and a half year old son, Lorenzo.

In the vast skylit living room, nothing matches, yet everything fits. Lengths and bits of fabric serve double duty—as inspiration for Miuccia's collections for



In the Milan living room, *above*, an 18th-century Venetian console, a horn chair found in London, and an antique Italian mirror flank the fireplace. *Right:* One and a half year old Lorenzo presides over the country kitchen where clusters of grapes hang from cane poles. *Opposite above:* Cavaglieri's painting *Romanticismo* and jugs and platters by the Florentine potter Pattarino decorate the living room in the country.

"The story of what has come before is important. I'm not aiming so much to invent as to rethink the past and perhaps use it in a different fashion"







throughout as covers and ornaments for furniture ranging from an Empire table to a set of 1930s dining chairs. Panels of Fortuny silk hung from the rafters, and freestanding bookcases, whose backs are covered with old striped moiré, divide the big space into seating, library, and dining areas. Drawings by Mario Cavaglieri, an Italian Impressionist whose work Miuccia and her husband have been collecting for a decade, are tucked behind fabric from a skirt by fashion designer Vivienne Westwood which is draped over a Venetian console. Moroccan sashes wind around a Venini vase from the twenties atop the piano.

Fabrics in gold, chartreuse, salmon, violet, and cream accent comfortable sofas and banquettes upholstered in a clear purply red. "I don't like brilliant red on people, but I adore it in the house," she explains. Red appears in a stripe on material covering the dining chairs, in the candles supported by nineteenth-century Italian silver candelabra, in the shades on bedroom double doors leading outside, and in paintings by Cavaglieri.

Paintings by Miuccia's favorite artist reappear in the country house, as does her color of choice. A purple and red striped fabric covers the upholstered furniture in the living room. Scarlet canvas curtains pull across the arches of the loggia, and a crimson club chair in the kitchen is Lorenzo's chosen post. But the feel of this former monastery turned farmhouse is intentionally different. "The house is only ten minutes from Arezzo, but there is not another building in sight," says Miuccia. "We've been proceeding slowly with the renovation, so it still looks as though no one has intervened in centuries. Outside, we've planted four to five hundred trees; inside, we've just brought the house up to the standards of modern comfort. It's an irregular house, but rather than straightening out the layout, I decided to play up the informality by decorating in a fairly grand way. Our place in the city has a formal plan with the furniture casually arranged. Here it is just the opposite."

Miuccia, who is pregnant with her second child, works everywhere—at home in the city, in the elegant villa on Via Melzi d'Eril which houses her showroom and offices, on the plane en route to the more than twenty Prada shops. But judging from her spring collection for Prada, the four to five months she spends in Tuscany every year are an invaluable source of ideas. Miuccia has harnessed the natural world and given it new elegance. Colors of the earth, sky, and olive trees turn up in raw and iridescent silks and finely woven cottons. A dress reminiscent of traditional peasant clothing is done up in hopsack, its bodice encrusted with beads of stone and wood. Feathers adorn sandals of snakeskin. Bits of shell and coral and brightly colored glass are embroidered onto collars and spell out the name Prada on handbags of woven nylon. The primitive and luxurious have never been so compatible. Be it an interior or wardrobe, as Miuccia says, "the idea is one—what I'm trying to do is create a certain atmosphere." ♠ *Editor: Deborah Webster*

"What engages me is combining opposites in unconventional ways—the old with the new, the refined with the primitive, the natural with the machine-made"





The bowl of crystal grapes, *right,* **is one of a pair of lamps.** *Far right:* **Fortuny fabric suspended from a rafter sections off a dining room in the loftlike living area. The buffet and set of dining chairs are from the 1930s.**

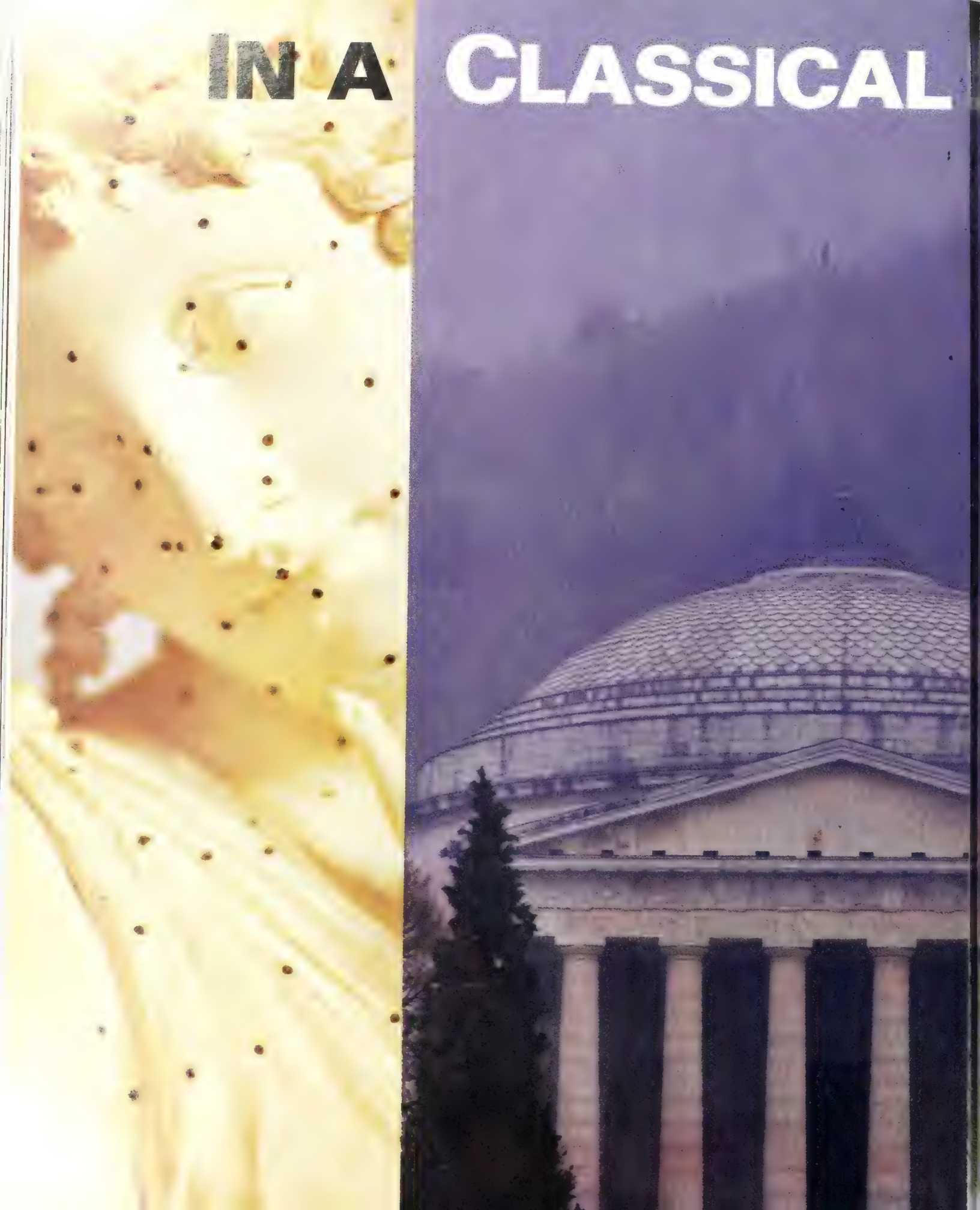
An Empire bed, *left*, dominates the master bedroom in Milan, which together with a dressing room, bathrooms, and Lorenzo's bedroom occupy the ground floor of an 18th-century building, separated from the living area by an outdoor corridor. *Right:* Miuccia on a stroll in the country. *Far right:* Lorenzo plays amid the forest of dining room chairs, covered in a red and white cotton, and a 19th-century Italian table.







IN A CLASSICAL



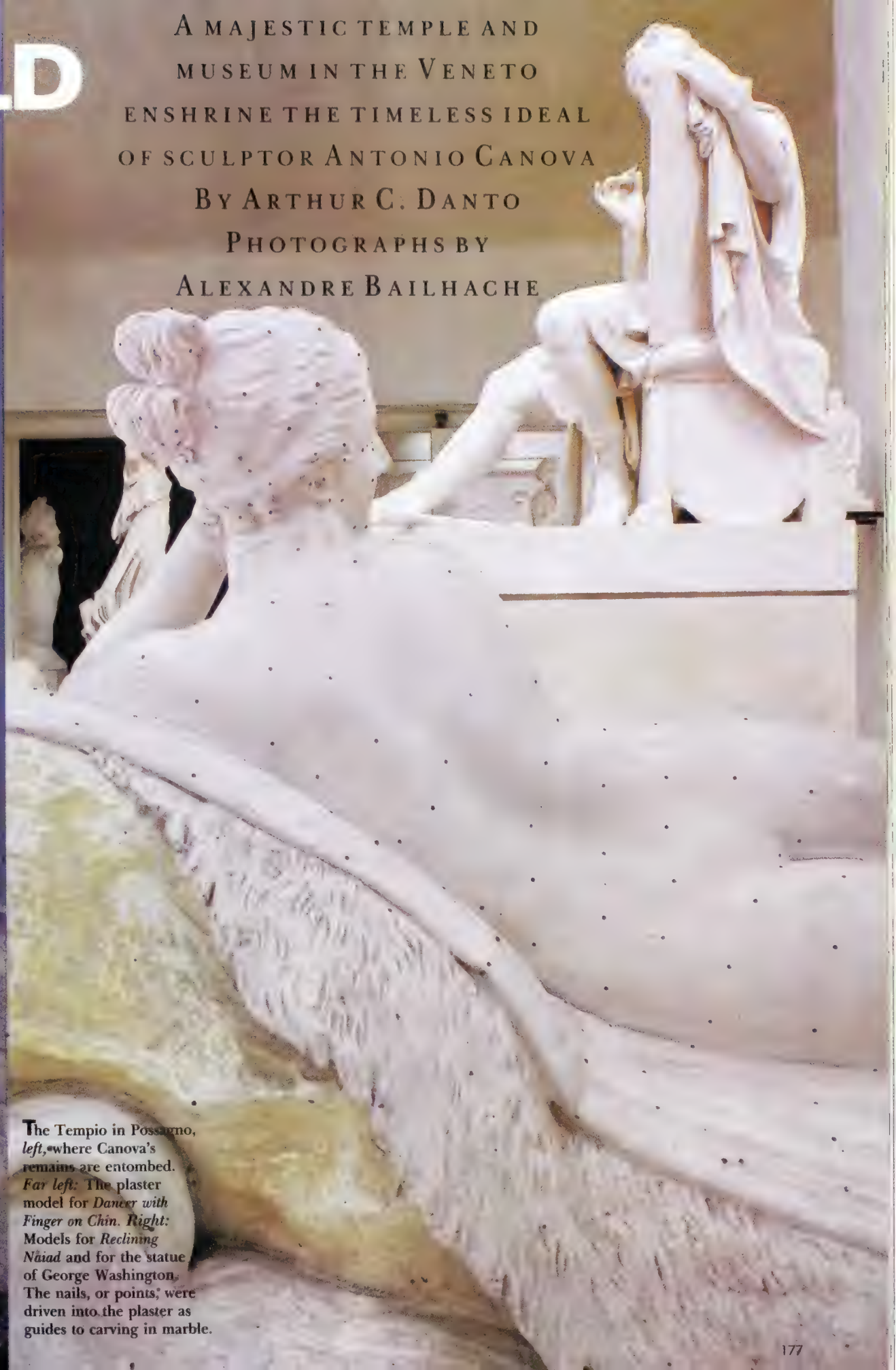
MOLD

A MAJESTIC TEMPLE AND MUSEUM IN THE VENETO ENSHRINE THE TIMELESS IDEAL OF SCULPTOR ANTONIO CANOVA

By Arthur C. Danto

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache





The Tempio in Possagno, *left,* where Canova's remains are entombed. *Far left:* The plaster model for *Dancer with Finger on Chin. Right:* Models for *Reclining Nāiad* and for the statue of George Washington. The nails, or points, were driven into the plaster as guides to carving in marble.



Paintings of Venus and busts by Canova in his house, *above,* which adjoins the Gipsoteca. *Opposite above:* Model for *The Three Graces,* commissioned by Josephine Bonaparte, who died before it was completed. The marble is in the Hermitage in Leningrad. *Opposite below:* Detail from the plaster original for *Adonis Crowned by Venus.* The model was never translated into marble and was spared the disfiguring points.

The works of Antonio Canova embodied to perfection an ideal of classical beauty to which other artists only aspired. None of his contemporaries could touch him for the power, the clarity, the grace, and the purity of his forms. While they mimicked the outward forms of Greek sculpture, Canova found a way to carry forward its internal impulses: his masterworks radiate that "noble simplicity and calm grandeur" articulated by Winckelmann as the aesthetic imperative of ancient art and at the same time seem furiously alive. Pauline Bonaparte flaunts her bold breasts as *Venus Vincitrice;* his *Cupid and Psyche* are clasped in a fluttering eroticism so keen that Flaubert could not forbear kissing the marble maiden's armpit. Beyond that, Canova possessed a fierce virtuosity that seemed to transcend merely human limits. There was an affectionate legend that as a child he revealed his sculptural powers by shaping a lion out of butter, but in truth his facility as a carver was such that stone appeared to offer as little resistance to his hand as that most tractable of substances. And his productivity was tremendous: he completed 176 works, some of them as architecturally complex as the papal memorials to Clement XIII and Clement XIV in Rome or the profoundly moving funerary monument for the archduchess Maria Christina in Vienna. Canova's images are summations of the sensibility of his era and among the most vivid of any age.

As he was the foremost artistic celebrity of his time, venerated as near to divinity, no single site seemed worthy of his entire mortal remains, and upon his death Canova's body underwent a romantic distribution. His heart lies in a special receptacle in the church of Santa Maria dei Frari in Venice; one of his cunning hands went, appropriately, to the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. The remainder was entombed in an exquisite church he designed in the form of a temple, set against the Dolomites above the tiny village of Possagno, where he was born in 1757. It is poetically fitting too, that Canova's house in Possagno and, in particular, a museum adjoining it should contain the mortal remains of his art, the sketches in clay, the studies in terra-cotta, and the working models in plaster that mark stages in the evolution toward the dazzle and polish of his finished work. The Tempio and the Gipsoteca, as these structures are respectively named, together compose a memorial portrait of his artistic personality. They bring us as close as possible to what it was like to have been Antonio Canova.

A Greek temple upon a height and a Classical edifice solitary in a picturesque landscape are compelling metaphors for the Neoclassical mind. They define the respective essences of humankind and of nature, the one rational and ordered, the other romantic and wild. The temple itself need not resemble ancient paradigms with archaeological exactitude, and indeed Canova's temple amalgamates the face of the Parthenon and the body of the Pantheon, as if offering an architectural compromise for the squabble between Winckelmann and Piranesi as to the artistic superiority of Greece or Rome. It is possible to surmise that Canova intended to fill the pediment with his own version of the marbles Lord Elgin carried to London, where Canova had gone to study them. But the Tempio's cornerstone was placed in 1819, when Canova was already mortally ill, and he achieved only seven metopes, of scenes from the Old and New Testaments, for the decoration of the frieze. The Tempio, part of which is still used as a church, is an opening into his values and his drives, as if it were an intimate journal in the medium of pillars and spaces and vistas.

This intimate, confessional tone is sustained in the museum with its population of bozzetti and working models, clay sketches that show the artist's inspiration in midflight, and finished gesso models poised for the transfer into marble. Here one gets a sense of his uncanny powers—and of his surprising limitations. There are enough paintings, for example, to demonstrate his incapacity to deal with the illusion of a third dimension or to bring life to paint with any of the shaping authority he commanded in summoning the very forms of life out of lumps of clay. There is a small terra-cotta *Satyr and Nymph,* passionately drawn up out of the material and given form with tiny strokes and touches in which the power and tenderness of his fingers remain visible, as if Canova were enacting the gestures of love he was also portraying. This pair of intensely interlocked lovers was never carried further, but he did execute a plaster model for another, calmer romantic union—Venus languishing with her head in Adonis's lap, reaching up to crown him with a garland he receives with one hand while he clasps her with the other. It is a beautiful interlacing of arms and bodies, a symbolic matrimony in the interchange of a wreath after consummation. Although the model was never translated into marble, for which all his work was intended, it was perhaps just as well, inasmuch as the working models that did become marble, like the enchanting *Three Graces,* are disfigured by the nail *(Text continued on page 220)*





A view through the legs of *Hercules and Lichas* into the grand galleria of the Gipsoteca. The figure in the middle distance is *The Penitent Magdalene*. *Right:* A terra-cotta model for the head of Medusa.







Matteo Thun, a founding member of Memphis, his wife and partner, Susanne, and three-year-old Constantin, *above*. *Left:* A collection of vases designed by Thun. Details see Resources.

GIUSEPPE PINO



Different Thuns

Susanne and Matteo Thun mix two distinct sensibilities in their Milan penthouse—his love of white and her passion for color

By Jan Burney Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache

COUNT MATTEO THUN AND HIS FAMILY ARE A CASTing director's dream. Raised in the Italian city of Bolzano in the South Tyrol, "il conte" Matteo has the aristocratic head looks of his noble Austrian forebears, and his elegant wife, Susanne, is a slender Austrian blonde. Sitting together on the huge white sofa in their Milanese apartment, their delightful three-year-old son, Constantin, between them and Coco, the white Scottish terrier, at their feet, they are bathed in sunshine from the terrace like the Holy Family in an Italian Renaissance painting.

Thun might shrug off the comparison, but he admits to feeling an affinity with Leonardo da Vinci, whose experiments with flying machines inspired his own interest in human flight. His project for an architecture diploma at the University of Florence was a hang glider that he spent his final year designing and building; its acceptance by the jury was touch and go, but Thun finally emerged with highest honors. After a spell in a glider factory in Albuquerque and further architectural studies at UCLA, he returned to Italy in 1979 to work with the Milanese design guru and superstar Ettore Sottsass. Both were founding members of Memphis, the movement that exploded on the design world in 1981 and turned conventional notions of good taste upside down.

But Thun, the ascetic Austrian, grew slightly aloof from the volatile Memphis group's "red wine discussions" and philosophizing about design. He had his own aerial publicity company until 1982, and his continuing romance with flying affected his earthly love life: Susanne, as a young graphic designer, was recruited to paint the huge lettering for the ads that billowed from his glider over Milan. When the couple married in 1983, Susanne gave up her job as a stylist for Ital-

The terrace off the Thuns' living room, *right*, overlooks the Duomo. The view can also be savored from a sofa or an antique dormeuse. Matteo designed the coffeepots and sugar bowl; Susanne added the kilim. *Below:* Constantin perched on one of Matteo's Biedermeier chairs Susanne covered for her office in a Fonthill fabric of monkeys and parrots.






Arthur Schnitzler · Jahrbuch 1909 1912
Arthur Schnitzler · Jahrbuch 1911–1916



A turquoise chandelier, *left*, echoes the Olivetti telephone and Mondo chairs in the kitchen. *Opposite above left:* Bright color accents in the bedroom complement a nude by Ugo Celada da Virgilio. *Opposite right:* Beneath a lithograph by Frank Stella, a silver fruit dish by Memphis cofounder Ettore Sottsass sits on a glass shelf designed by Thun.



Susanne introduced a touch of extravagance— the turquoise chandelier to go with the turquoise phone

ian *Vogue* to work alongside her husband. Thun set up his own studio and now employs twenty people, working for international clients on commissions ranging from industrial complexes to furniture and ceramics, glassware for Campari, and watches for Bulgari and Swatch.

When Thun found their apartment in the tranquil and increasingly fashionable Brera district, it was a derelict roof space. But he decided they had to have it when he looked out of a tiny window and discovered a breathtaking view to the Duomo, the spectacular Gothic cathedral in the center of the city. "Symbols like the Duomo give Milan its urban character," says Thun. "They provide the emotional impact and awareness of the city for its inhabitants." The couple bought the attic and the floor below and lived downstairs while the roof was removed and the entire top floor was rebuilt.

Now the view of the Duomo can be savored from a spacious terrace off the Thuns' living area which becomes another room in the summer. Its wood floor is kind to bare feet, and a canvas awning brings welcome shade at the press of a button. Matteo's resistance to prettifying the terrace with furniture and greenery has been gently eroded by Susanne's cultivation of her olive, lemon, and camellia trees, shrubs on the parapet, and a jasmine bush whose perfume floats into their bedroom in the summer. She has also managed to introduce a reproduction marble table and a pink marble fountain designed by Matteo for Up & Up; its tinkling cascade reminds her of the Austrian mountains as she lies in her city bed.

With the assistance of the young architect Martino Ferrari, Thun wanted to create a *(Text continued on page 222)*





LAST FALL THE SPIRALING FORMS OF MARIO MERZ'S sculptures and paintings filled the Guggenheim Museum in New York. Prior to Merz's retrospective, the American art scene regarded the 65-year-old maverick as a satellite rather than a star. Now he is the best known of the Arte Povera artists, the loose-knit group of Italian post-Minimalists and Conceptualists which also includes Giulio Paolini, Jannis Kounellis, and Merz's wife, Marisa. Emerging in Turin in 1967, they earned their name from the raw inexpensive "poor" materials they found for their art. Merz's architectonic sculptures have long been home to his far-out scientific theories. Since 1970, for instance, he has written the Fibonacci numbers across dozens of his works. (The Fibonacci series is a numerical system that, charted graphically, describes the spiral often found in nature.) To translate such ideas into form, Merz adopted a nomadic approach to style and an unruly approach to materials. His eccentric igloos, turrets, and spiral corrals are built around armatures of welded metal, stones, and wood which he often swaddles in rubber, twigs, or wax and adorns with neon lights, newspapers, and rough-cut glass. Taking its cue from Italian Futurism, Merz's work demonstrates the interpenetration of objects and space. Paradoxically, it took the success of younger Italian painters—Clemente, Cucchi, Chia—at the start of the eighties to prepare American museums and collectors for the older Arte Povera group. Today, anything but poor, Arte Povera's bold and unwieldy pieces are the international art scene's quiet big sellers. **Paul Taylor**

...ich intersects with the
...ness of nature in Mario
...*titled*, a work in hay and
...g. *Opposite:* A metal-frame
...ed in lead and wax
... the artist's fascination
... style. In the
...*an Woodsmen*.



A master of raw materials and unconventional ideas, Mario Merz brings Italy's Arte Povera movement into the nineties

The Merits of Merz



Private View

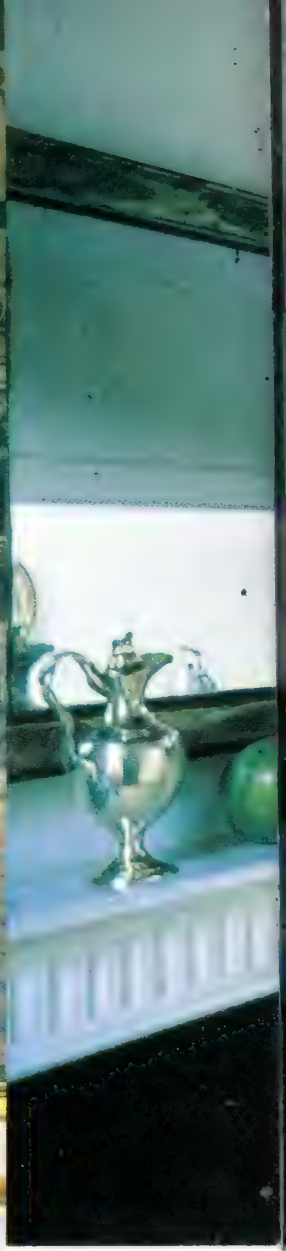
Milan gallery owner Roberta Etro carves out her own niche in the fashionable Brera district

By Pilar Viladas Photographs by James Mortimer



A 19th-century sculpture, *opposite*, frames a view of the living room in Roberta Etro's Milan guesthouse and gallery annex. *This page:* Decorative plaster fragments hang above a pair of 18th-century Roman chaises in the entry.





Etro, *left,* in her gallery annex with pictures from a recent exhibition. *Above:* The kitchen in Etro's guesthouse is filled with 19th-century furniture and sculpture as well as paintings of her favorite foods.



ROBERTA ETRO LEADS A DOUBLE life—domestically, that is. As the wife of Gimmo Etro, head of the family-owned fabric and accessories company Etro, she inhabits a spacious apartment near the center of Milan which is very much a product of her husband's eye, filled with Art Deco furniture and hung with paintings by Giorgio de Chirico and the Futurists. But as an art dealer specializing in European paintings of the eighteenth through the twentieth centuries, Etro rules a world of her own. And, modern woman that she is, she went Virginia Woolf one better and got a *house* of her own. Mind you, it's only a home away from home—a gallery annex and guesthouse—but it's as lovingly decorated and as charming as any dream house.

It was no one else's idea of a dream house when Etro found it several years ago. Built in the eighteenth century, the house was originally part of a convent and later became a workshop in which decorative plaster was made. But it was in dire need of restoration and had been on the market for two years when Etro bought it. "No one saw the possibilities," she recalls. "I saw that the structure was basically good, but it needed a new roof and basement."

Such needs met, Etro turned her considerable energies to making magic. With the assistance of Milanese architect Piero Castellini and painters Santino Croci and Valeriano Dalzini, she added wainscoting and moldings, both real and trompe l'oeil, to various rooms in order to give them a more domestic scale. Decorating the house was obviously a pleasure for Etro, whose interest in furniture dates to the days when she was raising four children and collecting purely for enjoyment, for herself as well as friends. Most of the pieces, which tend to be simple and clean-lined, are nineteenth century, and all of the upholstery fabrics are antique. "I don't like 'restored' things," she emphasizes, which may be why the house appears so enchantingly lost in time.

Discovering unknown or forgotten painters gives the dealer particular satisfaction, and that same taste for the out-of-the-way permeates her little dream house. From the decorative plaster fragments that adorn the wall of the entry—they came with the house—to the array of Murano and Bristol glass walking sticks on a living room console, Etro's



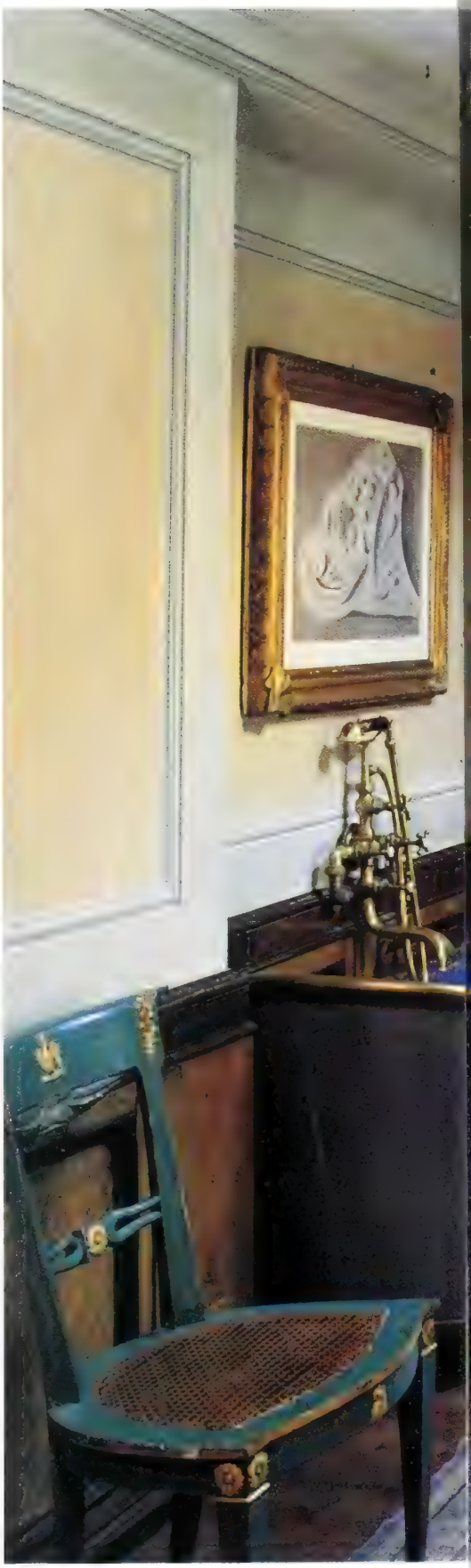
knack for accenting sparely furnished rooms with idiosyncratic collections delights the eye. In the kitchen an assemblage of food paintings represents "only what I like to eat," a rule that reflects Etro's general approach to decorating—she isn't out to make any grand statement. Each room, she says, contains "just a few important things. The rest is only what I like, not valuable."

This combination of austerity and indulgence has produced a house that is both effortlessly elegant and seductively warm. From the moment you enter its hallway cum architectural plaster museum, you never want to leave. The timber-ceilinged ground-floor rooms surrounding an intimate courtyard with its own fig tree and grape arbor are spacious but comfortable; between the guest room and the bathroom Etro added a tiled Turkish bath. At the top of a narrow staircase lined with anatomical drawings, a second bedroom opens onto its own small terrace.

A room off the living room serves as a gallery annex and archive. Here, before and after exhibitions, paintings can be found leaning three or four deep against the walls, piled up against the [illegible] wooden mantelpiece, and lying on top of the nineteenth-century marquetry table, creating a [illegible] clutter in contrast to the orderly calm of the rest of the house. As one would expect, artworks come and go. Yet one remains—a flower painting by the English artist Walter G. Sanders. Etro loved the picture, but she is, after all, an art dealer, and someone wanted to buy it. When she had the picture cleaned, a red elephant emerged from the accumulated grime. Etro took the painted pachyderm as a sign—sure enough, the buyer had a sudden change of heart, and Etro bought back the painting, vowing never to part with it again.

Historically, Etro has had no such sentimental attachments to houses. She's owned several, but whenever she finishes decorating one, "that's it," she says. "I lose interest." The little house in Milan, however, seems to have curbed its owner's domestic wanderlust: "I don't know what I'll do with this house, but I want to keep it." What looked to others like a white elephant has emerged as a red one for Roberta Etro. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster



An English wood and cane lounge chair and a Charles X metal bathtub are among the treasures found in the bathroom, *right*, which opens onto a small courtyard. *Above:* In the bedroom a 19th-century French lamp on an English desk of the same period illuminates a portrait by Gerald Kelly. The fireplace is flanked by a shagreen chair from the 1940s and two Genovese cane chairs.

t-of-the-way characterizes Etro's dream house as well as her career



Escape to the Campagna

Gian Enzo Sperone leaves the cares of the art world behind at his rustic compound

By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by Oberto Gili



OUTSIDE ROME IN THE TINY VILLAGE OF Filacciano sits the crumbling palace of the principi del Drago, and about five minutes farther, on the crest of a small hill, is a lodge built in 1910 so that the Drago children might sleep in the countryside when the fullness of Roman summer makes any urban dwelling a prison. Here they would come for days at a time to a building of noble simplicity, its walls a bricky pink, its roof tiled, its gardens surrounding the ancient fountains for which the property is called La Fontanella. At the front of the house the ground drops sharply and there is the infinite vista of a valley—fields of green intercepted by the occasional turns of the Tiber and the villages along its treelined banks. Behind the old house are two more, built over the past several years. Both share the miniature purity of the first one, the sympathy with the landscape, the elegant bearing of houses built as respites from other, busier houses.

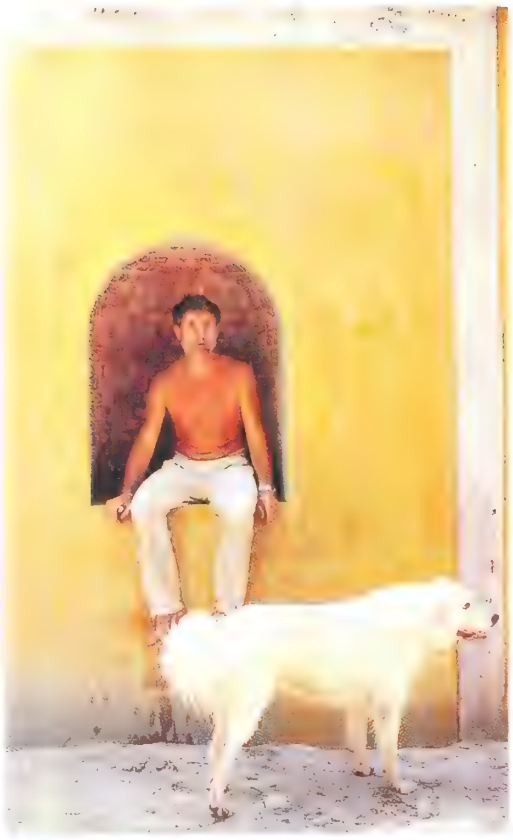
"Whenever the current prince comes to visit," laughs Gian Enzo Sperone, the owner of La Fontanella, "he shakes his head and wonders how he could have sold me this land. But it was in fact sold out of his family years ago, and I bought it from someone else altogether." Sperone is the director of the Sperone Gallery in Rome and a partner in Sperone Westwater in New York. He shows such artists as Andy Warhol, Cy Twombly, Francesco Clemente, Julian Schnabel, and Bruce Nauman. But he subscribes to neither the slickness nor the pessimism of contemporary art and has none of that dread gallerist's quality of the racketeer. When I arrived at La Fontanella, Sperone, dressed in plus fours and a tweed jacket, was working on a decaying stone wall at the periphery of his land. He came out of a mass of shrubbery, his neatly trimmed beard and hair wet from the morning fog, with a pack of white dogs of different breeds barking and rushing about him, some leaping up to place their paws on his shoulders and then on mine, others content to yap about our heels.

We went into the first of the three houses. Sperone explained to me that he has built the others in part to hold his ever-increasing collection of furniture and objects but also for everyone to have a place to go at any time. "Perhaps one day I feel like sleeping at the top of the hill and another like being down below. Perhaps one morning the sun seems too bright in the old house and the light is more beautiful in the new one. Perhaps I need for a few hours to go where the children and the dogs will not come and interrupt me. Or perhaps I have friends staying and want to give them a place of their own. That is why I have three houses here." We drank clear tea in which there floated nearly transparent slices of a lemon grown nearby and ate slices of a tart cooked that morning and still warm in its pan.

I had assumed that Sperone's house would be filled with work by the artists he shows, furnished with modern chairs and sofas, and lit by halogen lamps. I could not have been more wrong. Indian miniatures, old-master engravings, fragments of ancient wall paintings, and delicate nineteenth-century watercolors hang at close quarters on the walls, and [illegible] there are contemporary works by Mimmo Paladino,



Clocks chime throughout the rooms of La Fontanella. A mantel clock with ormolu, *left*, punctuates a Dürer engraving and a Salvo painting. *Below:* Terra-cotta floors, whitewashed walls, hand-cut wood ceiling beams, and simple furniture provide a quiet backdrop for a painting by Francesco Clemente and a Louis XVI sofa. Details see Resources.



Sperone in a Neoclassical pose, *right*. *Below:* One of many beds that often contain displays rather than tired bodies. Louis XIV Roman chairs sit beneath Renaissance engravings. *Opposite above:* Contemporary, modern, and Renaissance art commingle in the old house. *Opposite below:* A painting by Gianni Dessi in one of the living rooms.

Michelangelo Pistoletto, Gianni Dessì, they seem to be only a component of a plausibly transtemporal admixture. "If you know the artists as I know the artists whose work I show and if you understand their work as I think I understand it, then to live with their work constantly by you is to live in a sort of suspended anxiety. It is not that I do not love their work, that I do not want it near me. It is not even that I do not collect it, but I do not want it always in my home. And then too, these are houses of small proportions with small walls. A single work by Schnabel would take up the entire wall of this room."

The houses are filled with a diversity of items such as can hardly be catalogued. There are beds everywhere, some of them campaign beds, many of them from the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century. They are canopied in white cotton so soft it can barely be distinguished from the air around it, or in bolder weaves whose bright colors seem to glow against the textured dullness of cast-iron frames. "Beds are where we speak to one another and where we dream," says Sperone. "They are where life unfolds. If I could, I would have a bed in every room." Other furnishings are frequently Empire or late eighteenth century. Everywhere there are clocks, some dials held by fantastical ormolu figures from



"Beds are where we speak to one another—they are where life unfolds"



[illegible] carriage cases, all of them forever [illegible] of Roman sculpture are balanced on in[illegible] beside modern upholstered sofas with big comfort[illegible] and Oriental vases sit on old tables with simple [illegible] Ginger jars of Dutch porcelain are side by side with [illegible] and wardrobes of rough-hewn golden wood.

These objects in unlikely juxtaposition seem as though they had been made for just such placement; each acquires a vividness of form as it lies beside its neighbors. The rooms are all tiled in antique terra-cotta, the walls all simply whitewashed, the ceilings all of local hand-cut wood with beams made of tree trunks. The light is uniform and pale and clear. In it the objects are not like relics—oddments obfuscated by the intervention of years—but like living things aglow with unostentatious beauty and usefulness. Here is what might happen if history itself were to bathe in the fountain of youth, if what has already been could be as urgent as what is now. There is nothing fussy about the arrangements of La Fontanella; the houses are held together only by Sperone's palpable integrity and unaffected refinement.

Sperone and I walked across the property breathing the fine air of the hills. We went down the stairs of the orangery to a cellar where some of his modern works lean against walls, Warhol's Jackie Kennedy beside Joseph Kosuth's typewriter images of words beside yet another cast-iron bed on which to lie and think of modern art. Afterwards we went back to the first and oldest house and had lunch with Patrizia Sperone, Gian Enzo's wife, and Nana Barbiellini, a childhood friend. We ate pasta and salad and cheese, simple dishes made with local ingredients by peasant women from the village, and we drank a young red wine with a light fruity bouquet. Patrizia Sperone told stories, and we all laughed about the idea of beauty and the struggle we undergo to locate it in ourselves and in what is around us. We laughed to think that there is no comedy greater than the way sophistication ends up as a search for world enough and time, the greatest luxuries of all. From where I sat, laughing too, I could see a small clock, an Empire sideboard, a cluster of late grapes still hanging on the trellis outside, and the Tiber winding its ancient course through the valley. ▲ *Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte*



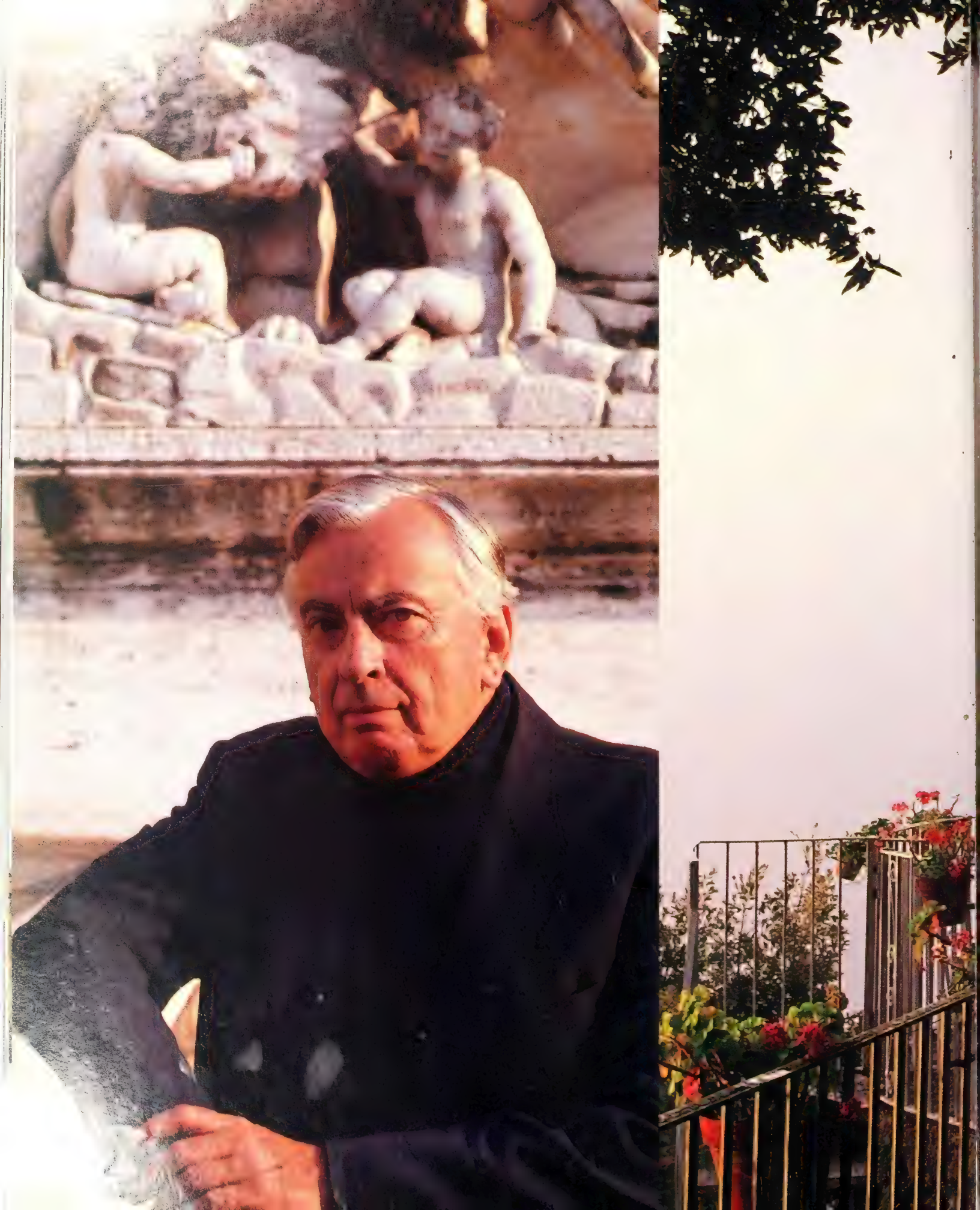


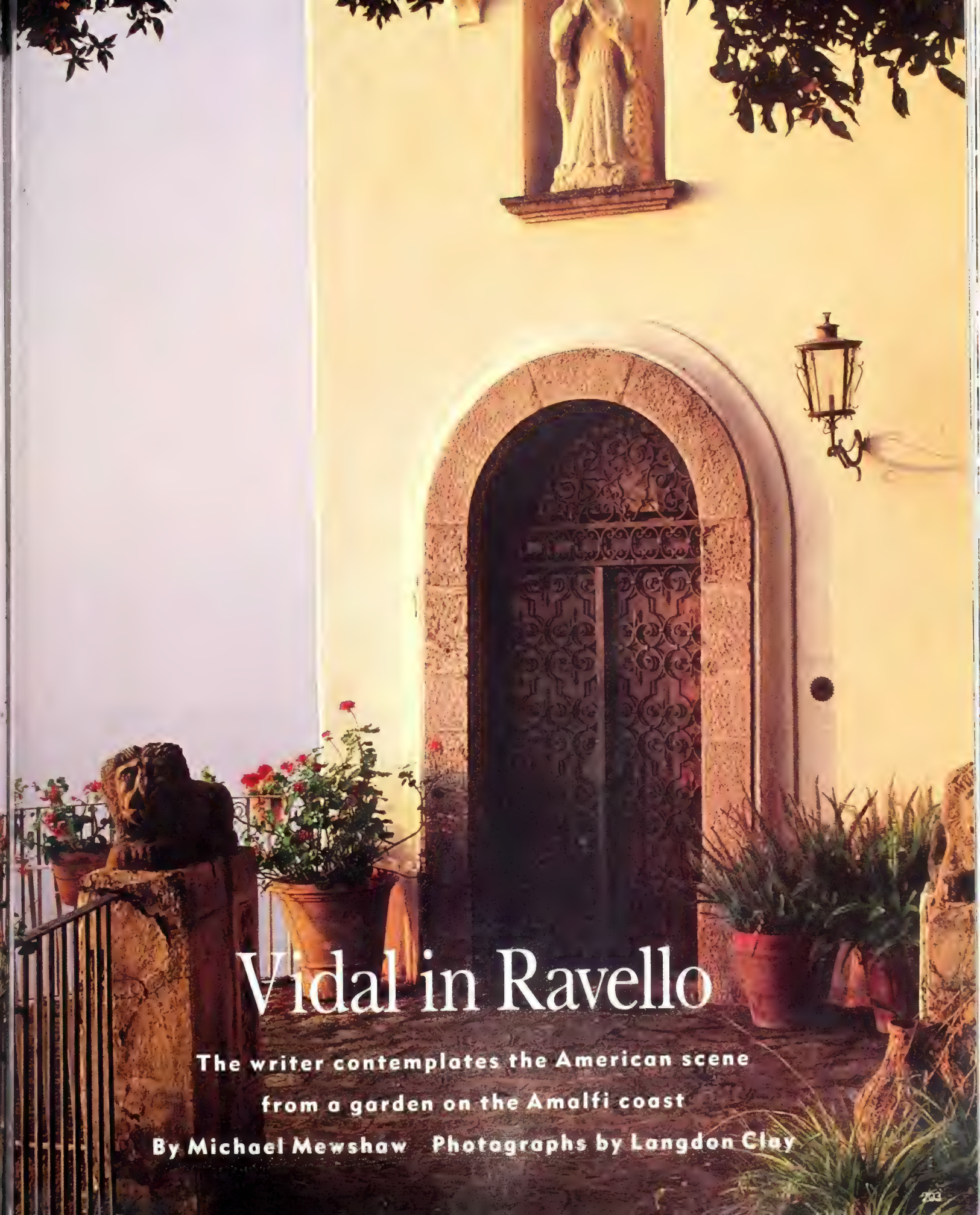
Here is what might happe



A Roman bust and a Sicilian ceramic pinecone herald an installation by Mimmo Paladino, a Louis XV chair, and an 18th-century Italian frame. Clear pale light permeates every room of the three houses. *Opposite below:* Engravings from the 15th and 16th centuries and three more of Sperone's 27 clocks.

history itself bathed in the fountain of youth

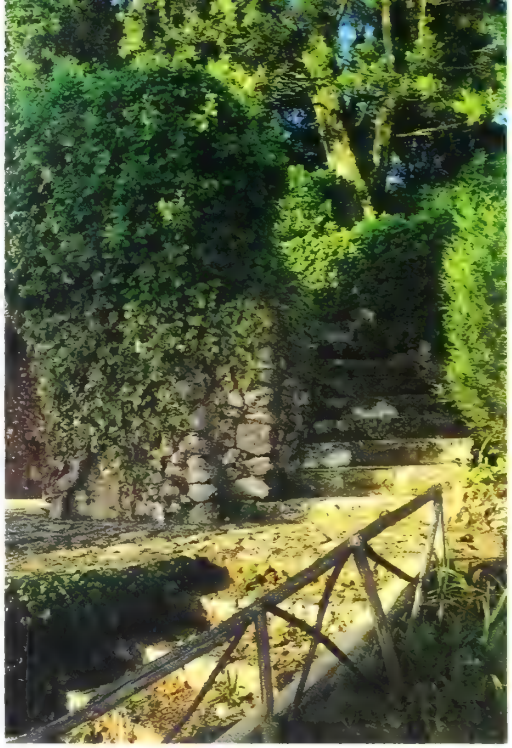




Vidal in Ravello

The writer contemplates the American scene from a garden on the Amalfi coast

By Michael Mewshaw Photographs by Langdon Clay



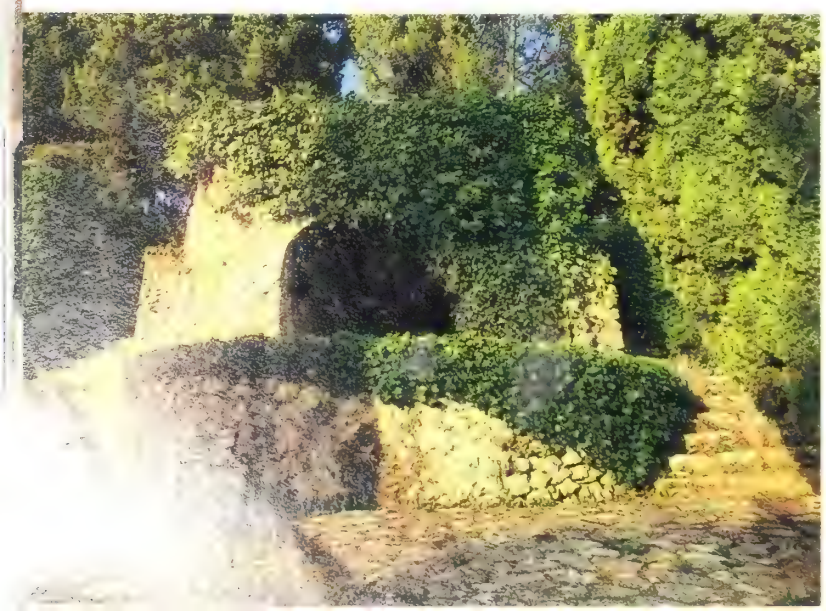
Stone steps with a rustic railing, *above*, climb a terraced hillside above Vidal's house, La Rondinaia. Behind the embankment, another staircase rises to a cypress allée across the top of the promontory. *Below left:* The grotto where garden tools are stored commands a view out to sea. *Preceding pages:* Vidal on the Campidoglio in Rome. Geraniums line the approach to La Rondinaia, where locally carved stone lions guard the doorway.

[illegible] the fact that Gore Vidal has always seemed [illegible] puzzling, perhaps even suspicious. [illegible] the skewed reasoning runs, shouldn't America's foremost historical novelist and cultural critic live in his native land?

"To me it's a nonsubject," Vidal responds. "I have to keep thinking up something that will entertain interviewers. They always want something dramatic. You know, 'Expatriate turns his back on America yet paradoxically writes about it. What does this mean?' Well, it doesn't mean anything. I have never turned my back on America." Vidal often visits the States, still maintains a house in Los Angeles, and fervently follows the national scene.

As for why he spends much of the year in Italy, that's scarcely a conundrum. One has only to visit his estate in Ravello on the Amalfi coast south of Naples to realize that the answer to the supposed mystery of his exile is another question: given the choice, who in his right mind wouldn't prefer to live in paradise? Vidal's Eden is perched on more than seven acres of terraced land with heart-stopping views of Monte Lattari, the cobalt blue Mediterranean, and a sky that on clear days shows a paler shade of blue best described as Della Robbia. The whitewashed house clings to a cliff in a fashion that fully explains its name, La Rondinaia, Italian for the Swallow's Nest. Nobody believed it could be built, and in stormy weather one still almost expects it to shake loose and slide a thousand feet down to the shore.

The gardens are no less remarkable than the house, and they provide ample evidence of the taste, imagination, and determination that Vidal and his longtime companion, Howard Austen, devote to every venture they undertake. The estate originally belonged to Lucy Beckett, the daughter of Lord Grimthorpe, an Englishman who at the turn of the century built the famous Villa Cimbrone, which lies just behind La Rondinaia. The two parcels of land were one property until Lucy took over the lower ledge, which had been her favorite childhood garden.



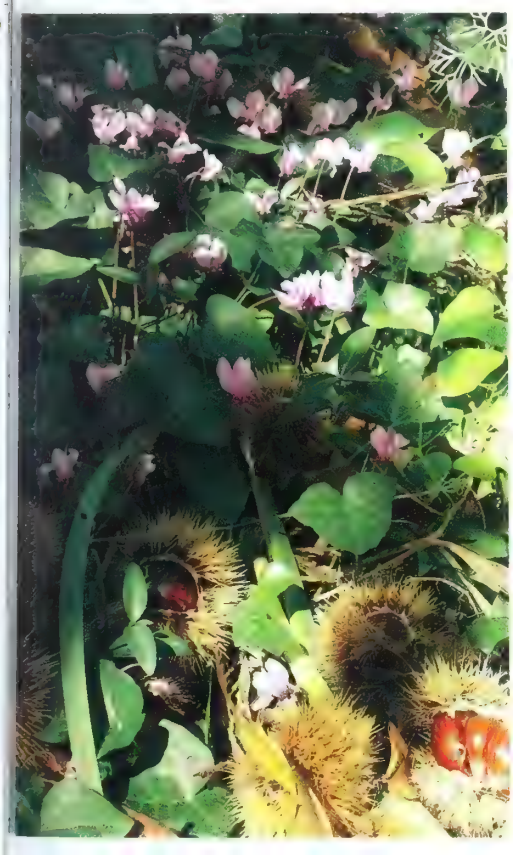
Ever the eager student of history, Vidal explains that Lord Grimthorpe was a knowledgeable amateur botanist. "He traveled around the world and spent a lot of money on that mountain," says Vidal, referring to the promontory on which the Villa Cimbrone and La Rondinaia stand. At great expense, Lord Grimthorpe brought in new plants and trees, constantly trying to redefine the traditional concept of an Italian garden. Not all of his imports and experiments survived, but he gradually discovered that cypress, stone pine, and ilex grow well along the Amalfi coast.

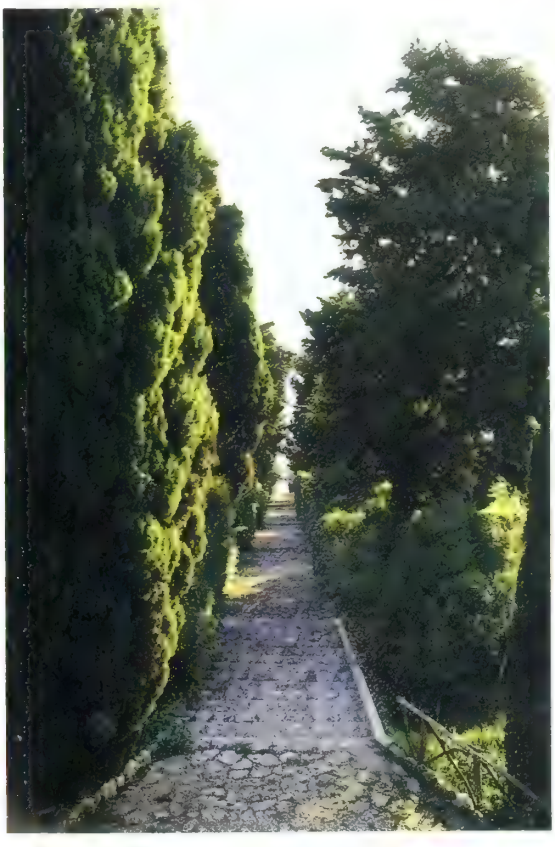
"He created a green garden," Vidal says, "which was one of the best of its kind in the world, with long allées of huge trees." So spectacular was it that word kept spreading and spreading. "William Randolph Hearst had his gardens at San Simeon done in imitation of the Cimbrone," Vidal claims. "This gives my garden an American connection." And of course it segues nicely into his new novel, *Hollywood*, in which Hearst plays a meaty role. Vidal's *Hollywood* is the latest in the cycle of historical novels that began with *Burr* and continued through *Lincoln*, *1876*, *Empire*, and *Washington, D.C.*

From Lord Grimthorpe's original garden La Rondinaia inherited two majestic colonnades of cypresses—one stretching more than a quarter of a mile from the entrance gate to the house, the other descending a steep hillside to an ornamental arch. There were also olive groves; copses of lemon, fig, walnut, and chestnut trees; wild thyme, rosemary, ruchetta (an indigenous arugula), and broom; and several arbors overgrown with wisteria and bougainvillea. But when Vidal bought the property in 1972, there was little else to provide cultivated bloom except for some roses, a few amphoras planted with geraniums, and a lonely border of annuals.

Neither Lord Grimthorpe nor his daughter would recognize the place today. One terrace has been given over to a fifty-foot swimming pool, a large patio, and a pool house complete with sauna. More important, two and a half acres are now under meticulous *(Text continued on page 220)*

Asked what he does in the garden, Vidal says, "I think—or think I'm thinking"





In the only formal area of the garden, *above*, amphoras hold geraniums at the edge of a grassy poolside plateau overlooking Monte Lattari. Ball finials ornament a staircase down to the rose beds. *Far left:* Naturalized miniature cyclamen bloom among fallen chestnuts, which are left amid the ivy as a natural mulch. *Left:* Cypresses planted in the 19th century by Lord Grimthorpe border steps cascading from the grotto toward the sea.

Maestro Mongiardino

FOR FOUR DECADES THE ITALIAN DECORATOR HAS SET THE STANDARD FOR GRANDEUR, CRAFTSMANSHIP, AND ROMANTIC VISION IN THE WORLD'S GREAT HOUSES

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

RENZO MONGIARDINO IS THE MOST DRAMATIC AND ORIGINAL, imaginative and ingenious designer of our day. He is also the most versatile. Long before rivals catch up with him, he reenters his time capsule and speeds off on yet another expedition to capture what he calls the "future in the past." Unlike designers who cultivate a personalized style doomed to date, Mongiardino abominates fashionable clichés. He prides himself on being protean. To show us his full gamut, he has picked out rooms that represent successive decades of his career. But first a few words about the work of this gentle, genial Genovese, who is more like the master of some medieval guild than the most sought after designer in the world today.

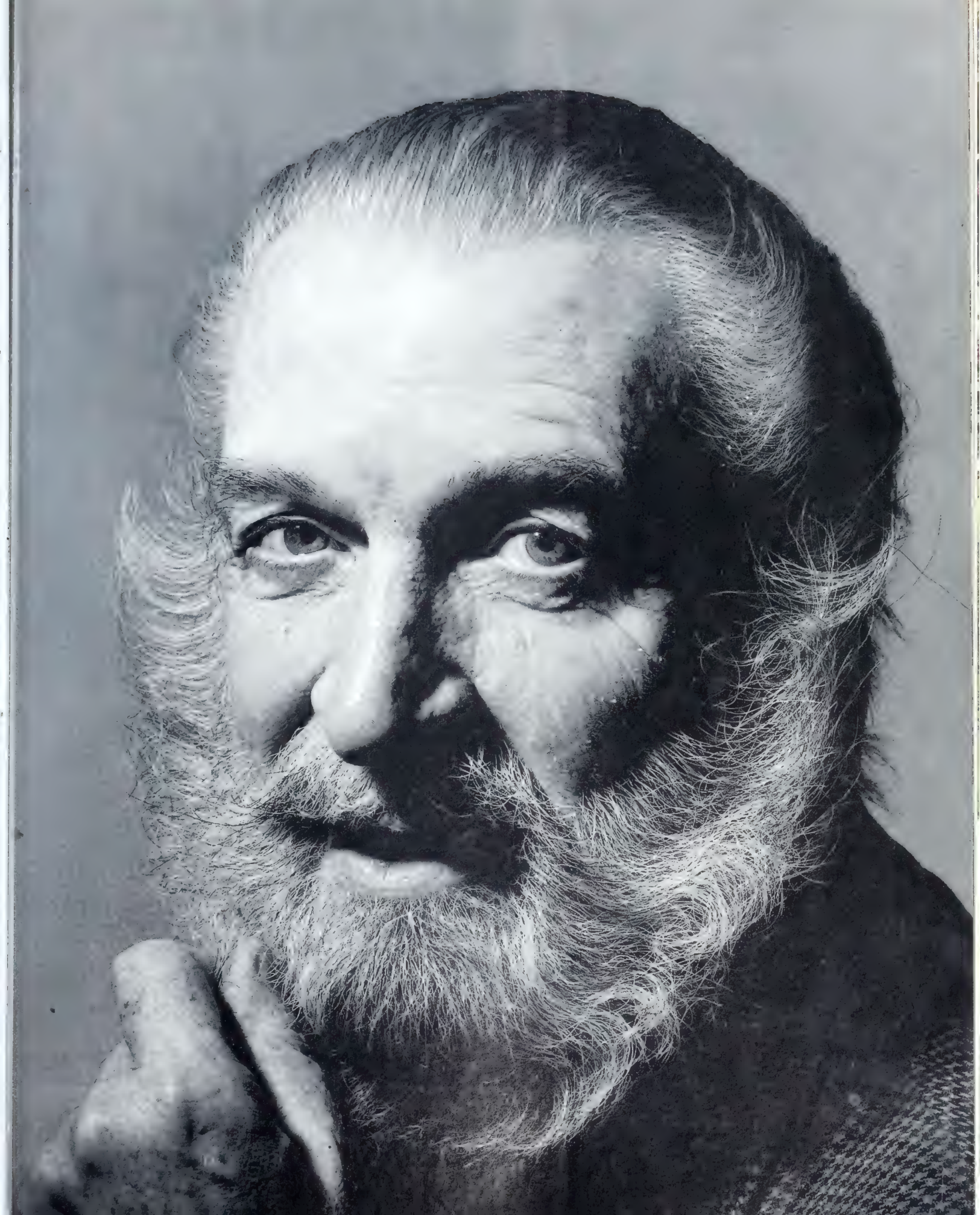
Mongiardino was still a student—of architecture, theater decor, and interior design—when he received his first commission. It was for his sister's apartment in Portofino—"like a little theater," he recalls, "trompe l'oeil ruins on the walls, a few souvenirs of Dali and Chirico"—and it confirmed him in his vocation. Further confirmation came from his highly original and successful thesis for the University of Milan: an architectural model of an elaborate folly complete with a Baroque fireplace fashioned out of huge rocks like a grotto. Paradoxically it doubled as a cascade—shades of Bomarzo, the surrealist cinquecento garden in Lazio; shades, too, of architect Emilio Terry, the Baroque Modernist of the 1930s and the only forebear Mongiardino avows. The folly was also embellished with murals by Lila de Nobili, a fellow student who became a celebrated theater designer and continues to be Mongiardino's closest friend and collaborator.

Mongiardino's imaginative sense of drama and atmosphere ensured his instant success as a designer for operas and films. His *Tosca* (with Callas) at Covent Garden in 1964 was a sensation. Likewise his *Ballo in maschera* for La Scala. His sets for *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* at Stratford-upon-Avon and Zeffirelli's films of *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Taming of the* won him even wider acclaim. But much as he enjoyed [illegible], he had always yearned to create "ambiances for people" (his euphemism for the hateful word "decorating"). His breakthrough into interior design came in the early 1950s when his friends Count and Countess Brandolini asked him to remodel their Paris apartment. It was a triumph, and he went on to redecorate rooms in their Venetian palazzo and country house in the Veneto, as well as residences in Turin and Villar Perosa for Gianni Agnelli, Countess Brandolini's brother. In no time most of Europe's merchant princes—Rothschild, Thyssen, and Niarchos among them—were begging Mongiardino to come up with settings worthy of their treasures and themselves. Alas, most of those people are so obsessive about privacy and security that few photographs have been taken.

The designer's first major American job was a New York house for Jack and Drue Heinz, begun in 1976. This involved no new approach, Mongiardino says. "Working for a client in New York is no different from working for someone in Turin or London. For me it's the places that are different, not the people." The rooms that he contrived for the Heinzes and their dazzling collections of paintings and friends are consummately stylish and cozy. If guests always have such a civilized time in the Heinzes' dining room, it is due to the atmosphere of relaxed humanism that the designer and hostess have evoked. Mongiardino is now a regular visitor to New York and, with the support of his U.S. assistant, Gaser Tabakoglu, currently at work on more new projects than ever.

To match the magnificence of his clients' possessions, Mongiardino is often obliged to come up with overwhelmingly lavish effects. However, you can be sure that fastidiousness will always win out over grandiloquence. Remember, too, that he is a stage designer at heart and would as soon do up Cinderella's shabby kitchen as Prince Charming's glittering ballroom. His own apartment in Milan is a case in point. He has been at pains to conjure up an ambiance—decor is much too fancy a word—that an Italian connoisseur of good family and adequate means would have enjoyed *(Text continued on page 224)*

PORTRAIT BY IRVING PENN



Mongiardino

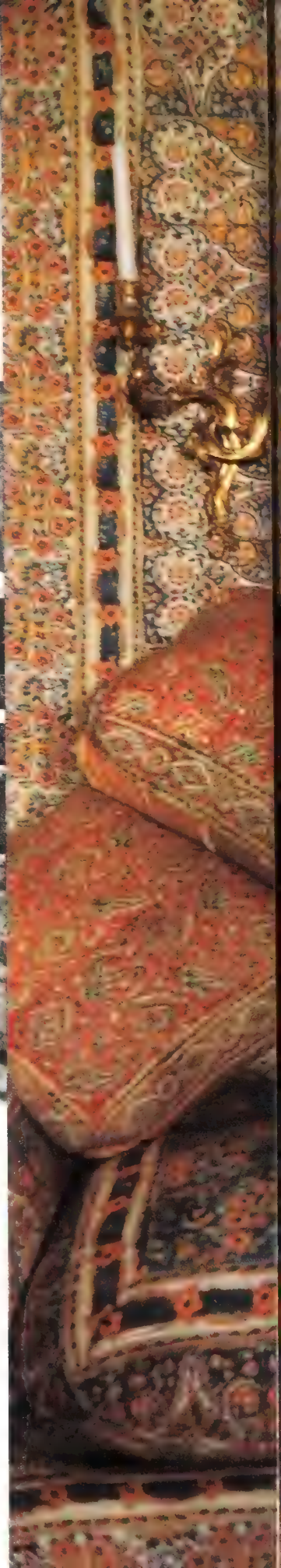
'50s



IN THE MID 1950S, MONGIARDINO'S friend and patron Count Brandolini let him have a pied-à-terre—a few small vaulted attics in his palazzo on the Grand Canal. A less imaginative designer would have worked within the limitations of the space. Not Mongiardino. He fantasized that his apartment was a mezzanine formed when another floor was inserted under the ceiling of a Baroque church. To further this illusion, he had Lila de Nobili and Enrico Bertolucci fresco the ceiling and embellish the walls with gigantic entablatures, pediments, and the putti-surrounded pinnacles of two great altars. The distorted scale of these relatively cramped quarters plays havoc with one's sense of place and period. The canal might well have engulfed the rest of the palace, and the benign incumbent could be a family chaplain ready to absolve us for everything except a lack of fantasy.







ARCHITECTS AND ARTISTS AS DIVERSE AS John Nash, Delacroix, Lutyens, and Matisse have exploited Orientalism in their own idiosyncratic ways, though by the late 1950s the style had come to seem irredeemably fustian. Mongiardino, however, dusted it off and gave it new life. Orientalism was just the thing, he realized, to exorcize the red-brocaded pomposity of a Palazzo Brandolini drawing room. The owners wanted an area where friends could relax after swimming and sunning on the Lido. Straw matting on the floor and colorful Indian *bazzari* (hand-blocked quilts) on the wall was the durbar-like solution. What remained of the settecento decor—red and gold beams, ebony-inlaid doors, and black marble fireplaces—took on a new resonance. "After years of off-white, beige, and gray, I wanted a fireworks display of color," Mongiardino says. He later adapted the same idiom to the Radziwills' eighteenth-century house in London. Once again East was played off against West: the freshness of Indian cottons against the glitter of ormolu, the richness of taffeta, the jeweled glow of Orientalist paintings. Designers are still copying the look.



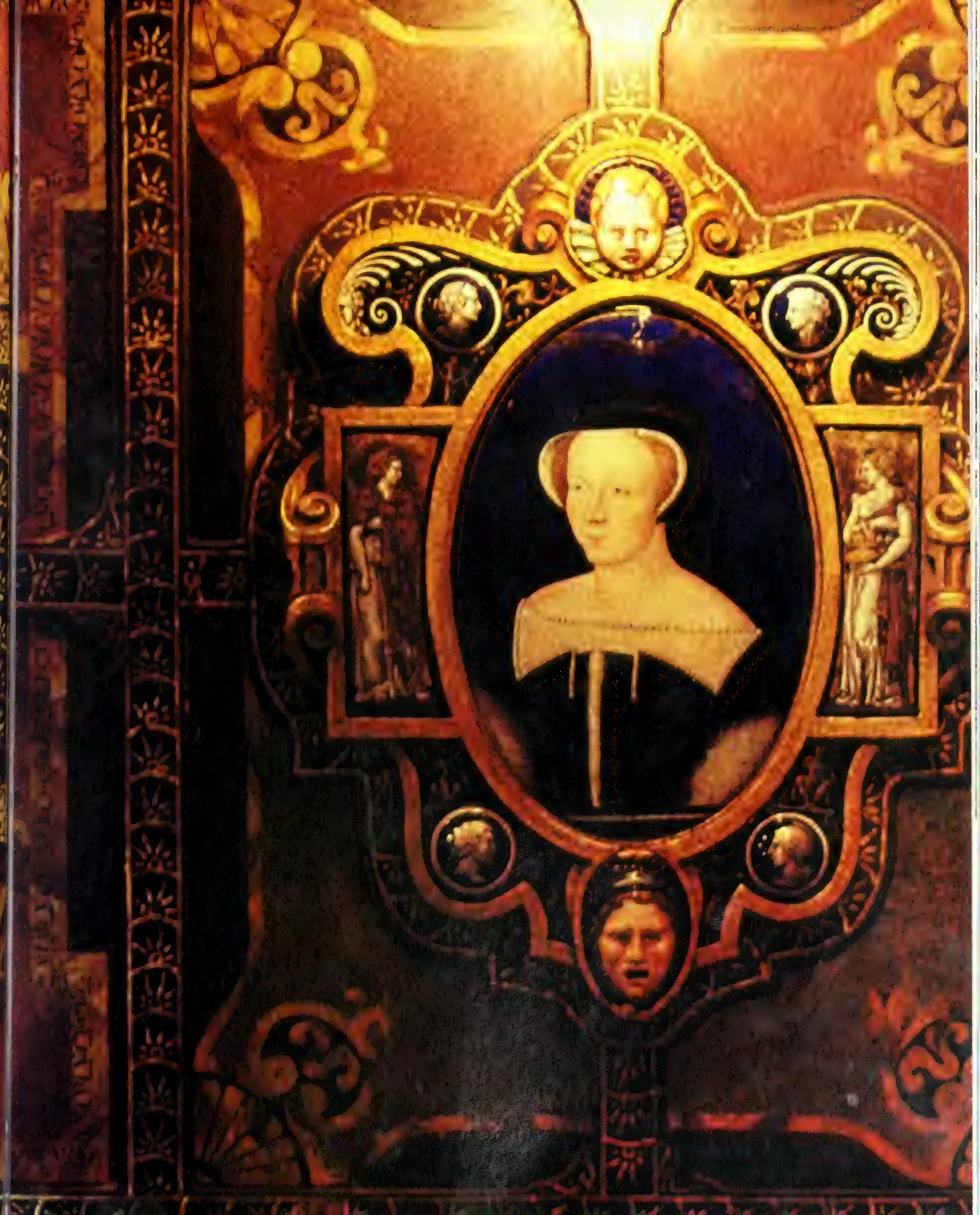


OF ALL THE MAGNIFICENT HOUSES MONgiardino has embellished, Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild's seventeenth-century Hôtel Lambert on the Île-Saint-Louis constituted the greatest challenge. To have redecorated Le Brun's state rooms would have been redundant, so the Rothschilds asked Mongiardino to transform less ornate quarters downstairs into a sumptuous setting for their collections. An Italian casket encrusted with enamels inspired the enfilade of cabinets d'amateur where the designer and his assistants, Emilio Carcano and Anchise Roncato, have covered walls with parquet de Versailles that shimmers with a faint stenciled pattern—a magical background for Hispano-Mauresque plates. The same team was responsible for the Mannerist frieze and the panels of verre-égpisé porphyry. Only objects of hild quality can stand up to such a ckgrd without being eclipsed.

Mongiardino

19**70s**

WALTER RUSSO







Mongiardino

1980s

THIS GREAT NEOCLASSICAL VILLA IN THE south of France was built little more than a half century ago by the distinguished American architect Ogden Codman—a dream palace designed for his own delight. To remodel it for the present owners, Mongiardino has renounced the romantic styles for which he is celebrated in favor of a highly conventional Neoclassical idiom. The result is consummate proof that the Italian maestro can beat the French at their own game. He has derived inspiration from Napoleon's team of decorators, Percier and Fontaine, creators of the Empire style. The quality and elegance of the wall decorations are especially striking. The red and white panels in the dining room—by the gifted painter whom Mongiardino likes to describe as Il Bergamasco (The Man from Bergamo)—were inspired by the floral motifs and arabesques on Sèvres porcelain of the Napoleonic period. Roncato was responsible for the Etruscan panels in the library whose cool sheen derives from their being painted on glass. In the hall Mongiardino has rescued the original pale blue and grisaille frescoes from banality by giving them a terra-cotta glaze and embellishing them with terra-cotta reliefs. The hard-edged perfection of these rooms takes us back in spirit to the nineteenth-century watercolors of Neoclassical interiors that Mario Praz's *An Illustrated History of Interior Decoration* has made so fashionable.

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

[illegible] for old [illegible] paintings and rare books, Mongiardino has devised a [illegible] the most adventurous and modernistic room he has [illegible] Usually are to be covered [illegible] the Manhattan skyline—"like a ghostly Babylon," the designer says, "vanishing in the mist." Here we see the panels as they were set up in Mongiardino's atelier last fall. The versatile painter Il Bergamasco has just finished working on them. By the time this article appears they should be installed on Park Avenue.

Silhouetted against the Hugh Ferriss–like skyscrapers is a frieze of musical instruments and other still-life objects in trompe l'oeil that allegorize Renaissance music, painting, and architecture. Mongiardino's concept has to do with seeing reality and make-believe, the past and the future in terms of each other, and reconciling the artistry and craftsmanship of the Old World with the technology of the New. Trust him to employ a somewhat arcane medium: he has treated the panels like a monumental collage and executed them in faux marquetry resembling the kind known as intarsia, the finest examples of which are in the ducal palace at Urbino.

As usual Mongiardino has sought inspiration in unexpected places: among them Chirico's Metaphysical vistas and the backgrounds of Flemish Madonnas. The church is Bramante's San Satiro in Milan, a building that epitomizes the Renaissance. Holbein portraits are the source for the architect's plumb line and ivory ball, the simulated Turkey carpet, as well as the lute and mandolin that symbolize the client's love of music. No question about it, Mongiardino has come up with a perfect allegory for the last decade of the millennium.



Mongiardino

19 90s



Brightening Bolts

In a festival of colors, Italy's fabrics are electrifying

BY ERIC BERTHOLD

Italy has been famous for its splendid cloth ever since the Medicis bankrolled Florence's burgeoning textile industry in the fifteenth century. Cottons and linens coming from these experienced looms range from stately ribbon-striped grids to painterly florals, all saturated with bright celebratory colors. Couturier Valentino plants a verdant jungle pattern among his line of home textiles. And from Christopher Hyland there's a marbleized print that pays homage to the Renaissance. Other European designers, too, are looking to Italy: Ian Wall dubbed one of his recent prints Palladio.



A medley of fabric designs provide colorful offbeat upholstery for a lyre-back chair from Pat Carpenter. Left to right, from top: Procuratie, Lady Barrett, and Clara Completo from Christopher Hyland; Palladio from Ian Wall; Shanghai by Missoni and Rennes by Valentino from Coraggio Textiles; Osiris from Ian Wall. Details see Resources.

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Piranesi's Domain

(Continued from page 158) added a tower to the garden façade of the priory and commissioned a small Kaffeehaus—a pavilion for literary conversation over coffee, traditionally known in Rome by the German word for café—that stands between the parterres. A large-scale map of Rome published in 1748 by Giambattista Nolli provides a bird's-eye view of the site shortly before Piranesi arrived on the scene. Two rows of shrubs stand on the same axis as the laurel allée and two parterres exist, though the outlines of their beds lack the intricacy of those we see today.

Coming from Venice, where he had been trained as an architect, Giovanni Battista Piranesi settled in Rome just as the last of the late Baroque building projects were nearing completion. Money was in short supply, and the great Roman families could just afford to maintain their palaces. So while Piranesi signed himself Architetto Veneziano, he earned his living by printing views of Rome for tourists. As he later wrote, "When I saw how most of the remains of ancient buildings lay scattered in gardens and ploughed fields where they dwindled day by day, either weathering away, or being quarried . . . to steal fragments for new buildings, I resolved to preserve them by means of etchings."

By 1758, when the Venetian Carlo Rezzonico was named Pope Clement XIII, Piranesi enjoyed a European reputation as a polemical archaeologist and a topographical etcher. Best known for his emotionally charged *Views of Rome* (his early *Imaginary Prisons* would account for his posthumous fame), he had not yet built anything significant. His opportunity came when one of the pope's nephews, Cardinal Giambattista Rezzonico, became grand prior of the Knights of Malta in Rome and hired Piranesi to restore the order's church, Santa Maria del Priorato. Thanks to an account book compiled from the daily worksheets of the contractor (now in the Avery Architectural Library of Columbia University), we can follow the work from November 1764, when the crumbling foundations first received attention, to October 1766, when the pope inspected the completed work and expressed his family's satisfaction by making Piranesi a Knight of the Golden Spur. Soon after, the artist began to sign his work Cavaliere.

At the age of 49, just after Clement died, Piranesi published *Divers Manners of Ornamenting Chimneypieces and all other Parts of Houses derived from the Egyptian, Tuscan, and Grecian Architecture*. In the preface Piranesi dedicated his designs—over 70 plates—to the Venetian cardinal for whom he had "renewed rather than [merely] restored" the venerable quarters of the Knights of Malta. ♠ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*

Vidal in Ravello

(Continued from page 204) cultivation. The great changeover came several years ago when Vidal invited a landscape architect to spend an entire year at La Rondinaia. Although her best efforts fell considerably short of success, they persuaded Howard Austen that if Vidal and he hoped to have the garden they wanted, he would have to commit much more of his time and energy to the project. "You really have to live here year after year," Austen says, "to know what's going to grow and what isn't. You can't just design a garden in your head and impose it on the property."

To prevent the estate from turning into a burden, Austen says, "I'm trying to develop a maintenance-free natural garden," even though, like every gardener, he knows this is a contradiction in terms. No garden cultivates itself, and one the size of his and Vidal's requires two full-time workers. But Austen has cut down on the labor by installing an irrigation system—"the first in the area"—and by concentrating on flowers, shrubs, and grasses that flourish in the stony soil of southern Italy. As he runs through the names of the flowers he has planted in the past three years—gaillardia, geraniums, dianthus, agapanthus, fuchsia, iris, tritoma—Vidal can't resist a wisecrack. "Most of them sound like eye diseases." But of course they look like something else altogether.

When asked what he does in the garden, Vidal says, "I walk. Sometimes I sit. I think. Or think I'm thinking." As for actual work, he admits to having weeded a bit in the misty reaches of the past. Now he mostly restricts himself to carrying firewood, "one of the great forms of exercise." But unlike former President Reagan, whom he can imitate with deadpan accuracy, he is no chopper of wood: "I'm more like Lincoln. I think he split one rail and decided that was enough for the campaign."

Still, Vidal agrees with Voltaire's advice that it is important to cultivate your garden, and he does his job best by reading and thinking amid his flowers. (As he has often remarked, "The mind that doesn't nourish itself devours itself.") That's not to say that he does take the time to stop and smell the roses, however. On warm days he often sits beside the swimming pool and pores over a book, doing research for his novels, articles, or reviews. Then at sundown, he waits for the evening's loveliest moment, when the swallows sweep down to drink from the pool. "They come like Second World War B-17s, swoop in and take a quick gulp, and go up and around." When he gestures with his hand, demonstrating the swallows' steep takeoffs, it is as though Gore Vidal is describing the path of his thoughts and his books, spiraling out of Italy, over the Mediterranean, across the Atlantic, connecting this coast with America, linking the two fertile sources in his life. ♠ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*

In a Classical Mold

(Continued from page 178) points driven into the plaster to guide the final shaping in stone—the tools conflict with the sense of flesh that is present in everything Canova touched.

Our taste is attracted to the action of palpable traces of hands driven by creative energy, and it is responsive to the rough, the fragmentary, the tentative, and the unfinished. Alienated by polish and perfection, such taste will feel itself in sympathetic surroundings in the Gipsoteca Canoviana, rather than among the chill marbles Canova's patrons so cherished. The great works, however, are only reflected here, as the forms are shadowed in the Cave of Plato's celebrated allegory—an image Canova, steeped in Classical learning, would endorse. Moreover, the Postmodern revolution may yet enable many of us to fully appreciate Canova in all his polished glory. But the museum in Possagno and the Tempio on the heights above it are singularly poetic inscriptions of a personality once viewed as all but angelic in power and genius. ♠

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte



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...ut Thuns

(Continued from page 138) "neutral container with everything white and no pictures or color statements." "Susanne and I were dealing with images all day," he explains, "and I wanted this to be somewhere we could relax. It emerged totally from our way of living—everything was based on strategic decisions, like precisely the distance I was prepared to walk from the bedroom to the bathroom each morning. There was absolutely no attempt to apply a style or to use the house as a means of displaying wealth or promoting ourselves." He hopes that the apartment does not announce itself as a designer's residence and could be thought to belong to anyone in a creative field. But in the big white living room meticulous attention to detail might give the game away, even when the little photo-shoot displays of his own ceramics and glassware are removed. A meticulously designed lighting system, for example, is concealed behind the ceiling beams.

Susanne could not resist the glowing colors of the kilim that adorns the living room's pale floorboards in winter, but her love of color and texture is most extravagantly expressed in her own little workroom. Surrounded by walls covered in sumptuous French hand-painted paper, she sits at her antique Austrian desk on one of Matteo's Biedermeier chairs. She has covered them, daringly, in a luxurious fabric patterned with monkeys and parrots.

When Susanne had the same fabric made into a winter eiderdown cover, Matteo refused to sleep under it for a week, demanding his own white counterpane on his side of the bed. But he soon came around, just as he has to the sizzling but soothing colors of the bedroom doors and entrance area. They were a substitute, Susanne explains, for a Caribbean holiday. The flamboyant hat that sits on a red sofa in the bedroom amplifies the tones of a 1920s nude by Ugo Celada da Virgilio.

Downstairs in the kitchen, granite tiles and work tops complement the efficient system of functional white units that Susanne says "saved our marriage" when the upper floor was a building site and the family lived in this one room and slept in Constantin's bedroom along the corridor. The other downstairs rooms are a bedroom and bathroom for Felicità, the Thuns' Ethiopian maid. Like the rest of this household, she is elegant and talented in the domestic arts, particularly cooking. Now that the kitchen has reverted to its original function, Susanne has introduced a touch of extravagance. When she found a turquoise chandelier in a friend's antiques shop, she had to have it to go with the chairs that go with the turquoise telephone designed for Olivetti by their friend George Sowden. The logic is a little different from the strict functional approach expressed in Matteo's little workroom where he concentrates with only a George Nelson desk for company.

The apartment is typically Milanese in just one way, says Thun. "There is no relationship between outside and inside—the façade gives no clue about what you will find when you enter the apartment." Indeed, the imposing but unexceptional turn-of-the-century building, the slightly shabby entrance courtyard, and the undersize lift do not prepare you for this airy domicile. And on a subsequent visit much may have changed. "Some Italian towns can become the inhabitants' second skin," Thun explains. "The piazza is like their living room. But Milan is a factory, an efficient factory, and it can never be like that. So the house becomes a second skin, one that you can change like the clothes you wear. For years I dressed only in black, then I began to feel like wearing other colors—classic blue and white. The house too can change as the seasons and your domestic feelings change. We are far from doing this house for eternity."

Even if the Thuns change their apartment out of all recognition, you'll still know where you are when you look out the window at a view dominated by the great cathedral. Between Leonardo's attempt to put a shadow on Brunelleschi's cupola in Florence with his flying machines and Matteo Thun's glides over Milan in his, aviation techniques may have moved on. But curiosity, the inspiration that connects the two artists, is more permanent. ▲

Editor: Deborah Webster

Castle in the Air

(Continued from page 142) tasks of mending roofs, shoring up walls, and installing plumbing, and it continued—and still continues—with the hunt for choice objects to refurnish Castel Gardena's fifty-odd rooms. Obviously this had to be done with the utmost respect for its setting and history. In the early 1920s collecting folk art was by no means the widespread hobby it is nowadays, and the Franchettis soon became known throughout the Alto Adige for their eccentricity. Locals who wanted to get rid of what they considered old rubbish offered them things that many a museum curator would now envy.

A characteristic feature of Alpine interiors is the wood-paneled parlor or stube. Besides repairing extant paneled rooms in their castle, the Franchettis built in dozens from other sites in the Alto Adige. Tiled stoves of fanciful shape, design, and coloring are another regional decorative tradition. Castel Gardena houses a collection of stoves that is perhaps the largest, and certainly the most varied, in the world. With the same knowledge, care, and taste the furniture was chosen by Carlo, his sons Mario and Giorgio, and Mario's son Andrea, the nominal owner. They bought, and keep buying, things that once upon a time could be purchased at a flea market for a handful of coins and now cost a fortune at specialized antiques dealers.

The effect of all this is far from the sterile atmosphere of a museum. Castel Gardena is very much lived in, for it is in itself the family's most cherished pastime. Its restoration and decoration are never finished. There are frescoes to be saved, stuccos to be patched, grandmother's trompe l'oeils to be repainted. Corridors are filled with furniture that needs repair. Andrea is a skilled carpenter, Giorgio copes with practically everything, even the children take part in decorating their quarters, the stanze dei nani—the dwarfs' rooms. As other families would gather around a puzzle, the Franchettis put their heads together to recompose the tiles of a sixteenth-century stove.

You will not be formally invited to Castel Gardena, but you will be received there with the most generous hospitality if you happen to show up. There won't be much of a vie de château. The castle has no great hall, not even a big living room. You will probably be asked to help Giorgio in the kitchen, and you may accompany the lovely baronessa when she plucks dandelion leaves for the salad out of the weeds between the cobblestones in the courtyards. And you should not think it anachronistic when, in your seventeenth-century four-poster, you are gently rocked to sleep by Andrea's saxophone. ▲

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte



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Purely Balthus

(Continued from page 165) bright unclouded spaces of Balthus's castle. There, on the contrary, everything leads to him: the succession of enormous light-filled rooms, the views of softly contoured hills. As I gazed at a landscape I saw in one of his latest paintings, I thought about the truth contained in the aphorism that life imitates art. The interiors are also Balthus paintings, especially because it was Balthus who gave them the look they have now. Delicate tints of light colors have been laid on with the same technique of irregularly scratched layers that he used in the French Academy's Villa Medici, making the surfaces become sensitive, alive.

It was very cold on the day of my most recent visit, and the castle was nearly empty, since Balthus and his wife, the painter Setsuko, had already departed for another of their houses. The air was incredibly still and clear and the distant hilltops, covered with the first snow, seemed very near. As I walked through one of the more metaphysically bare rooms, I had a sudden feeling of being in the rarefied atmosphere of Tibet, in a Buddhist monastery. Perhaps my mind was guided toward the East by a large antique Japanese chest that harmonized with that stark sixteenth-century interior. I tried immediately to recall the words with which the indescribable Zen is usually described and which seemed to me attuned to the imprint left by Balthus upon Montecalvello: a special teaching "not founded upon words and letters; by pointing directly to man's own mind, it lets him see into his own true nature."

The painter has wrought a profound transfiguration in the rooms where he lives, and yet at the same time, no less profoundly, he has adhered to the spirit of the architecture and the landscape. I believe that in years to come Montecalvello will no longer be remembered as the castle of Donna Olimpia but as the castle of Balthus. ▲ *Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte*

Maestro Mongiardino

(Continued from page 206) early in this century. Some people might even wonder whether a visit from a decorator was not overdue. Mongiardino is much more concerned with bringing out the character of a room—hence of its owners—than in showing off. He says that he longs to come up with simpler settings—perhaps for an old-fashioned butcher's or baker's shop. The only problem: although Mongiardino enjoys working with simple materials, he is more dependent than most designers on the meticulous work of his highly trained artists and artisans. Their services do not come cheap.

Admittedly the designer's romantic adaptations of historical styles—school of Fontainebleau, German Renaissance, Etruscan—are nostalgic, but he is always ahead of the game. He is especially vehement in his scorn for time-honored (another term for outdated) color schemes—dreary off-whites, café au lait, battleship grays—and time-honored arrangements of furniture: the sofa with a lamp on either side facing a coffee table and fireplace. He is forever coming up with new ways of juxtaposing chairs and tables, sometimes keeping them to a minimum, sometimes taking a leaf out of Schinkel or Soane or Shah Jahan. He is also amused that the use of columns and cornices, for which he was once criticized, is now seen as a key feature of Postmodern architecture. "It's always time to move on," says Mongiardino. To judge by his latest work, he will continue to entrance us with his eye-fooling tours de force, his uncanny prescience. ▲

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

Venice Rising

(Continued from page 169) years. Recently, when I reread *The Stones of Venice*, I was struck by parallels between Ruskin's chapter "The Nature of Gothic" and Venturi's *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture*, the 1966 book that set Postmodernism in motion. When Ruskin insists that "love of order has no more to do with our right enjoyment of architecture or painting, than love of punctuality with the appreciation of an opera," the first building that springs to mind is not the Ca' d'Oro. It is Venturi's mother's house, arguably the mother of the whole Postmodern movement. And what is the Doge's Palace if not the ultimate example of that Venturian paradigm, the "decorated shed"?

I am here with a friend, Ettore Sottsass, whose work often bears Venetian hall-

marks: patterned surfaces, lavish color, forms borrowed from visits to the East, expensive and humble materials jauntily juxtaposed, the brute mixed with the refined. To Sottsass the beauty of Venice is partly that of age. His eye takes note of the decay not as a sign of neglect but, on the contrary, as evidence of heavy use. Venetians use their city hard, like a battered old mixing bowl that gives ingredients an indefinable savor.

Recently Sottsass has focused on architectural projects, and on this visit it is the texture of urban space that beckons him. He speaks of an idea he calls Intimism, a way of emphasizing the architectural interplay between public and private space. He observes the rhythm of campo and calle, strangers shoved together in the narrow streets, dispersed again in open space, eye contact and body contact made and avoided. Vines spill over a wall, a bridge for the mind to a private world in the garden beyond. The carved wellhead in a square is no empty abstraction of a public monument but a visceral reminder that the community serves private life.

Gliding along the canal one night, an open space appears between the palace façades, as though a wall has flown up to reveal an interior complete with embracing couple, though the lamp over their heads casts an intimacy unlikely to be matched behind palace walls. In the day, propelled in jolts over land and water, we cross a city woven together by counterforces of gravity and buoyancy through which Venetians move as naturally as New Yorkers navigate the world of WALK and DON'T WALK. Two men approach, striding down the Riva degli Schiavoni in animated conversation. Not missing a beat, they help themselves into a small launch, start the motor, ease the boat out into the basin, their voices carrying back across the water as the boat tilts and turns: a bit of urban space broken off from the land, melting into light scattered over the waves.

A city that gives people ideas is not a dead city. Nor is there any longer much point in stigmatizing Venice as a tourist city. Not in an age when New York and other cities have sought to lure people back from the suburbs by remaking themselves into theme parks of retro-politan life. Not when the tourist and convention business is one of the few American industries that is not shrinking. And not when tourism has become a metaphor for the way we experience culture in the age of information: dropping in on different walks of life, ranging over history, science, art, politics, philosophy, furnishing our minds with fragments of specialized knowledge as though the brain were a chest of souvenirs.

Venice was built on this "contemporary" magpie sensibility. It is a place made of fragments, of buildings made from bricks and stones pulled from other buildings, other cities and cultures, from the city's own earlier incarnations, and shaped into a beauty of its own. The city continues this tradition in the mosaic of cultural events with which its ancient buildings are filled. Last summer in the Neoclassical Palazzo Grassi you could behold a brilliant array of Futurist paintings, then step aboard one of Marinetti's "rocking chairs for cretins" for a glide through golden afternoon light. In the fifteenth-century Gothic Palazzo Orfei, rooms lined with panels of Mariano Fortuny's sumptuous twentieth-century interpretations of Renaissance fabrics opened onto modern galleries hung with black and white Surrealist photographs. The nineteenth-century Ala Napoleonica, built for the emperor who had threatened to become "an Attila to the Venetian state," was stocked with masterpieces of French Impressionist painting. At the Casino visitors dressed for an evening's pleasure at the tables were funneled through a scholarly exhibition on the architecture, fashions, and social customs of seaside resorts.

The vitality of this year-round spectacle clues us in to the flaw in the Romantic association of Venice with death: it overlooked that the beauty of this city, its existence and its endurance, speaks of life lived with the utmost vigor. As Rilke noted, Venice is a victory of human will over the elements. Today that spirit is felt in the city's triumph over its own premature obituary. For nearly two centuries it has been common wisdom that Venice died with the fall of the Republic in 1797. In fact, the city embarked on another stage of life. "The Venetians never wanted an empire," Gore Vidal remarked. "They just wanted to do business." And business is doing fine. The goods today are not spices, salt, and jewels. They are images, juxtapositions, atmospheres, moods, and that most precious cargo of all, inspiration. ▲



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Resources

PEOPLE
Page 100 Malibran viscose/cotton fabric on cushion, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; Designers Showroom, Seattle.

DESIGN
Page 102 Alessandro Mendini's 1985 Macaone table, black lacquer beech with black cowhide insets on top, for Zanotta, 115x260 cm, at Postmark, San Francisco; Adesso, Boston; Luminaire, Chicago; Areacon, Houston; Diva, Di-Zin, Massini, Los Angeles; Luminaire, Miami; Metropolis (to order), Minneapolis; Modern Age, NYC; OLC, Philadelphia; Mossa Center, St. Louis; Inside, San Diego; Di-Zin, Santa Monica; Current, Seattle. Paolo Deganello's 1982 Torso chair, steel structure, elastic webbing, polyurethane foam and polyester padding, for Cassina, to the trade at Atelier International, NYC, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C. Richard Sapper's 1972 Tizio lamp, halogen fixture, metal in matte black finish, for Artemide, $420, for dealers call (718) 786-8200. Ettore Sottsass's 1969 Valentine typewriter for Olivetti, for dealers call (201) 526-8200. **104** Gaetano Pesce's 1987 Feltri chairs, thick wool felt and resined felt with polyester padding, for Cassina, to the trade at Atelier International NYC, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C. Aldo Rossi's 1987 Momento wristwatch and pocket watch bezel, stainless steel with black leather strap, for Alessi, $1,250, at D. F. Sanders, Boston; Chiasso, Chicago; Nuvo, Vertu, Dallas; By Design, Los Angeles; Arango, Miami; D. F. Sanders, NYC; Fillamento (to order), San Francisco; D.F. Sanders, Washington, D.C. Nathalie du Pasquier's 1983 Royal sofa, plastic laminate, for Memphis Milano, $7,756, Nathalie du Pasquier's 1983 Cerchio cotton on sofa, for Memphis Milano, 55" wide, $114 yd, George J. Sowden's 1983 Quadro cotton on cushion and armrest, for Memphis Milano, 55" wide, $102 yd, at Urban Architecture, Detroit, for dealers call (313) 873-2707. Antonio Citterio's 1986 sofa component of Sity sectional seating line, polyurethane foam, Dacron/feather cushions, for B & B Italia, for representatives call (718) 784-0211. Massimo Iosa-Ghini's 1987 Juliette chair, metal frame, straw seat, plastic back, for Memphis Milano, $764, at Urban Architecture, Detroit, for dealers call (313) 873-2707.

THE HOUSE OF ARMANI
Pages 144–45 Giorgio Armani linen/viscose jacket, $985, wool vest, $500, silk/linen trousers, $680, at Giorgio Armani, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles, Manhasset, Palm Beach; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Holt Renfrew, Montreal; Holt Renfrew, Toronto. **150** Giorgio Armani silk dress, $610, silk duster, $1,270, at Giorgio Armani, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles, Palm Beach; Bergdorf Goodman (dress only), NYC; Holt Renfrew, Toronto; I. Magnin, San Francisco.

PRIDE OF THE PRADAS
Page 170 Silk taffeta on pillows, 140 cm wide, L138,000 m, from Tessuti Rovati, Milan (2) 7600-0204. **175** Ashanti fabric, available only in long staple cotton, 45"–46" wide, $204 yd, at Fortuny, NYC; to the trade at Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Betterman's, Chicago; Ellouise Abbott Showroom, Houston; Keith H. McCoy & Assocs., Los Angeles, San Francisco; Stephen E. Earls Showroom, Portland, Seattle.

DIFFERENT THUNS
Page 182 Matteo Thun's Rinascimento Series vases (three of seven shown), for Barovier & Toso, at Aventura, NYC; to the trade to order at Lightscape, NYC. **184** Paradiso Indiano cotton, by Etro, to the trade at Fonthill, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showroom, Dania; Reynolds-Howard, High Point; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle; Primavera, Toronto. **184–85** Antonio Citterio's 1988 Le Canapé sofa for Flexform, to the trade at Frederic Williams Interiors, NYC (212) 686-6390. Tuscan early 19th century dormeuse, marble table, similar items at Grazia Montesi & Raimondo Garau, Milan (2) 655-7657. Matteo Thun's Collection Fantasia porcelain sugar bowl, for Arzberg, $40, for information call (212) 685-1198. Matteo Thun's 1982 Rara Avis Collection, Columbina Gratiosa ceramic coffee/teapot with splayed legs, $1,800–$2,500, Passa Passa, Passerina Noctua ceramic coffee/teapots on bookshelf,$1,800–$2,500, for Anthologie Quartett, at Modern Age, NYC; Angle, Montreal; Limn (to order), San Francisco; to the trade at Acme Studios, Maui. Ettore Sottsass's 1982 Sol glass fruit bowl on bookshelf, for Memphis Milano, at Urban Architecture, Detroit, for dealers call (313) 873-2707. Matteo Thun's marble chimneypiece, for Up & Up, to the trade to order at Frederic Williams Interiors, NYC (212) 686-6390. Déjà Vu Collection furniture on terrace, by Mondo, wicker armchairs (#103), Pietra serena stone table (#401), lacquered wood and metal chairs at table (#303), at Oggi (to order), Baltimore; Adesso, Boston; Luminaire, Chicago; Diva, Los Angeles; Luminaire, Miami; Angle, Montreal;

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Modern Age, Umbrello/Portico, Zona, NYC; Inside, San Diego; Limn, Postmark, San Francisco; Current, Seattle; Inform Interiors (to order), Vancouver; for other dealers call Ivan Luini, NYC (212) 366-5346. **186** Italian early 20th century chandelier, similar items at Grazia Montesi & Raimondo Garau, Milan (2) 655-7657. Déjà Vu Collection lacquered wood chairs (#201), by Mondo, at Oggi (to order), Baltimore; Adesso, Boston; Luminaire, Chicago; Diva, Los Angeles; Luminaire, Miami; Angle, Montreal; Modern Age, Umbrello/Portico, Zona, NYC; Inside, San Diego; Limn, Postmark, San Francisco; Current, Seattle; Inform Interiors (to order), Vancouver; for other dealers call Ivan Luini, NYC (212) 366-5346. Matteo Thun's King Collection stainless-steel teakettle, $100, espresso makers $150 6 cup, $125 4 cup, tea maker/coffee server with warmer, $190, for WMF of America, for dealers call (516) 293-3990. Keith Haring's Inflatable Baby on top of cabinet, $12, at Pop Shop, NYC (212) 219-2784. **187** Paradiso Indiano cotton on quilt, by Etro, to the trade at Fonthill, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showroom, Dania; Reynolds-Howard, High Point; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle; Primavera, Toronto. Ettore Sottsass's 1982 Murmansk silver fruit dish, for Memphis Milano, at Urban Architecture, Detroit, for dealers call (313) 873-2707.

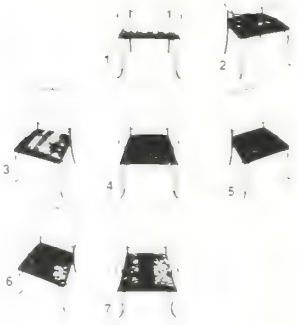
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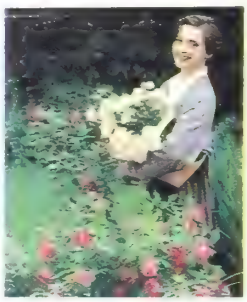
Page 196 Antique clocks, 1500–1820, at Gilbert Zabert, Turin (11) 878627. **199** Hand-loomed Indian silk on sofa, similar items to order at Sonali-Rossellini Senroy, Rome (6) 687-6365

SAMPLES

Page 218 Lyre-back chair in heavy steel, satin steel finish, $650, to order from Pat Carpenter Design, High Point (919) 882-9326. FABRICS ON CHAIRS **1** Procuratie cotton, 53" wide, $96 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC, Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Dick Penny Showroom, Cincinnati; John Edward Hughes, Dallas; Bill Nessen, Dania; George Wallach Antiques (retail), Los Angeles; Bob Collins, Philadelphia; Shears & Window, San Francisco. **2** Lady Barrett cotton, 55" wide, $113 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland (see above). **3** Clara Completo cotton, 55" wide, $93 yd, at Christopher Hyland (see above). **4** Palladio viscose, 51" wide, $99 yd, from Bergamo's Sahco Hesslein Collection, to the trade at Ian Wall, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Fortune, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; JEH Denver, Denver; Keith H. McCoy, Los Angeles; Delk-Morrison, New Orleans; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Regency House, San Francisco; Gerald Earls, Seattle; Marion Kent, Washington, D.C. **5** Shanghai cotton, by Missoni Interior Design Collection, to the trade at Coraggio Textiles, NYC, for showrooms call (800) 624-2420. **6** Rennes linen, by Valentino Più Collection, to the trade at Coraggio Textiles, for showrooms call (800) 624-2420. **7** Osiris cotton, 55" wide, $104 yd, from Bergamo's Sahco Hesslein Collection, to the trade at Ian Wall, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Fortune, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; JEH Denver, Denver; Keith H. McCoy, Los Angeles; Delk-Morrison, New Orleans; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Regency House, San Francisco; Gerald Earls, Seattle; Marion Kent, Washington, D.C.

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EDITORS NOTE: The February cover was photographed in the Bellport, New York, garden of artist Peter Schlesinger. The striped pink 'Commandant Beaurepaire' is a Bourbon rose introduced in 1874.

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ALBERTO ALESSI HAS DESIGNS ON YOUR HOUSE

I asked Alberto Alessi if there was anyone in the United States who does what he does in Italy, and he said, without a second's hesitation, "No." Which is true and which is too bad because what Alberto Alessi does in Italy is enlist the best design talents in the world to reinvent such domestic essentials as coffee makers and salt shakers, cheese graters and frying pans, pasta pots and flatware, which he then produces in a factory north of Milan and distributes in seventy countries around the globe. "American companies are not design oriented," explained the 43-year-old grandson of a lathe worker who began making what we now call tabletop products in 1921. "They are oriented to the market—or to what they believe to be the market." Which is not, it was tacitly understood, the Italian manufacturer's idea of traveling the high road.

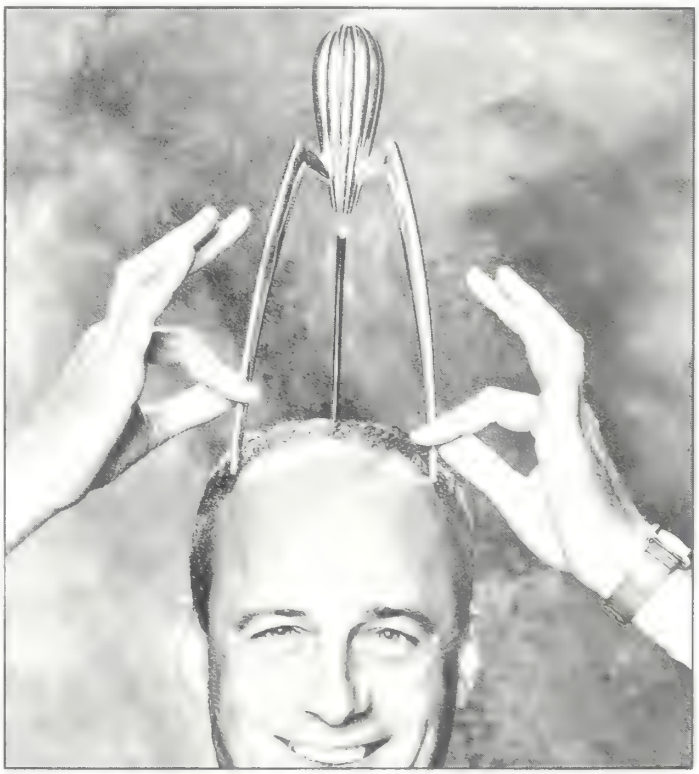
"For me design is something very close to art and poetry," said Alessi, who sounded so much more earnest than pretentious that he made me forget, for the moment, that we were talking about teakettles. "Alessi is like a kind of laboratory for research into the applied arts. Our structure and organization are forged to follow the dreams of the best creative talents of our time."

Following those dreams requires both patience and persistence. Consider the case of Ettore Sottsass's metal and crystal cruet set, which, owing to technical difficulties, took seven years to find its way into production. And then there is the perennial high risk involved in high design. "You have to be prepared to accept big fiascoes," Alessi warned, recalling a collaboration with curators at the Centre Pompidou in Paris who hoped to promote French design by wedding six native sons to the Italian manufacturer. A disaster, Alessi confessed, save for "research" done with Philippe Starck. The results of that experiment, unveiled this year, are a colander with a frieze of perforated rabbit heads around the rim, a lemon squeezer that suggests some futuristic bug, and a teakettle that looks like nothing you've ever seen before.

Although the commercial success Starck's winsome wares will undoubtedly enjoy is allegedly not Alessi's first priority, such success can nonetheless be helpful. Alessi's 73-year-old father, Carlo, the company president, for example, was not at all convinced in 1970, when Alberto signed on as manager in charge of product development, that he wanted to hitch the family wagon to the avant-garde. But with the popularity of such high-profile products as Michael Graves's cone-shaped stainless-steel teakettle with the little red plastic bird perched on its spout, which Alessi sells at the rate of about 100,000 a year, his father began to see the light. As did the American consumer: over the past decade the U.S. market has become the third largest—after Italy and Germany—for the company's not exactly competitively priced products. Alberto Alessi chalks up his newfound favor in the States to an expanding segment of the upper middle class which has the time, money, and visual sophistication to appreciate such small aesthetic gestures as Arata Isozaki–designed knobs on Alessandro Mendini–designed cookware. "We tend to look at your country as a test market," he added. "If a new object is well accepted by you, then we are sure it will be well accepted all over the world."

Alessi's affection for the American public is matched by his affection for American design talent. In addition to his very fruitful relationship with Graves, who currently boasts eight products in the Alessi line, the Italian firm has invited Frank Gehry, Robert Venturi, Stanley Tigerman, and Milton Glaser to try their hands at everything from tea sets and pepper mills to cutting boards and bread baskets. Which seems noteworthy—I had always heard Italians were notoriously chauvinistic when it came to design. "On the contrary," said Alessi. "The period of Italian *bel disegno* ended in the seventies. We are open to the most interesting personalities in the world."

In addition to an all-star cast that includes Matteo Thun, Aldo Rossi, Massimo Iosa-Ghini, Mario Botta, Richard Sapper, Achille Castiglioni, and a host of others, Alessi's roster of interesting personalities recently expanded to include 39 women designers, all under the age of thirty. They are Alberto Alessi's insurance for the future, his way of keeping his place in the vanguard. His American competitors would do well to take note—to wake up, in other words, and smell the cappuccino. **Charles Gandee**



Alberto Alessi with his new lemon squeezer by Philippe Starck

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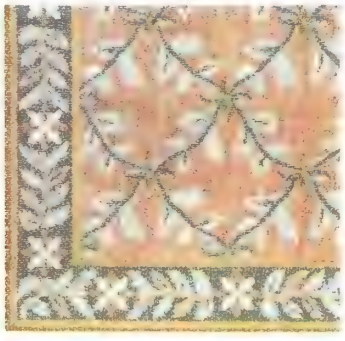


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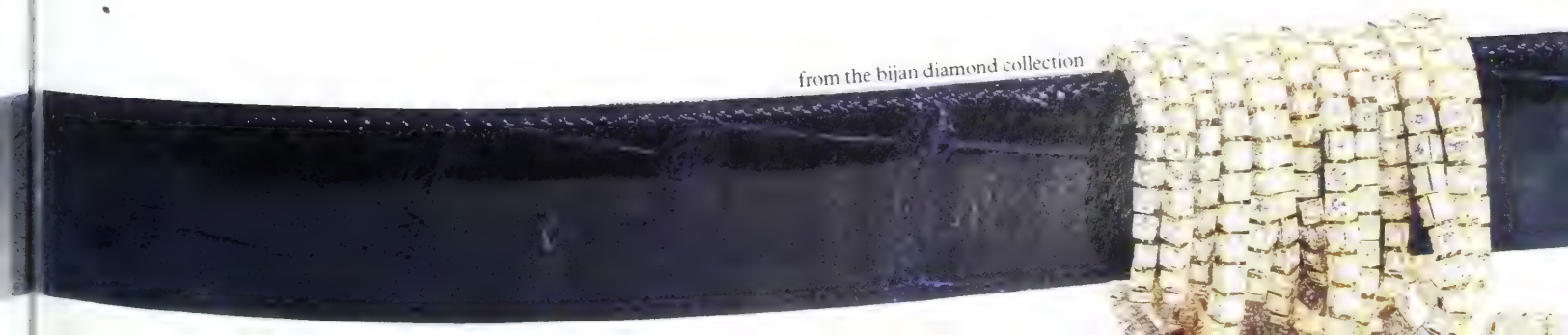


from the bijan silk tie collection



Seeking new horizons,
bijan came to America
where he established
a fashion empire.
Soon thereafter,
bijan found true happiness.
Her name was Tracy.
They married on the
first day of spring...

from the bijan diamond collection



[illegible]
bijan created two
award-winning fragrances and
a collection of jewelry.
This was exceeded by
the birth of their daughter,
Alexandra.
And so it came to pass
that style ruled the land...



from the bijan watch collection

And they all live happily together in everlasting love...

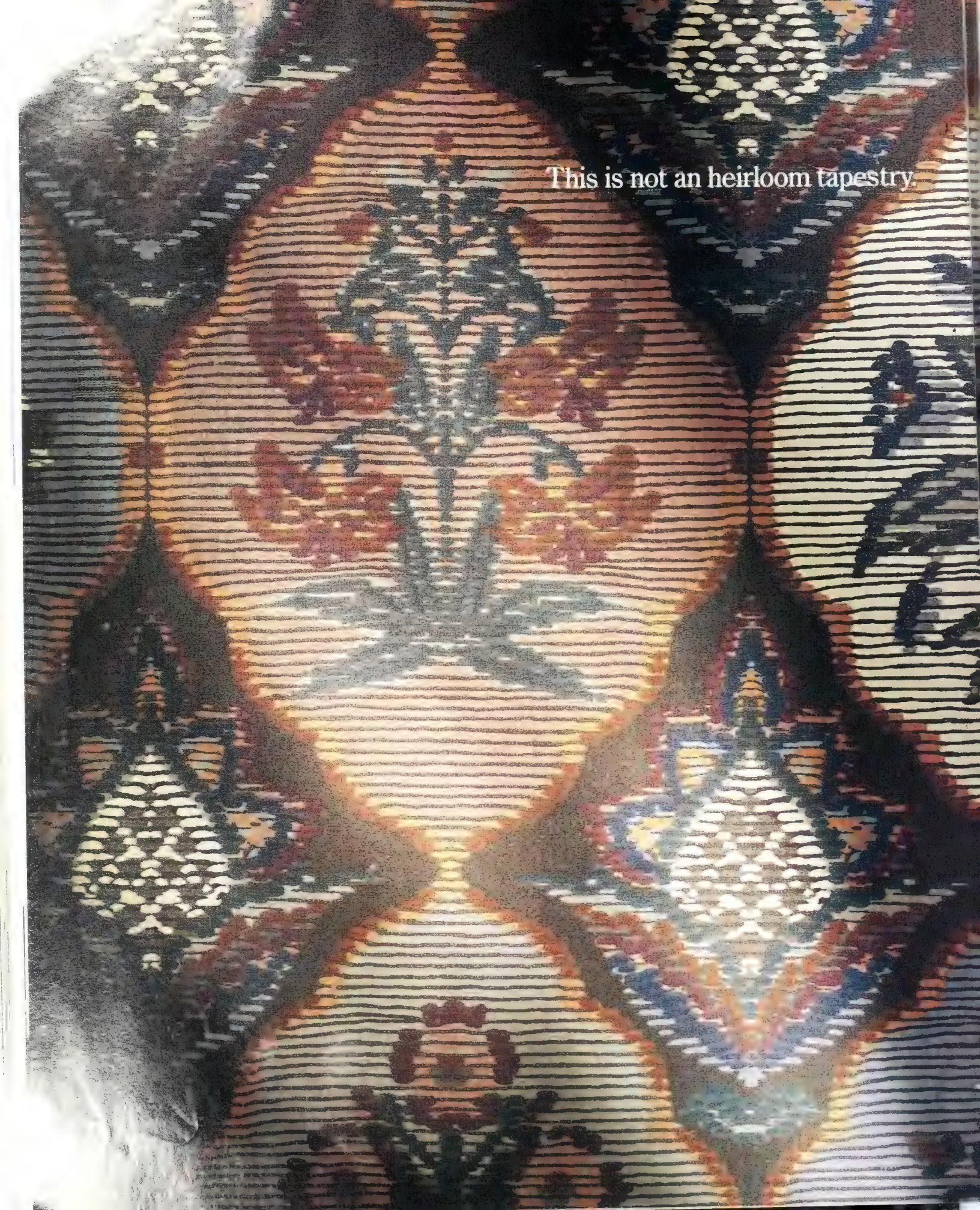
to be continued...



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new york
london


This is not an heirloom tapestry.

MAY

HOUSE & GARDEN MAY 1990 Volume 162, Number 5

HG



COVER *Decorator Tony Ingrao's 19th-century cottage is a study in rustic simplicity. Page 186. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*



Fifties-style kitchen by Gillette and Shadley. Page 150.



Modernist spirit in living room by Jeffrey Bilhuber. Page 128.



Vibrant bouquet from La Grenouille. Page 182.

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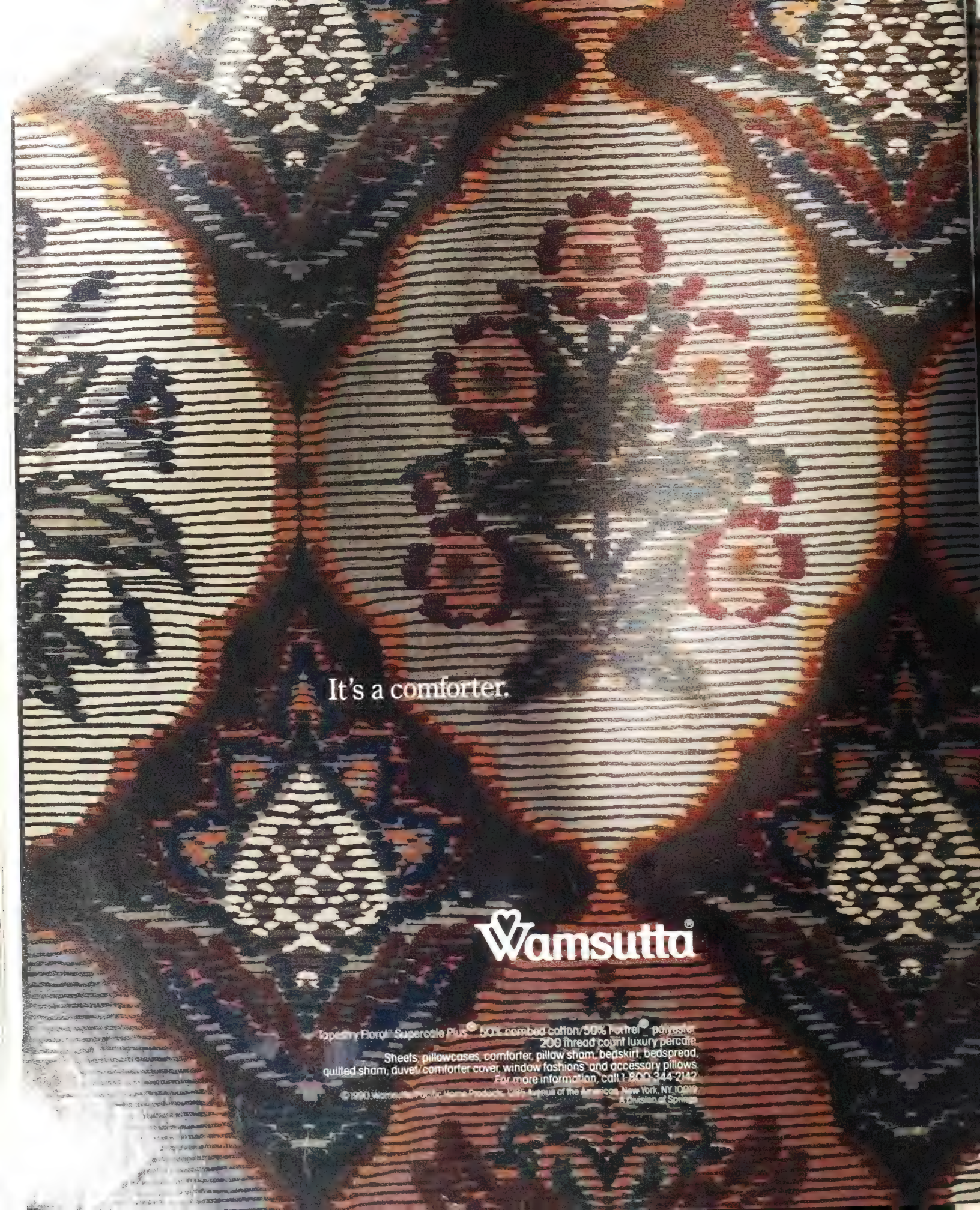
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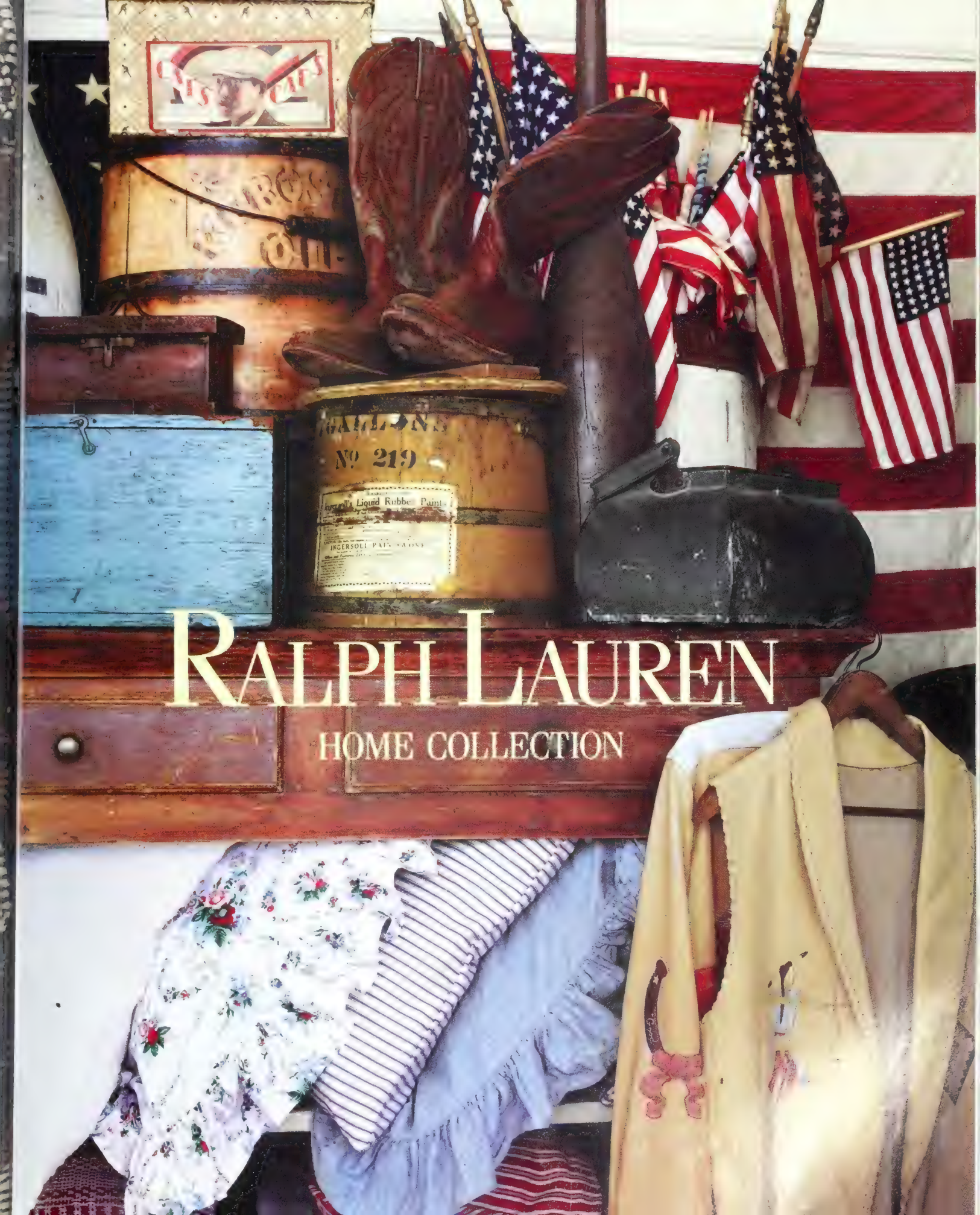
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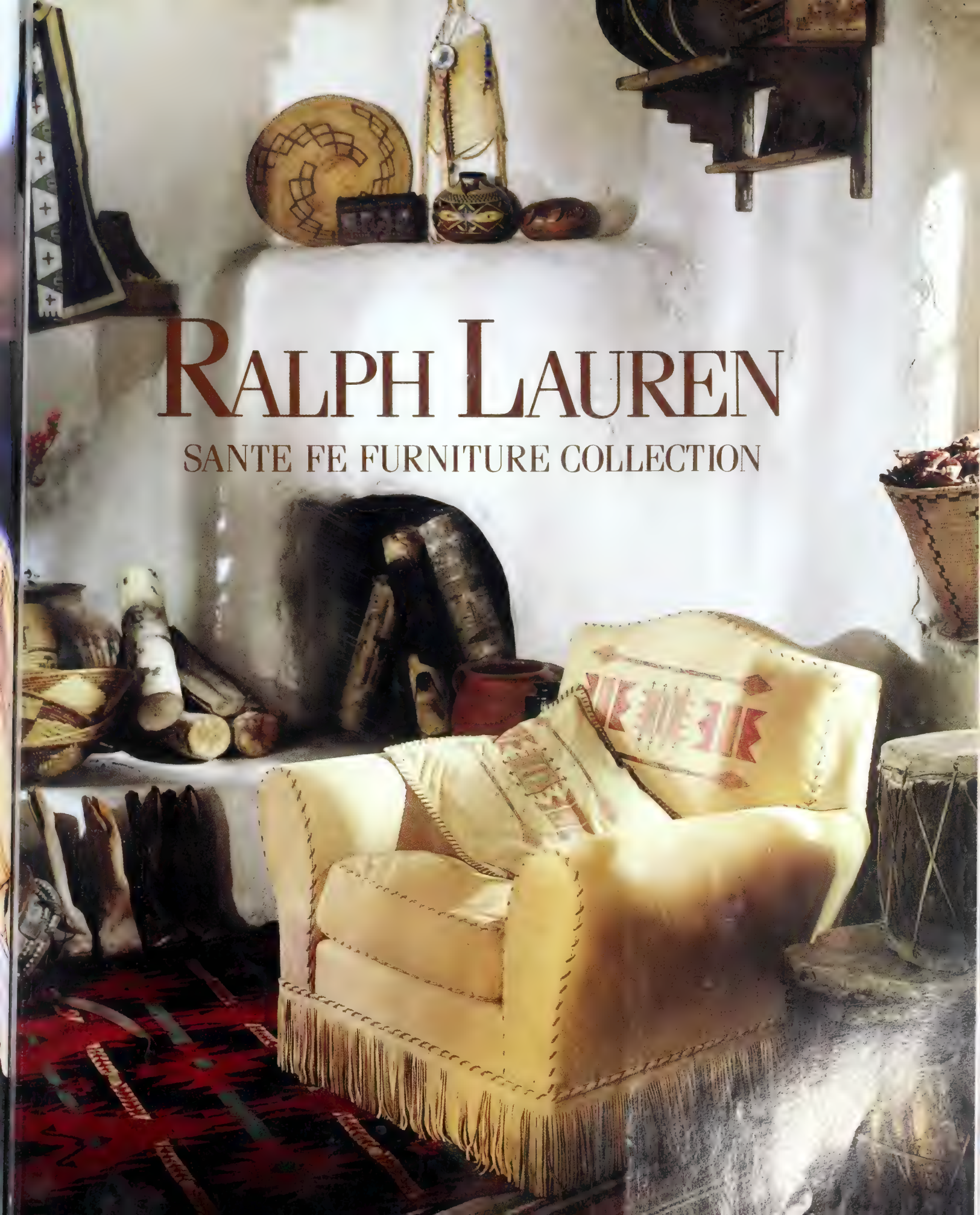

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MAY

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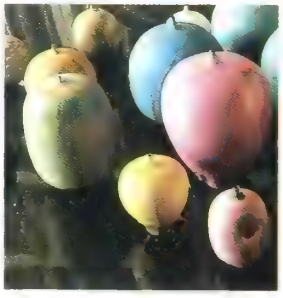
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An oxidized coil lamp from Jerrystyle, NYC. Page 210.



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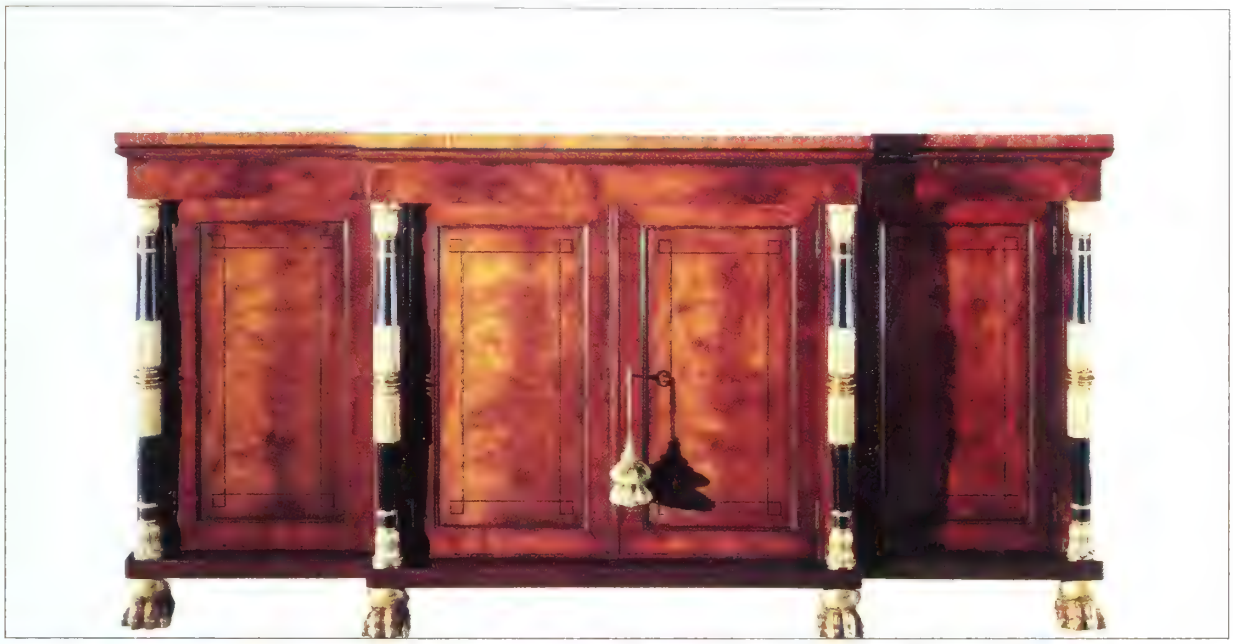


The Cooper-Hewitt pays tribute to Flora Danica porcelain. Page 72.


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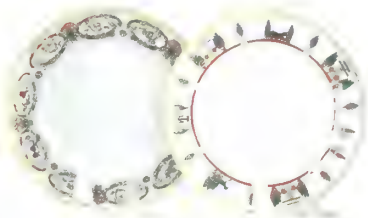
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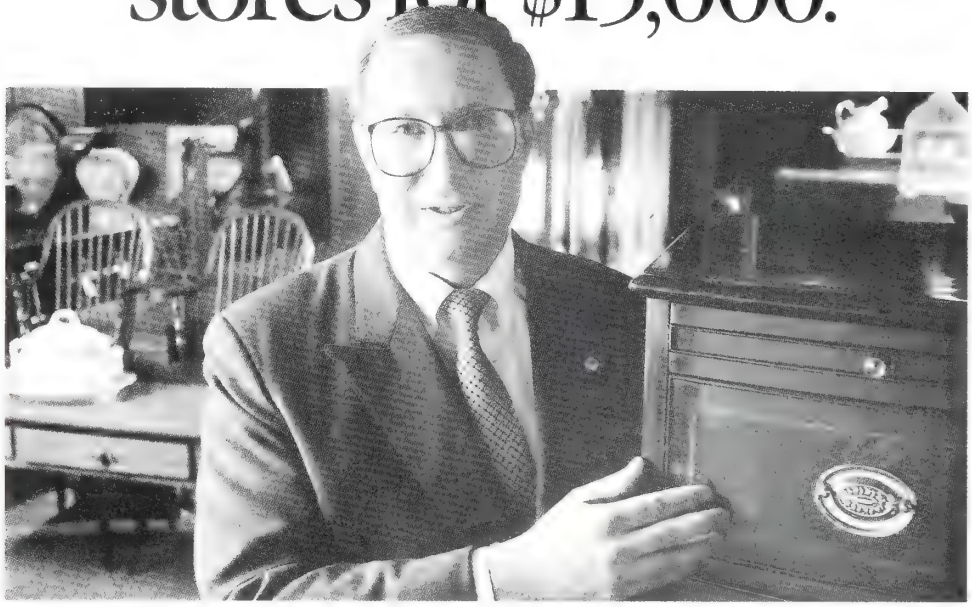
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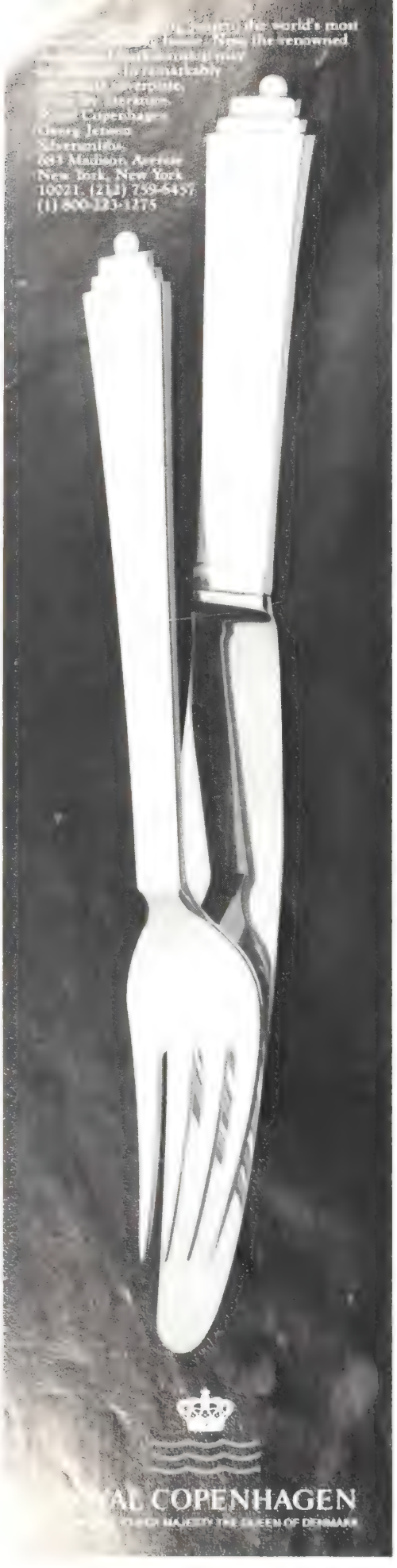


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DAVID PETERSON

Sharon Wick covers the San Francisco beat as a contributing editor of HG. Wick, a former *Vogue* fashion editor, searches for topics that "excite the eye"—story ideas that can take her from the picturesque country houses of the Napa Valley to the workshops of new creative talents. She chose and helped photograph the stores in the "Shopping" column. "In many other cities the design shops seem to share a homogeneous quality, but in the Bay Area it's just the opposite. In addition to evoking the personal style of their owners, these stores reflect the cultural diversity here."



Rebecca Johnson, deputy features editor of *7 Days*, admires all the attention decorator and antiques dealer Tony Ingrao lavishes on his oceanfront cottage in Montauk. She is also impressed by one of the site's less obvious features: "Tony can sit at his kitchen table and look out and see whales. To be able to see a thousand-pound mammal spouting water while you're doing something as mundane as eating breakfast is incredible."



Mark Hampton owes much of his success as a decorator to two of his mentors, Sister Parish and Eleanor Brown. He examines their careers and those of four others in his salute to legendary women decorators. "One thing that unites all these women is a thoroughgoing love for a large number of decorating styles. They weren't hindered by a narrow point of view, and, thanks to their example, I've developed a rather broad outlook."



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William P. Rayner, editorial business manager of Condé Nast Publications, writes travel articles and personality profiles for *Vogue, Vanity Fair,* and *Condé Nast Traveler.* His interest in contemporary art led him to John and Frances Bowes, a couple who recently transformed their four-story San Francisco town house to accommodate their extensive collection of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures. "John and Frances work as a team. When it comes to finding new art, they're both on the runway ready for takeoff."



Mona Simpson looks at four generations of her family's decorating idiosyncrasies as this month's writer in residence. Of her own design quandaries, she says: "I spent a long time setting up my study—putting books on shelves, hanging family photos, getting things ready. But when I sat down to work, I found myself yearning for bare walls. So I finally rented an empty office. For me the truest temples are provisional." Her second novel, *The Lost Father,* is due from Knopf next year.



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notes

HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Amy Abrams and Eric Berthold





Dorothy Wako creates visual feasts from simple blooms and buds. While individual arrangements such as "before-and-after baskets" of fresh roses that keep as dried flowers (*left*) have been the staple of her five-year-old Manhattan business, Dorothy Wako's Beautiful Flowers, she also beautifies whole rooms for special events. "All my work demands particular attention, but events and parties require creativity, versatility, and the ability to pull together a number of components," she says. For the opening of the "Picasso–Braque" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, for example, Wako combined California, 'Marella', and 'French Lace' roses with hydrangeas, apricot dahlias, peach parrot tulips, and a touch of pale blue delphiniums in custom-made Cubist-inspired vases. Wako's attention to the smallest detail and her flair for color and theme have made her one of the most popular floral designers in town: her business is blooming. (212-686-5569 By appointment only)



Arbor Ardor *Trees: A Celebration*, published by Grove Weidenfeld, $15.95, is an anthology of essays, poems, and tales edited by Jill Fairchild and illustrated with woodcuts *(above)* by Reynolds Stone. Call (800) 937-5557.



Petal Pushers French designers Garouste and Bonetti have created a bronze flower door handle *(above)* exclusively for Florence de Dampierre, NYC (212) 966-1357



Dining with Flowers Finely drawn blooms adorn Bill Goldsmith's Limoges plates *(right)*. At Avventura, NYC; Tesoro, Los Angeles; Table of Contents, Chicago. Toile fabric to the trade at Old World Weavers, NYC.



Open Houses A tour of England's Georgian country houses, such as Coombe Hay Manor *(above)*, has been arranged for American benefactors of the Georgian Group, June 23–30. Limited space, minimum donation of $10,000, not including travel expenses. Call (212) 772-6244.



For the Birds Classic Folly *(left)*, $120, is included in an exhibition and sale of antique and contemporary birdcages and follies, May 12–20, at Lexington Gardens, NYC (212) 861-4390.



Garden Cornell [illegible] final years [illegible] himself [illegible] auctioned by Christie's May 15.



Spring Fair The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, celebrates the season with its annual Art in Bloom festival, May 7–10. Among the attractions are floral arrangements *(above)* based on artworks in the museum's permanent collection. Call (617) 267-9300 ext. 395.



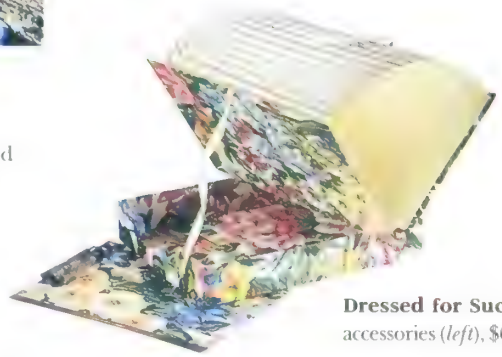
À la Carte Claudia Laub Studio, an L.A. graphic design firm specializing in hand-printed and hand-painted stationery, serves up a tantalizing menu *(above)* by HG food writer Gene Hovis. Laub Studio, (213) 931-1710.



Country Fare Lark Creek Inn, a restaurant recently opened by chef Bradley Ogden (*above*) and restaurateur Michael Dellar, is tucked away in a redwood grove north of San Francisco. The food is "refined American," made from scratch with produce from the restaurant's garden. Call (415) 924-7766.

Earthly Pleasures Jane Comer's Elegant Earth (*right*) in Birmingham, Alabama, offers a fertile mix of garden accessories, from antique ornaments to imported tools and rugs. Call (205) 870-3264.





Dressed for Success Floral fabric enlivens Patrick Frey's latest desk accessories (*left*), $60–$180, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.

notes

Sky Show *Sunset Clouds, Utah* (*below*) can be seen Apr. 7–May 7 in "Eliot Porter: Clouds," the opening exhibition at James Danziger's new photography gallery at 415 West Broadway, NYC.





Faux Pot A reproduction planter molded from lightweight resin (*right*), $375, is available to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC.

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Artists in the Garden

An exhibition offers historical perspective on our place in the landscape. BY MAC GRISWOLD



Part of the Washington landscape now through July 22 is an exhibition at the National Gallery of Art, where seven hundred years of Western gardens are spotlit by a mere 106 works on paper. Most of the prints and drawings come from the museum's collections; support was provided by Estée Lauder, Inc. The historical end of this endeavor is amplified in the catalogue and labels, but the works of art themselves are what tell the story of the pleasure garden, with its airs and perfumes and colors, its creators and inhabitants. Just as interesting is the evolution of artists' ideas about what makes a garden picture, traced here in fast-moving brushes, burins, and pencils.

Slowly, from behind halo and saintly elbow, the worldly world begins to emerge at the end of the Middle Ages, and with it the garden. In illuminated manuscripts and books of hours there are only hints: acutely observed portraits of plants, close-ups of hardworking gardeners, gates, walls (medieval gardens were always enclosed). Every leaf has religious significance; each flower has been plucked or miraculously forced to bloom by one holy person or another. Some allegorical meanings stretch back to Classical antiquity—or before—with just a name change for the god or goddess: the Virgin Mary's rose used to be the flower of Aphrodite. Such associations have never been entirely lost. Mary Cassatt's circa 1893 *Gathering Fruit*, with its mother and child, its enclosed garden, and its bunch of grapes, still resounds with many echoes.

Books of hours gave way to views of the cosmos of court society

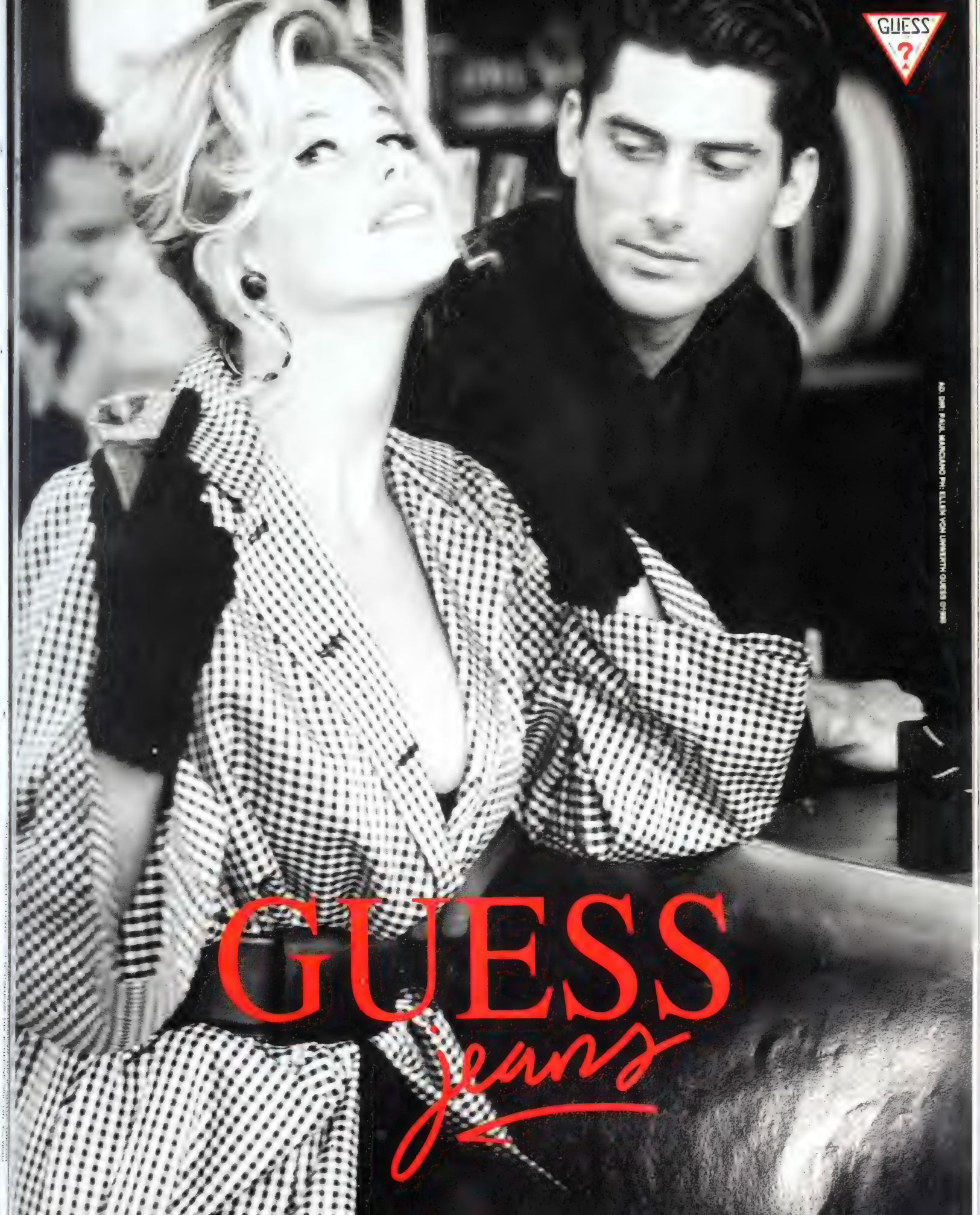
Medieval myopia vanished in the Renaissance as artists, including a new host of delineators, the printmakers, discovered perspectival space. Their viewpoint is often airborne, well described by the phrase "bird's-eye view." By the late Renaissance the entire garden had come into focus as the subject grew into an independent genre. By then the real garden itself was also perspectival, as well as bigger, and filled with recently discovered Classical antiquities and with the first rush of new plant introductions from other parts of the world. Books of hours gave way to books of *vedute*, and the human characters shrank to the size of dots. Two and a half centuries' worth of huge princely gardens, both real and imaginary, are peppered with tiny versions of the beautiful people at play—the more or less orderly cosmos of European court society.

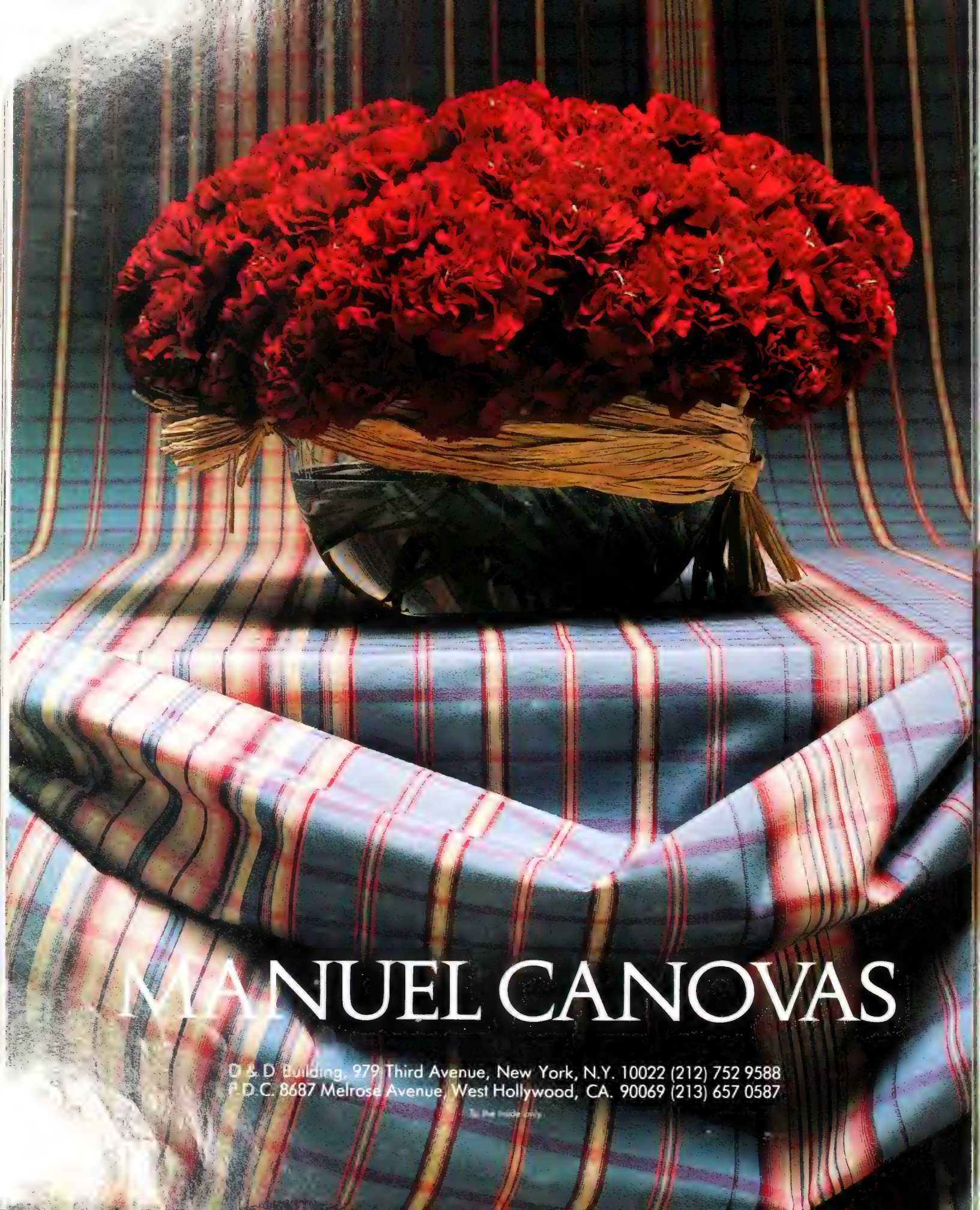
In the late eighteenth century the crowds in the gardens thin out. This show includes some charming drawings by Fragonard, Hubert Robert, and Watteau, artists of the French Rococo who signaled the approach of the Romantic movement. Solitary couples whisper; reflective visitors stroll in these shaggy Italian villa gardens sketched in soft chalk, gardens which had themselves been softened by two hundred years of growth and decay. In England the idea of landscape, that word borrowed from



A Renaissance garden party, left, in a brown ink drawing by Dutch artist David Vinckboons, c. 1602. Above: The 18th-century potager of the Château Valentinois at Passy by Alexis Nicolas Pérignon l'aîné.

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A 15th-century Annunciation, above, from an illuminated manuscript by Belbello de Pavia. Right: Mary Cassatt's *Gathering Fruit*, a Japanese-inspired print of c. 1893. Top: American artist James Wells Champney's turn-of-the-century gouache shows poppies and hollyhocks and probably a weed or two.

seventeenth-century Dutch painters, was appropriated by garden makers. Then, to complete the circle, English (and French) artists worshipped the newly created landscape garden in hundreds of silvery engravings and etchings. There is a new air of "sensibility," or individual response to the garden.

In the nineteenth century, with which the show concludes, domestic life in the garden emerges as one of the great themes. Close, often familial relationships and increasingly cozy spaces are explored in detail. And yet at the same time that new kind of garden, the public park, also appears, its unselfconscious boaters and picnickers and dream-wrapped park benchers modeled by the glancing darks and lights of artists such as Vuillard and Bonnard. Perhaps most interesting of all are those works from which the solitary observer has vanished entirely, leaving the viewer at last alone in the garden, alone with nature or with art—take your pick.

The intimacy of many of these works is startling. With a handful of exceptions, such as the magnificent tawny Vinckboons drawing, they are book-size. The small format breathes the private pleasure of reading and rewards the most nose-pressed-against-the-glass scrutiny with a tiny detail or a technical flourish that might go unnoticed on a larger scale. There is also a feeling of immediacy about many of these works on paper. The artist has confided a secret, an instant's heightened perception of the passage of time or a scribbled notation of what it is to exist in just this particular light, air, and space. There are also the pleasures of tempera and gold leaf, brown ink and sanguine (red chalk), watercolor, drypoint, aquatint, and lithograph. All the old tricks of garden design or pictorial composition are here—the hackneyed phrase "framing a view" takes on fresh life in dozens of images. You'll find new tricks as well. Notice the spirited repetition of diagonals within the tranquil oval of the Pérignon *Potager*. It isn't too late in the year to rush home to your own garden after this show and do a little translating from art back into life. ♠

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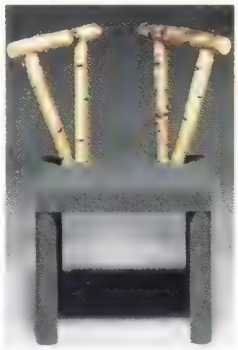
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Trading Places

The accelerating exchange of ideas between cultures is shaping a brave new world. BY HERBERT MUSCHAMP



In the end," predicted Marcel Breuer in 1926, "we will sit on resilient air columns." I certainly hope not. Sitting in a draft is uncomfortable enough; sitting on one would be a killer. But Breuer's was a predictable prediction for a Modernist to make. Reduction—the elimination of ornament, the stripping down of form to barest function—was, after all, one of the major principles on which Modern design confidently proceeded. It must have seemed inevitable that this direction would ultimately lead to functions so abstract that mere material forms could no longer hope to follow.



A collage by American architect and designer Constantin Boym, above right, fuses images of the conference table as a modern Western icon and the goldfish tank as a time-honored focus for meditation in the East. Above: Andrea Branzi's twig-back chair suggests the interplay of folk art's raw materials with machine-age geometry.

Today, of course, we regard reduction not as the omega of human history but as the motif of a historical period now more or less concluded. To some that conclusion signaled more than the end of a style—it terminated a line of development that preoccupied Western art and architecture for five hundred years. The pure white space envisioned by Modern architects and designers brought to a final reduction the saga of formal invention that began in the Renaissance with the introduction of single-point perspective.

It has now been a quarter century since architects stood in that chilly space and began wondering, what's next? For some artists and designers the answer lay in asking, what came before. In the 1970s Charles Moore, Michael Graves, Robert A. M. Stern, and other Postmodernists pulled back from the Modern voyage into the vanishing point of Western perspective. Their work filled the Modern vacuum with fragments from earlier chapters in history—Palladianism, Biedermeier, Russian Constructivism—as though that history were a dream from which they were struggling not to awake.

For others the conclusion of this chapter has prompted the impulse to look beyond the West toward the perspectives of other cultures. In these artists' work, the Modern tabula rasa is a slate on which to inscribe other ways of living: the way people in other places light their rooms, frame their doorways, store their belongings, record their personal histories, express their ideals. Another resource is the array of ornamental styles documented in the recent deluge of picture books on Japanese, Caribbean, and other regional styles.

For many of our contemporaries, "cross-cultural" art and design follows a social as well as visual imperative. The significance of the present moment lies precisely in the emergence of a global culture no longer ruled by the West and Western ways of thinking. The development of a global economy, the rise of mass tourism, and the decline of American authority abroad have created the need and the opportunity to renegotiate in visual terms the contract between the West and our cohabitants on this planet.

The stirrings of cross-cultural consciousness have been felt more acutely in the world of art than in that of design. Since

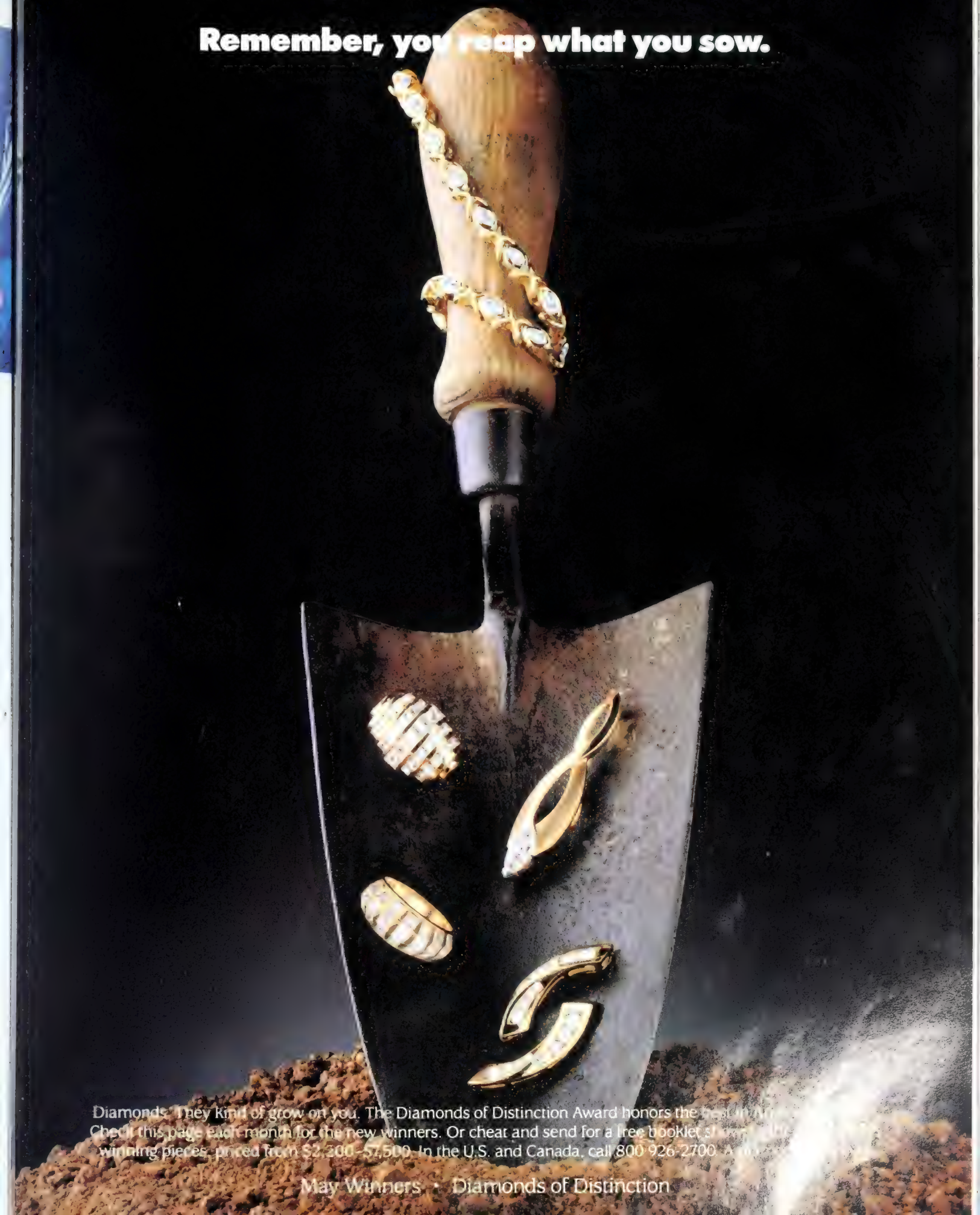








Allusions to tribal artifacts and Western views of "primitive" cultures are layered in Elaine Reichek's *Yellow Men*, left. Far left: An African house by Ian Bader recalls nearby mining structures as well as traditional symbolism of the sky as a curved vault.


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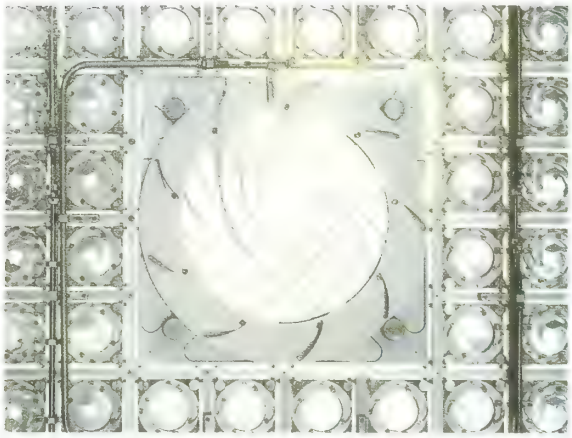
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Italy's Ettore Sottsass has long been inspired by Indian buildings such as the Madras beach pavilion, right. Below: A sunscreen at Jean Nouvel's Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris.





the late sixties, the German artist Lothar Baumgarten has been producing works inspired by his sojourns among tribal peoples of South America. These projects—as much ethnology as art—range from simple inscriptions of tribal names on the walls of Western museums to a sculptural installation for the 1984 Venice Biennale that evoked correspondences of geography, history, language, and social customs between the Grand Canal and Venezuela's Orinoco River. The American artist Elaine Reichek scrutinizes Western images of tribal society—photojournalism, movie stills, tourist postcards—to explore our eagerness to reduce the unknown to a handful of stereotypes. On a less ominous note, there are recent paintings by David Hockney that borrow multiple perspective from Chinese landscape painting to render the fragmented cityscape of his adopted Los Angeles, an approach that highlights the emergence of a Pacific Rim culture.



A visionary rooftop tower for Manhattan, above, by Korean-born architect Kyong Park. Below: A reinterpretation of European Classicism, Pierre Fakhoury's basilica for the Ivory Coast has surpassed Saint Peter's in Rome as the world's largest church.

In design, cross-cultural reference is often less a critique of Eurocentrism than a show-and-tell of visual exploration. For the Italian architect and designer Ettore Sottsass, India provides an explosive release from the rational constraints of Modern design. His almost yearly trips there have directly inspired his bold effects of color and pattern for two decades. Like Elaine Reichek's figures, Andrea Branzi's neoprimitive furniture, composed of twigs and fur combined with modern geometric shapes, evokes but does not directly copy tribal forms. Branzi's goal, in fact, is to persuade us to look at our own behavior as the rituals of a tribe lost in the electronically enhanced reflections of its own power.

Perhaps the most conceptually sophisticated example of cross-cultural architecture is the glass and metal sunscreen Jean Nouvel designed for the Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris. This now iconic work consists of thousands of mechanized photovoltaic irises composed to resemble a Moorish screen. The wall does not merely make a striking pattern or filter light. It also reminds us of the West's debt to Arab science in the development of advanced technology that came to dominate our own culture. It says, once East and West did meet. That idea is also implicit in the bridge designed by the American firm SITE for a cultural expo in Hiroshima. Bridges are perennial symbols of cultural exchange, and in this transaction the firm created a Western interpretation of Japan in the graceful curve of the arch and in the use of raw elements from nature—water, soil, rock—as contemplative objects that double as symbols of the planet all cultures share.

Andrea Branzi compares contemporary design to Beirut—a polyglot urban battlefield where no single language or code of social behavior dominates. As the analogy suggests, cross-cultural reference is not just a matter of foreign relations; it also expresses a new awareness of the diversity of outlooks competing within the West itself. The richness of urban experience today reflects the conspicuousness of subcultures no longer eager to dissolve in the traditional melting pot. Even styles of design associated with Eurocentrism are being trans-



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formed by the pluralistic outlook into ethnographic artifacts: more than one observer has noted the resemblance between Ralph Lauren's model rooms—Log Cabin, Thoroughbred, Jamaica, Safari—and museum of natural history tableaux.

On one level, the use of other cultures for design ideas may be scarcely more complicated than deciding whether to dine out on sushi or couscous. But for some, cross-cultural design raises complex issues of ethics and identity. Is intellectual tourism culturally enriching, or does it threaten to reduce everything to the blandness of a Marriott Hotel? Where is the line that divides connoisseurship from exploitation? What is the responsibility of the writer whose book on ethnic designs whets an appetite for consumption that threatens the integrity of the source of those designs?

Inevitably we look to anthropology for guidance in answering such questions. Yet, as James Clifford points out in *The Predicament of Culture*, a book that has made an enormous impact on the thinking of contemporary artists, anthropology is itself affected by the crisis in Western authority. Clifford observes that "no sovereign scientific method or ethical stance can guarantee the truth" of the images we form of other cultures.

Cross-cultural design, then, may be a symptom of identity crisis, but it also offers the opportunity to refashion our identity. What are the alternatives? To insulate ourselves in a nostalgic world of Classical columns and American flags (or the "progressive" counterpart of this vision, the pop consumer landscape)? Or another form of escape: the continued attempt to transcend history in the serene white cube of Modernism (and its inventive counterpart, the mission into outer space)? I suspect that design in the years ahead will oscillate between these three positions—chauvinism, transcendence, and global tourism—and that the last of these options offers the most hopeful prospect. Who knows about that column of air?

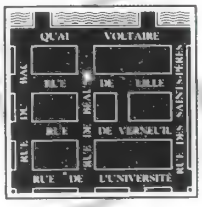
For many designers the seat of choice will be aloft in an airliner, looking out for new perspectives on the world. ▲



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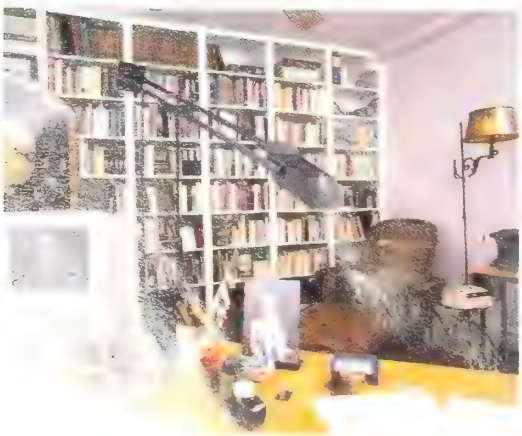
A novelist is torn between her desire to save everything—or throw it all away

BY MONA SIMPSON



Mona Simpson in her New York apartment, left. Below left: Her study offers distractions in the form of a Victorian découpage screen, a 1920s wicker chaise longue, and a wall of books. Simpson wrote parts of her first novel, *Anywhere But Here*, on the vintage typewriter.

Sentimentality skips a generation. Though I was not born until 1957, I am fully versed in what was lost and stolen from me by two antiquers in Green Bay, Wisconsin, before World War II. Is every family like this? Surely upright midwestern families are. My great-grandmother Hattie Ziegler relinquished the German grand piano with its cherished stool and other pieces of legendary beauty and fantastical value to the nice-acting young couple—recently married, they told her—who were not that at all but antiquers who turned the merchandise around at Milwaukee auction houses for hundreds of times what they paid.



Hattie Ziegler at the time was very old, nearly hairless, and cane-walking. She was a fierce woman who disliked children, and so it is not altogether impossible that she gave the heirlooms away for spite. That was the sort of thing that would have given her a chuckle: her children crossing over themselves deploring the devious antiquers, lamenting the valuables they'd lost.

I find all of this a bit difficult to believe. The one picture I own of Hattie Ziegler shows her sweeping the handmade-looking porch of a saltbox house. A raked dirt lawn starts just under her sturdy shoe-clad foot. Her husband was a welder. That a grand piano existed at all in that house seems to me a kind of miracle. Hattie Ziegler was known, however, to have good taste. "She knew just where to hang a picture on the wall," my grandmother said. In the 1880s, the time Hattie and her husband came to Wisconsin, no such thing as a decorator existed in the town of Green Bay. We assume that Hattie knew instinctively how to make a home. Hattie Ziegler grew up in Europe, and we believe she had absorbed some aesthetic there, having to do with the clean symmetrical quality of framed paintings hanging in art museums. (Green Bay had a museum but it was the dusty variety, full of dioramas of Indians and French settlers making peace on our own Fox River.)

Although their annual income probably never exceeded $20,000 in the 1940s and '50s, my grandparents hired a decorator when they built their house. They were middle middle class even in Green Bay, their living coming from mink, a small photoengraving concern, and the rents from one run-down house and two filling stations, collected by hand. My grandmother, deprived of her family things, planned for elaborate storage compartments even before she owned a house. Houses had a different meaning then. When you bought your land in Green Bay, Wisconsin, in the years after the war, it meant you saw and measured and often built the rooms you would live and die in.

"Now everybody who can't make a living doing something else is a decorator here in Green Bay," my best hometown chronicler tells me, "but in those days, you could count the number of decorators on your thumb." His name was Mr. Jebo. Employed by the largest department store, Brigges—where he also did the Christmas windows—Mr. Jebo was tolerated as an eccentric. He was the one who decorated the Brigges' house, the largest in town, architect-built. (This was unheard of, the architect being

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up from Madison.) Since Mr. Jebo decorated every decent middle-class house in Green Bay, he called his style eclectic. They told him what they wanted, and he arranged the this and that, the curtains, the colors, and so forth. In the thirties it was Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert's Paris apartment that my grandmother wanted to copy, but she didn't yet have the house.

By the time she called Mr. Jebo for a consultation, my grandmother's models were houses she had seen in *Adam's Rib* and *Mildred Pierce*, three times each. No matter if the looks she wanted belonged to New York apartments, skyline filtering in from the curtained windows, Mr. Jebo was an artist. "That's what you have me for," he'd say. "Don't worry."



A checkerboard floor offsets a marble-topped garden table and aluminum café chairs in Simpson's kitchen, below.

For me the word "decorating" has always evoked the idea of a cake, not a house

My grandmother's house, once finished, showed an opulent front door that was never used, which led to a small hallway, a coat closet containing only empty hangers, and the card table that was pulled out the same one night a month the front door was opened and the hangers employed. This was a formal affair. The card table and card chairs were extracted from the still, cool, male-smelling front closet, a cloth was borrowed from one of the many storage drawers upstairs, and although it had been ironed before its descent into the drawer, now it was ironed again. Eclair puffs, baked, cooled, and poised, cream whipped, a tin of strawberries thawed the night before in the sink was poured into a bowl and stood there was time. We stood in the living room pulling back the floor-length gray curtains looking for cars to come. We never started eating or drinking ourselves. In *Adam's Rib*, Katharine and Tracy had a chandelier in their dining room. My grandmother always wanted a chandelier, but she never could quite do it; it didn't seem like herself. This was a source of great contention between her and Mr. Jebo. "Oh, go ahead, Irene, live a little," he'd say. My grandmother would blush. The ceilings went high enough, Mr. Jebo had seen to that. My grandmother was like a woman who just couldn't wear a red dress, no matter what.

The rest of us entered through the kitchen, a sensible room with a built-in ironing board, a mangle, and a central table of the sort you can now buy in SoHo—chrome and Formica, with yellow vinyl-covered chairs.

It was a different life. The house had one phone and one bathroom. The basement was the man's domain. My grandfather assumed control down there and was allowed his own sessions with Mr. Jebo. Thus the Polynesian bar, built in the mid fifties, replete with imported hanging coconuts, a scalloped curved bar, different-colored pastel lights, and all manner of fancy cocktail shakers and glasses, which, by the time I played there, were laced with thick cobwebs. My grandfather had been to Florida but had never seen the Pacific. The floor checkerboarded two tones of linoleum; there was a game table, a gramophone, and a huge stuffed marlin I've always wanted for my own apartment. When my dear Aunt Ruth tried to pack it for me, it fell apart in her hands. I could never decide whether my grandfather was more influenced by *From Here to Eternity* or the Copacabana.

The living room upstairs held elegant

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grays and the TV, a centerpiece locked away in a mahogany cabinet. A certain inlaid table sat in the living room, too, covered with glass. It was a game table from my father's family in the Middle East. Since they'd built the house themselves, the rooms were replete with closets. The closet to the den held the family's many minks, some with feet and eyes.

My grandmother's own nuptial bedroom, on the first floor, was the simplest room in the house. There was no carpet but a thin planked wood floor she swept daily. The bed had a headboard, no footboard, a plain white chenille spread that covered layers of quilts she'd made herself with her own and her children's old dresses. (Nothing was ever thrown out.) The sheets and pillowcases were edged in her own handmade lace, all cotton, and washed and ironed weekly down in the basement where they arrived via the hall laundry chute. On the second story, however, her daughters lived in luxury. My mother grew up with white-painted French desks and dressers and matching green and white striped polished-cotton bedspreads, custom-made under Mr. Jebo's supervision. Their rooms, with sixteen built-in drawers and four walk-in closets combined, spread as large as the whole house below.

My mother did not hire Mr. Jebo or any other decorator. She didn't feel she needed them. She was Wisconsin chic. She created, not followed, the styles. She rejected the fully furnished, TV tray laden, comfortable house she'd grown up in. Her own taste veered more toward that of *How to Marry a Millionaire*, after Lauren Bacall sells off the furniture. My mother never minded empty rooms. She was a perfectionist.

My mother believed she started white walls. Literally. "I did the first white room," she'll say, "and now they're all doing it. Look in the magazines. Remember Fossums?" The Fossums were the family who rented us the second story of their house as an apartment. My mother, at the time, put her many suitors to work painting the place stark white. She enlisted spinsters she'd known forever (they were the same spinsters Mr. Jebo employed; everyone in Green Bay knew who could sew) to slipcover old chairs and a sofa she'd inherited. Her taste was severe, clean, full of rare palms that required humidifiers.

My bedroom opened onto an unfinished slant-walled closet, which my mother transformed into a playroom. For wallpaper, she stapled children's book jackets she'd begged from another spinster (the librarian Marion Werth) on every inch of wall. For a long time I asked for the books and couldn't believe they weren't hidden somewhere in the house. My mother is known, in her family, for her fickleness. The family white china she had to have five years earlier was nowhere to be found when her mother and sister visited. She, like her grandmother, was able to get rid of things. That ability is a kind of gift. "She doesn't have that anymore," my grandmother and aunt would say, sadly, re-



signed, shaking their heads. "I guess she sold it. If only she had told us. I would have loved to have it."

Unlike so many people in families who say, "If only we still had the . . ."—I still do. My mother's teenage polished-cotton green and white striped bedspreads (made with a workmanship that only middle-aged virgins could bestow) wait in a dress box in my closet. My great-grandmother's rocker rests in my best college friend's California den, until I move home or move it here, whichever comes first. The inlaid game table from my father's family waits, glass covered as it always has been, in my living room, for someone to learn backgammon. What are all these objects waiting for? A big house? More likely, they're waiting for a place with more storage. For me the word "decorating" has always evoked the idea of a cake, not a house, but if I were to hire Mr. Jebo, I would ask him to replicate the lodgy, vaguely Frank Lloyd Wrightish house under Mount Rushmore in *North by Northwest.* All those beautiful wooden built-in closets.

When I moved to New York to go to graduate school in 1981, I was 24 years old. I had $3,000 in the bank (the proceeds from a gas station my grandmother had owned). I spent $1,000 of it moving. What exactly? Some people would say junk. I would say family things. Some are in use. The cotton sheets and pillowcases, edged in lace, are on my bed, used now, almost worn out, unironed. "Even gay men don't iron anymore," I once told my grandmother. "I don't like to hear such talk," she said, "they can't help it."

My best friend, Laura, crocheted me an afghan when I moved to New York. Ben and Margo (keepers of the rocker) sent me a quilt they'd made. My friend Allan, a genius antiquer, has given me a cardboard horse, now hanging in my study. My niece's artwork, on a scalloped restaurant place mat, sasses back over the old typewriter. My study houses a collection of pinned butterflies and a Victorian screen full of birds and butterflies to somewhat mollify me for the parrot I'd like to own but am gone too much to take care of. I used to be a potter, so I buy beautiful pottery wherever I see it. The vase from the Amsterdam Avenue flea market. The bowls from the Midwest. The pitcher from Peru.

My problem is, though I could never throw these things away, I like plain walls. You wouldn't know, looking at my apartment, that my closets are jammed with objects half a century old from Green Bay, Wisconsin. Zen beads hang over my bed (bought from the side of the road, upstate) to remind me that too many attachments block the way.

I buy beeswax candlesticks by the dozen from a hippie massage/sushi/hot tub corner in Palo Alto. I found three unmatching silverish candlesticks at a flea market (the family things that wind their way to you are never exactly those you need). And tonight, three friends ringed around my table in the bare kitchen, I will light the candles and we'll eat with the window open in the darkening room. ▲







A Fragile Bouquet

The bloom is still on Royal Copenhagen porcelain after more than two centuries

BY CELIA MCGEE

Joan Didion recently described, as only Joan Didion can, life in Los Angeles in the early sixties among the city's rigorously social ancien régime. "Women left the table after dessert, and had coffee upstairs, isolated in the bedroom or dressing room with demitasse cups and rock sugar ordered from London and cinnamon sticks in lieu of demitasse spoons. On the hostess's dressing table there were always very large bottles of Fracas and Gardenia and Tuberose. The dessert that preceded this retreat (a soufflé or mousse with raspberry sauce) was inflexibly served on Flora Danica plates."

Anciens régimes everywhere still harbor this taste for Flora Danica. Just ask Brooke Astor. Or Nan Kempner. Or, in Houston, Mrs. Denton Cooley. Diana Vreeland served up her imperious chic within the pattern's extravagant gold [illegible] At $1,000 a dinner plate she [illegible] hat she was up to.

[illegible] nish porcelain and the aristocracy [illegible] along way together. Through September 2, New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum is presenting "Flora Danica and the Danish Porcelain Tradition," an exhibition that celebrates the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory established in 1775 by Dowager Queen Juliane Marie, a formidable woman known for her appreciation of fine china and knack for trumping her court rivals at masked balls. The original 1,802-piece Flora Danica service was commissioned in 1790 as a gift, tradition has it, for Catherine the Great. The empress died before it was completed, and it found a home instead with mad King Christian VII at Rosenborg Palace, where it was stored on specially constructed shelves in the turquoise and mother-of-pearl inlaid Lacquered Room. Used at royal birthdays and weddings, visits by foreign monarchs, and state occasions, and abused during royal food fights, it remained the only set in existence until production was resumed with a wedding service upon Princess Alexandra's betrothal to the prince of Wales in 1862.

At Rosenborg Palace a plate, left, c. 1790, is set against a page from the 18th-century *Flora Danica* encyclopedia.



Detail of a delicately rendered purple loosestrife.

Flora Danica is sprigged, entwined, circled, and festooned with botanical designs borrowed from the great *Flora Danica* encyclopedia of Danish plants, mosses, and fungi first published in 1761. Whenever necessary, the motifs were checked for accuracy against live specimens brought by messenger from the Copenhagen Botanical Garden. Sculpted posies drip in Rococo profusion from lids and handles; lacework vines wend their way up the sides of ice bells. This is the kind of china Watteau's picnickers might have taken into the woods if they had visited Denmark on one of its endless summer days.



Strawberry clover and figwort festoon a tureen, above, c. 1790, from the original 1,802-piece Flora Danica service at Rosenborg Palace in Copenhagen, a sampling of which can be seen at the Cooper-Hewitt in New York.

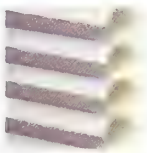
The Scandinavian aesthetic of transforming the natural world into an art that would keep even the coldest climate in perpetual bloom also applies to Royal Copenhagen's blue and white wares. The fluted Immortelle pattern of stylized blue flowers got its start among the design intrigues and patent warfare of the late eighteenth century. This was the most intense period of the European quest to uncover the Orient's secret formula for achieving hard-paste porcelain and underglaze firing, a time when alchemists experimented with clay, and porcelain literally fetched its weight in gold. Evoking Chinese gardens and Persian nights, Danish blue-and-white has for two centuries been imitated and coveted throughout the world. Lord Nelson sent Emma, Lady Hamilton some Danish por-



A Royal Copenhagen potpourri vase, c. 1785

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celain after the Battle of Copenhagen: "I know you have a valuable collection of china. . . . It will bring to your recollection that here your friend Nelson fought and conquered."

When Arts and Crafts, Japonisme, and Art Nouveau came to Denmark toward the end of the last century, nature again complied. Birds, fish, and flowering branches were dispersed in fashionable asymmetry over porcelain and art pottery; handles and knobs metamorphosed into insects; and scenic views curved around vases with twists worthy of Gallé. Art Deco streamlined nature into more abstract forms that would eventually evolve into the highly simplified lines of Danish-modern tea sets, coffeepots, and serving pieces.

Yet in a land of Norse myths and the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, Royal Copenhagen's designers have never stopped short of the fabulous. Their figures have stepped out of Greek legends, Danish folktales, and Andersen's stories. They have painted expansive seascapes out of which the Little Mermaid could any minute emerge. The mythological Mother of the Sea, a large figural group made by the Royal Copenhagen offshoot Bing & Grøndahl, was a leading attraction in Paris at the 1925 Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels from which the term Art Deco was coined.

In the parklike setting of Royal Copenhagen's 1880s factory complex—which now includes Bing & Grøndahl, Georg Jensen Silversmiths, and the Holmegaard Glassworks—the weave of nature and fantasy, tradition and innovation, luxury trade and industrial design is an ongoing concern. Row upon row of the company's 450 porcelain painters sit, two to a table, working silently and sipping tea from Royal Copenhagen cups. Most of the painters are women. Denmark's upper classes once sent their otherwise idle daughters here to learn an art considered so prestigious that the girls arrived with their own paintbrushes. They entered through tall gates bearing the Royal Copenhagen logo of a golden crown. It still catches the light on sunny days. ▲

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What Makes Kirk Varnedoe Modern?

MOMA's young star shakes the museum's philosophical foundations

BY DEBORAH SOLOMON



Kirk Varnedoe, right. Repetition of forms unites seemingly different works shown in his book. Examples include, below, detail of Muybridge's *Horse Trotting* and Brancusi's *Endless Column*, below right.





NO ONE IN THE museum world commands more interest than Kirk Varnedoe. Two years ago he landed the most coveted job in his field when he became director of painting and sculpture at New York's Museum of Modern Art. A professor of art history, Varnedoe possesses quite a résumé; he may be the only person who can claim to have received a MacArthur "genius" grant and, in a show of less brilliance, modeled a sports jacket in an ad for Barney's. If Varnedoe represents a new breed of art [illegible], his appointment marks a new [illegible] the museum. He arrived at a time [illegible] ist-rebels from Gauguin to Picasso to Pollock had long been accepted as old masters, and it was unclear how MOMA would proceed now that Modernism was mainstream. Would the museum become a mere historical repository? Or would it continue as a vital force on the contemporary scene? How would Captain Kirk guide the spaceship Modern into the Postmodern age?

It was assumed from the beginning that Varnedoe would bring some new ideas to the museum. Yet I'm not sure anyone could have been prepared for the alarmingly subversive thrust of those ideas as they've now been revealed in his latest book on twentieth-century art. **A Fine Disregard: What Makes Modern Art Modern** (Abrams, $39.95) is a deliberately provocative study that sets out to show that virtually every explanation surrounding Modern art is dated, misguided, or simply wrong. Varnedoe, to be sure, isn't the first to call for new approaches to the way we look at twentieth-century art. And he isn't alone in arguing that the Modern movement is far more complicated than its more doctrinaire champions are willing to concede. Yet he is the first to propound such views within the Museum of Modern Art, which in its distinguished sixty-year history has helped define and defend many of the ideals Varnedoe is now debunking.

How should the story of Modern art be told? For years two basic approaches have prevailed. The standard one treats the Modern movement as a heroic repudiation of tradition—a leap out of age-old naturalism into the brave new forms of abstraction. The formalist approach, by contrast, analyzes art since Cézanne as a process of reduction, a stripping away of illusion, symbolism, and anything else that might interfere with art's essential identity as shapes and colors on a flat plane. Varnedoe snidely refers to this approach—the work of the great critic Clement Greenberg—as the Road to Flatness. It's a road he wants to get us off. Which isn't to say he wants to put us on another road. He'd rather leave us in the woods, where the view may be a bit unclear but at least we're away from the doctrines and the dogmas.

Instead of providing an overview of Modern art, Varnedoe's book is essentially a collection of essays focused on broad themes that he feels go to the heart of his subject. The strongest essay in his book, "Fragmentation and Repetition," tries to show that the repetition of identical forms is a fundamental feature of Modern art. When the author juxtaposes Andy Warhol and Auguste Rodin, both of whom recycled the same images and forms again and again, he makes a nifty point about the machine-age spirit that connects artists as dissimilar as these. The essay leaves one a little irritated for raising more questions than it answers (one wonders, for instance, how Varnedoe would distinguish the repetition of forms on the Parthenon frieze from more modern examples), but that is a feeling that intelligent writing often arouses.

In Varnedoe's weaker essays, his comparisons can feel strained. The book's last chapter, which traces the development of the "overhead" view in Modern art, is particularly problematic. It begins with a discussion of Gustave Caillebotte's *Boulevard Seen from Above* (1882) and ends about seven-



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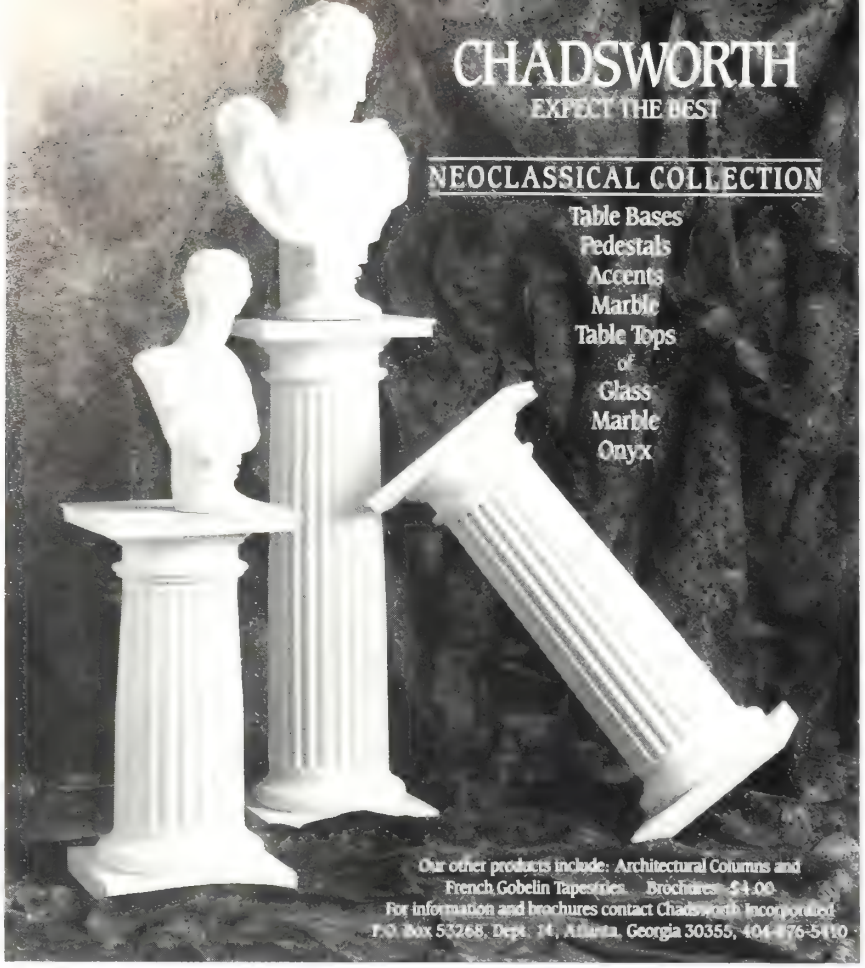


GUERLAIN

ty years later in a barn in East Hampton with Jackson Pollock looking down at a piece of canvas he's placed on the floor. The implication is that seeing things from above is fundamental to the modern age, the age of the airplane and the skyscraper. This may sound like an interesting point, but it leaves the paintings under discussion exactly where we found them, pictures that remain mere illustrations of theory until their aesthetic meaning can be explained.

And that, alas, is a recurring problem in Varnedoe's book. Eventually we begin to feel that the pictures he's discussing are a mere pretext and that his true subject is the fashioning of his own ideas. His approach is the opposite of that of Alfred Barr, the legendary founding director of the museum, who was personally acquainted with many of the leaders of Modern art and wrote about their work with a humility and deference altogether lacking in more recent scholarship. It never would have occurred to Barr to pair Rodin with Warhol or Caillebotte with Pollock because it never would have occurred to him to offer jazzed-up theories in the place of sound historical analysis.

Varnedoe is the consummate Postmodern scholar. Like the Postmodern architect who happily jumbles forms regardless of their content, he has a mix-and-match approach to history that denies the existence of a coherent past. He says early on in his book that he's bothered by the notion of Modern art as a "march of progress," an exalted quest for all things truthful and pure. He'd rather have us think about art as what he calls "serious play." Play? It's a word we hear quite often nowadays, particularly in academic circles, where it's become fashionable to mock the high seriousness that always surrounded the Modern movement. (If high art is being dragged down, kitsch is being lifted up, as we're sure to see when Varnedoe's show "High and Low: Modern Art and Popular Culture" opens at MOMA this fall.) That's the irony of his thinking. He's so intent on purging art history of doctrines that he can't see how his own approach has become one. ♠





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Sweets from Sugar Hill

Rich desserts satisfy a craving for the treats of family gatherings

BY GENE HOVIS

Fashions in food are as fickle as fashions in clothes or anything else. Today it's pasta and fresh vegetables instead of steak and mashed potatoes, and a few miles of jogging has replaced hours of lolling in the sun, but the universal passion for sinful cakes, cookies, and pastries remains a constant. As a self-ordained charter member of the Sweet Tooth Club—the first thing I do in a restaurant is examine the dessert display—I have dedicated myself to nourishing that passion. What better way, then, to entertain your guests than with a sweet table? As you'll have no trouble figuring out, a sweet table is laden with a variety of mouth-watering, eye-filling delights to seduce the weak-willed and lead calorie counters astray. It's a lovely way to celebrate an informal afternoon wedding, shower, or graduation, and it provides the perfect refreshment for an evening of cards and camaraderie with a few friends.

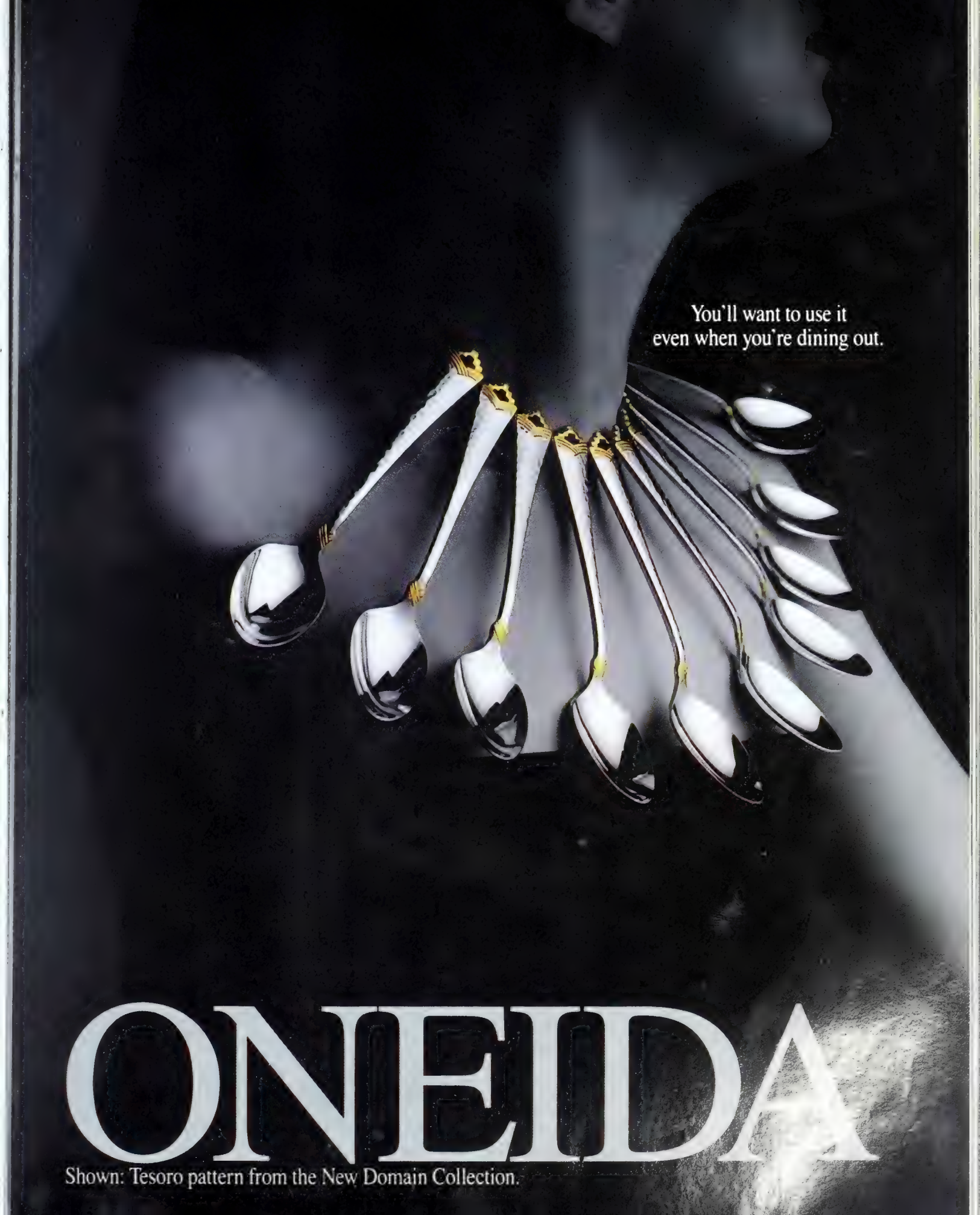
Moist Grand Marnier cake is the sweet table's premier attraction.

The history of the sweet table dates back to seventeenth-century Vienna when the Turks first introduced Austrians to the wonders of coffee exported from their own country. The Viennese took an immediate liking to the hot black beverage, and coffeehouses sprang up all over the city. It became customary for hosts to offer their guests a choice of delicious pastries arranged neatly on a table as a sweet complement to the bitter drink. Later, from Germany came the tradition of Kaffeeklatsch, a social gathering for conversation and gossip over dessert and coffee. Today, many business, political, and philanthropic groups use the Kaffeeklatsch as a backdrop for functions and meetings; the display may not be as lavish as the sweet table, but the principle is the same.

My earliest encounter with a sweet table was at the home of my favorite aunt, a lady with the unlikely name of Social Ledbetter, or Aunt Soche for short. Most families seem to have one member with something special that sets that person apart from all the others, whether it's looks, talent, or brains. In our family Aunt Soche was the beautiful one—tall, slim, and graceful with lovely gray eyes, satiny deep-olive skin, fine aquiline features, and black hair. (I might add that she was not one to go gently into the night. In her advanced years, when all her friends had gone gray, Aunt Soche's hair was still as dark as a raven's wing.) She and her husband, a successful real estate developer, lived in a beautifully furnished apartment in the fashionable part of Harlem known as Sugar Hill. One of her biggest pleasures was entertaining, which she did frequently and with great style, even after she was widowed.

Aunt Soche read a cookbook with the same enjoyment that a poetry lover experiences from a cherished volume of poems, and over the years she accumulated a huge well-thumbed library. When it came to marrying ingredients, she had an unerring instinct for which combinations could expect a happy future. She improved every recipe she attempted, stamping each one with her own personal signature. Aunt Soche was particularly fond of making desserts and would often say, "Baking gives a kitchen personality." Perhaps she was right, for I can still vividly recall her spacious kitchen fragrant with the aroma of freshly baked cake and percolating coffee.

Aunt Soche's sweet table usually included a plain cake, her favorite being a moist and light Grand Marnier version flavored with grated orange and lemon rinds and the sweet pungency of the liqueur. Then there were bite-size cheesecakes on a layer of ground pecans and graham cracker crumbs and topped with brandied sour cream; squares of rich butter pastry frosted with tart lemon curd and sprinkled with confectioners' sugar; flaky little crescents made of cream cheese pastry rolled around chopped nuts, brown sugar, and cinnamon; and, of course, a platter of assorted cookies.



Shown: Tesoro pattern from the New Domain Collection.

healthy addition
wedges of melon or
chunks of pineapple are refreshing. Especially nice, if you can find them at the market, are large stemmed strawberries dipped in a kirsch-flavored coating. And a bowl of toasted pecan halves, still hot from the oven, provides guests with a popular little nibble.

In setting up your selection of desserts, use stands and platters of varying heights so that all the food is not at the same level, lending an interesting dimension to the presentation. The joy of entertaining with a sweet table is that everything can be done in advance. Most cakes and cookies freeze nicely and require no last-minute fussing, leaving you plenty of time to bring out your best linens, china, and family heirlooms, all of which will help turn a pleasant occasion into a memorable event.

And here's a final tip. If you're feeling guilty about having made too many trips to the sweet table, keep in mind Aunt Soche's simple philosophy of life: "Eat the best, drink the best, and buy the best. You're only here on vacation, just passing through." Such timeless wisdom comes in handy when you need to justify an extravagance.

GRAND MARNIER CAKE

- 1¼ cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup (2 sticks) butter at room temperature
- 3 large eggs, separated
- ⅓ cup Grand Marnier
- 2½ cups cake flour (not self-rising)
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 cup sour cream
- ½ cup coarsely chopped nuts
- 2 tablespoons grated orange rind
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- ⅓ cup orange juice, freshly squeezed
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- Confectioners' sugar

Grease a 9-inch tube pan. Line bottom with a circle of wax paper (in which a hole has been cut out at the center to accommodate the tube) and grease it. Lightly dust bottom and sides with breadcrumbs and tap to remove excess. Set aside. Preheat oven to 350°. In a large bowl, cream 1 cup sugar with butter until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks one at a time, beating well. Mix in 1 tablespoon of Grand Marnier. Reserve the rest. Sift together cake flour, baking powder, and baking soda. To the egg mixture, stir in the flour mixture and sour cream alternately in three batches. Mix just until blended. Stir in nuts and grated orange and lemon rinds.

In a medium-size bowl beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Slowly add remaining ¼ cup sugar and continue to beat until stiff and glossy but not dry. Gently fold beaten egg whites into batter until no white streaks remain. Transfer batter into pan and bake in preheated oven 45–50 minutes or until a cake tester inserted in the center comes out dry.

While cake is baking, combine the remaining Grand Marnier, orange juice, and 2 tablespoons sugar in a small saucepan. Bring just under a boil, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Remove tube pan to wire rack to cool. Prick cake in several places with a fork and spoon half the Grand Marnier syrup over it. Let cool for 1 hour before inverting the pan onto a round platter to unmold. Lift off pan and peel off wax paper. Prick top of cake with a fork and spoon remaining Grand Marnier syrup over it. Let cool completely. Before serving, dust lightly with confectioners' sugar. Serves 12.



CHEESECAKE GEMS

Crust
- ½ cup graham cracker crumbs
- ¼ cup finely chopped nuts
- 1 tablespoon granulated sugar
- 2 tablespoons soft butter

Filling
- 1½ pounds cream cheese
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 large eggs
- 1 tablespoon pure vanilla extract
- Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon

Topping
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- ½ teaspoon pure vanilla extract
- 1 tablespoon rum or brandy

Crust. Generously butter and lightly flour three muffin tins 1½ inches in diameter. Chill in refrigerator until ready to use. In a small bowl, combine graham cracker crumbs, nuts, sugar, and soft butter. Mix lightly with your fingertips until combined. Set aside.

Filling. Cut cream cheese into chunks and place in food processor or blender container with sugar. Process or blend 3–4 minutes until smooth. Add eggs, vanilla extract, and juice and grated rind of lemon. Process or blend 7–8 minutes longer, until completely smooth and creamy. There will be about 4 cups.

Topping. In a small bowl, combine all ingredients and mix well. Set aside.

Preheat oven to 350°. Remove chilled muffin tins from refrigerator and place ½ teaspoon crust mixture into the bottom of each cup, pressing down lightly with your thumb. Fill each cup to the top with cream cheese filling. Bake 20 minutes.

Remove tins from oven and let cool for 3 or 4 minutes. Increase oven to 425°. Place a generous ½ teaspoon of sour cream topping in the center of each cheesecake. Return muffin tins to oven and bake about 5 minutes longer or until the edges start to brown slightly. Remove tins from oven, place on rack and cool for 30 minutes. Remove cakes carefully and refrigerate. Allow cakes to warm to room temperature before serving. Makes 36 cakes.

FILLED CRESCENT COOKIES

Pastry
- 1 cup (2 sticks) butter at room temperature
- 8 ounces cream cheese at room temperature
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- Pinch of salt

Filling
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- ⅓ cup granulated sugar
- ⅓ cup light brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- Confectioners' sugar

Pastry. Cream together softened butter and cream cheese. Stir in sifted flour and pinch of salt, and blend well to form a dough. Roll into individual balls, about the size of a walnut. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate overnight.

Filling. Mix together chopped nuts, orange rind, white and brown sugars, and cinnamon.

On a lightly floured surface, roll out each ball of dough into a circle 3 inches in diameter and about ⅛ inch thick. Place a teaspoon of nut mixture on the upper half of each circle and fold lower half over it, making a half-moon shape. Pinch outside edges together to make a firm seal. Turn down the ends slightly to form a crescent. Place on lightly greased baking sheet (vegetable cooking spray works well) and refrigerate for 1 hour. Preheat oven to 350°. Bake 12–15 minutes or until golden. Remove from oven and, when cool, sprinkle lightly with confectioners' sugar. Makes about 4 dozen.

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LEMON BUTTER SQUARES

Pastry
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- ½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
- 1 cup (2 sticks) butter, cut into small pieces

Frosting
- 4 eggs at room temperature
- 2 cups superfine sugar
- 6 tablespoons cake flour (not self-rising)
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 6 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
- Grated rind of 2 lemons
- Confectioners' sugar

Pastry. With the metal blade of the food processor in place, add flour, confectioners' sugar, and butter to container. Process with a few on-and-off turns of the switch until a ball of dough is formed. Wrap in plastic wrap and refrigerate for 1 hour or place in freezer for 20 minutes. Preheat oven to 350°. Butter a 10-by-15-inch jelly roll pan. Pat the dough evenly over bottom of the pan and bake 20 minutes. Remove from oven and let cool while the frosting is being prepared.

Frosting. In a large bowl, beat eggs with an electric beater until thick and light-colored. Beat in sugar. Add flour mixed with baking powder, lemon juice, and grated rind and blend well.

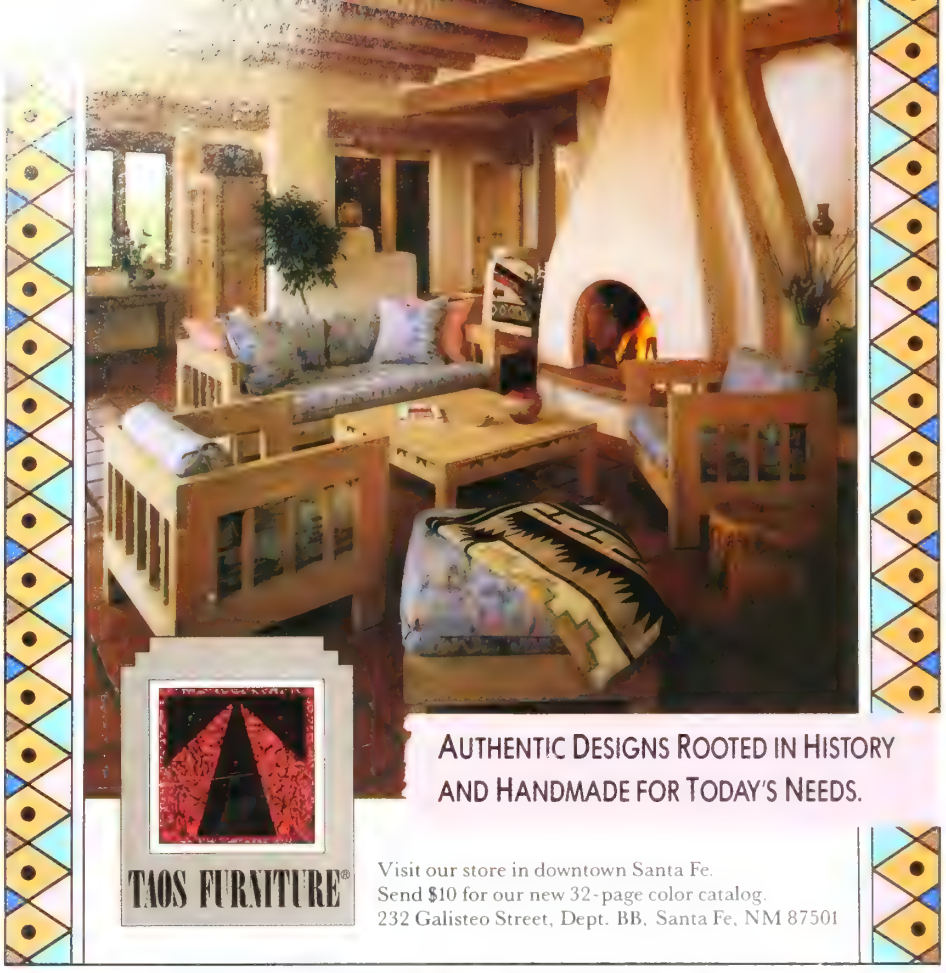
Pour frosting mixture over baked pastry and return to 350° oven. Bake 20 minutes or until frosting is set and golden. When cool, sprinkle lightly with confectioners' sugar and cut into squares or oblongs. Makes 5 to 6 dozen.

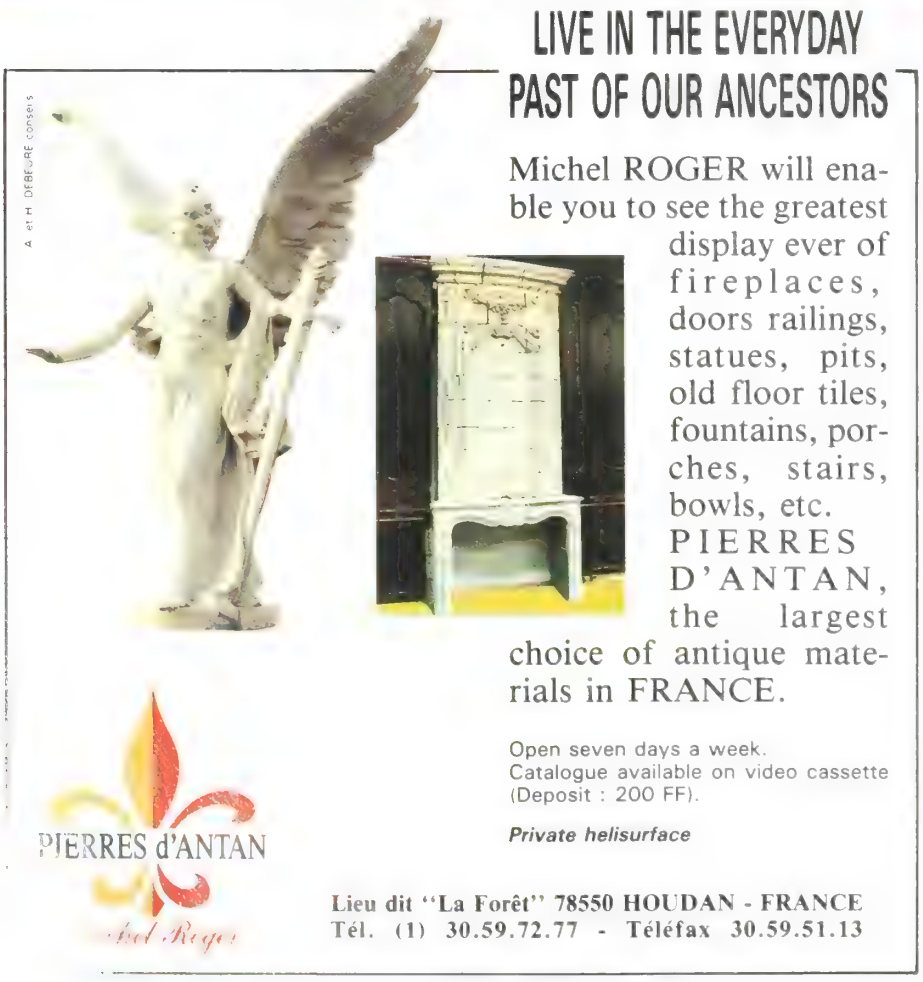
PECAN WAFERS

- ½ cup (1 stick) soft butter
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 1 cup sifted cake flour (not self-rising)
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon cocoa
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- ½ cup coarsely chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 300°. Line a baking sheet with parchment baking paper. In a medium-size electric mixing bowl, combine butter and light brown sugar and beat until creamy. Add beaten egg and continue to beat 3–4 minutes. Sift together flour, cinnamon, cocoa, and baking soda. Stir into butter-sugar mixture and blend well.

Stir in pecans. Drop batter by level teaspoonfuls on prepared baking sheet, leaving 2 inches around each cookie. (Cookies will spread as they bake and crisp as they cool.) Bake 13–15 minutes or until edges are lightly browned. Remove cookies from baking sheet and let cool completely on a rack before storing in an airtight container. Makes about 4 dozen. ♠





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The Brownings in Florence

Souvenirs of expatriate life in a palazzo compose a portrait of the poets' marriage

BY DOLLY SHERWOOD



One of a pair of 19th-century olive wood side chairs with wicker seats used by the Brownings at the palazzo. The couple mixed modern furniture with stately antiques in their seven-room apartment.



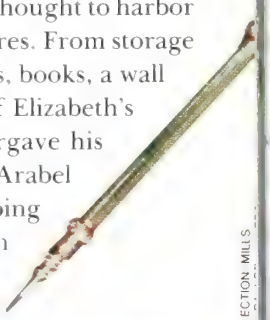
George Mignaty painted the Casa Guidi drawing room, above, in 1861, soon after Elizabeth Barrett Browning's death. Below: Robert and Elizabeth in Italian portraits of the 1850s.

In Florence on the Arno's left bank, where the via Maggio meets the Piazza San Felice, the fifteenth-century Palazzo Guidi juts out belligerently. Unless you have a keen eye for the identifying plaque, there is little to indicate that this is a literary shrine. Here in rooms on the piano nobile the poets Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived and worked. Here their only child, a boy named Pen, was born; here Elizabeth died. Casa Guidi, as they called it, is the place that most strongly evokes their presence.

After their clandestine marriage and subsequent journey to the Continent, the Brownings stayed in Pisa for six months. With them were a maid, Elizabeth Wilson, and their beloved spaniel, Flush. Moving to Florence in April 1847, they lived in a succession of furnished lodgings. By far the favorite was the Palazzo Guidi, where during their first occupancy from July to October 1847 the rooms remained grandly appointed with Guidi family pieces. Perquisites included the services of a porter to carry water and to light the stygian staircase. As la[illegible] members of the household (except Flush) could walk in the nearby Boboli Gardens.

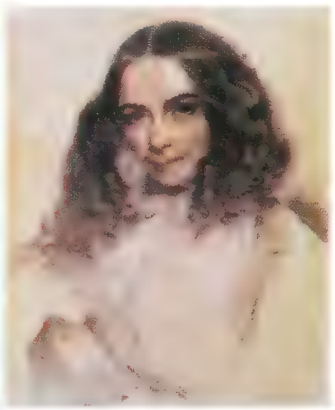
Later, when the chance came to move back into the same seven rooms, minuscule kitchen, and two tiny terraces, they jumped at it. This time the rooms were unfurnished and the rent less than half the previous amount. It was prudent, Elizabeth argued in a letter to her sister Arabel, to take advantage of the "cheapest moment in the cheapest place." There were "sofas for a song," chairs "for love," and tables that cost "nothing at all." Even so, like most couples, they quickly exceeded their budget—fifty pounds from book royalties.

As soon as the lease was signed, Robert began to scour the city for bargains. Elizabeth wrote to her sister Henrietta that their first chest of drawers was a Guidi piece that they returned to the room where it had previously stood. After sleeping in a borrowed bed, they soon acquired the "ducal bed" that Robert craved. Only metal bedsteads were acceptable; wood was thought to harbor unmentionable creatures. From storage in London came tables, books, a wall clock, and a picture of Elizabeth's father, who never forgave his daughter's marriage. Arabel arranged for the shipping and made a crimson



Elizabeth's gold pencil was a gift from her father





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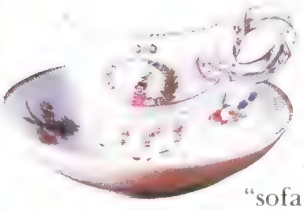
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Arches mark the piano nobile of the 15th-century palazzo, left, where the Brownings lived from 1847 to 1861. Under restoration since 1971, their apartment is now open to the public. Below left: Flowers trace the letter B on Elizabeth's Berlin trembleuse teacup from the Casa Guidi.

Robert teased Elizabeth about the "sofa plague" that was part of her "graceful disorder"



cushion to send along. Not just any chair or sofa would do. The Brownings sought the modern comforts of upholstery and springs, the feeling of sinking into a "nest of air." Robert teased Elizabeth about her "sofa plague," and she accused him of "raining down" drawers upon them, as he bought more and more chests, but a tally proved that sofas exceeded chests eight to six.

An oil painting done just after Elizabeth's death in June 1861, as Robert prepared to leave Florence forever, depicts the drawing room with the patina of several years' living upon it. The Florentine painter George Mignaty, whom Robert commissioned after attempts at photography failed, captured the moment so magically that the couple seems only to have left the room. A Venetian glass chandelier, the Brownings' pride, hangs from the gilded ceiling. The walls are Elizabeth's favorite green. A gracefully curved Italian curule chair with plush seat cushion contrasts sharply with the high-backed "throne-sofa" from a convent in Urbino. Above hangs *Christ at the Column*, a quattrocento work by Antonio Pollaiuolo. Solemn saints were not the subject Elizabeth would have chosen, but her husband pointed out that these antique images were the best buy on the Florentine art market.

Robert had a consuming interest in painting and sculpture that spilled over to his poetry, and Elizabeth shared his passion for art. Among Robert's greatest finds was a cache of paintings whose owner had abandoned them to avoid paying tax. Robert bought five and called in the antiquarian Seymour Kirkup for an opinion. Kirkup encouraged the Brownings to believe that they had a Cimabue, a Giottino—"rarer than a Giotto"—and a crucifixion "if not Giotto, then Giottesque." But the prize acquisition was *Eterno Padre*, a Ghirlandaio oil on panel. Robert had previously bought two companion paintings of angels which he knew had been severed from the sides of an altarpiece at Arezzo. Wonder of wonders, the three panels fit together, and the reassembled trio was hung high above the Brownings' mantel.

Massive carved bookcases dominated two walls of the drawing room, all crammed with volumes of classical works. Stacked on every table were more recent books, often the gifts of fellow authors, along with editions of the newspaper *La Nazione*, which were part of the "graceful disorder" that Elizabeth cultivated. Among the profusion of chairs—informally arranged if arranged at all—there were gilded French side chairs with red silk upholstery, the serpentine-back sofa Elizabeth sketched in a letter to England, and the deck chair in the Mignaty painting where she has left her open fan. Above the red velvet-draped chimneypiece hung the looking glass, framed in giltwood with amorini holding sconces. One can imagine the faces it must have reflected, for the drawing room saw a bevy of artistic and literary figures.



Pen Browning, above, c. 1856, in a portrait by Euphrasia Fanny Haworth, a family friend. The likeness hung beside the drawing room mantel.

The Brownings' callers included many Americans. On one occasion, Nathaniel Hawthorne found Elizabeth more unearthly than ever but sweet and welcoming, and Robert seemed to talk to everyone at once. "Little Penny" served strawberries and cake, still in his "frock and drawers" at age nine. The sculptor Harriet Hosmer had her own chair and coffee



Elizabeth Browning's leather writing case was kept on the low desk shown in the foreground of Mignaty's painting.

cup when she breakfasted at Casa Guidi. After one stay, she left eggcups and silver spoons as a thank-you and a writing box for Pen, who slammed the lid for the "millionth time," his mother wrote. Elizabeth's own portable writing case, of gold-tooled leather, rests on the mahogany desk in the foreground of the Mignaty painting—a reminder that the drawing room was also her workplace. Along with the melancholy saints, a profile of Aeschylus, and a death mask of Keats, there were always everyday objects and keepsakes: Pen's latest artwork, the impromptu sketch by Dante Gabriel Rossetti of their friend Tennyson reading *Maud*, Fanny Haworth's portrait of Pen at the pianoforte, or a bouquet the boy gave his mother.

The ensuing saga of Casa Guidi is long and often sad. Pen Browning, who undoubtedly meant to create a memorial when he took title to the palazzo from the Guidi family in 1893, left no will when he died in 1912. The following year an auction was held in London dispersing all of the Brownings' personal property. The mortgage on Casa Guidi was assumed by an American from Georgia, Ellen Laura Hutchinson Centaro, and with her encouragement attempts were made to revive Pen's idea of a permanent memorial.

Calamities intervened, however, and in 1970 Mrs. Centaro's heirs were being forced to convert the palazzo into offices. After eleventh-hour negotiations, a fund-raising campaign was successfully mounted by the New York Browning Society. A newly formed international organization, the Browning Institute, then assumed responsibility for the poets' rooms and began an extensive restoration in 1971. Now the highest priority is the re-creation of the drawing room as it appears in the Mignaty painting. Where the original objects cannot be recovered, replications will be used. The reappearance of anything used by the poets at Casa Guidi is an occasion for rejoicing, but the quest for the Browning legacy goes on. ♠

Visitors to Florence may view Casa Guidi at Piazza San Felice 8, during posted hours or by appointment; (55) 284-393.



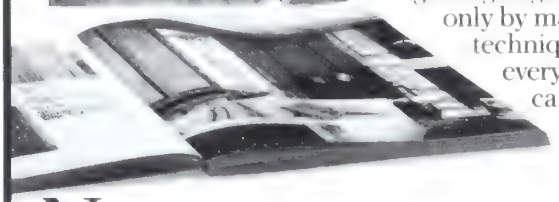


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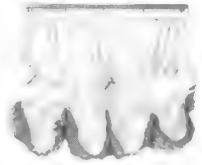
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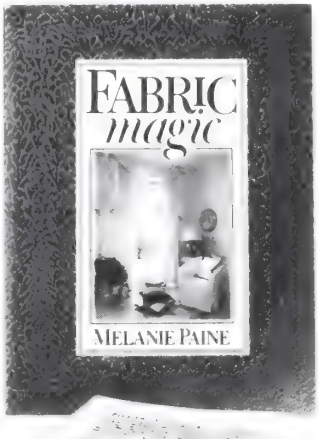
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Bill Traylor, *Red Man,* c. 1939-42, poster paint and pencil on cardboard, 12 x 7¾″

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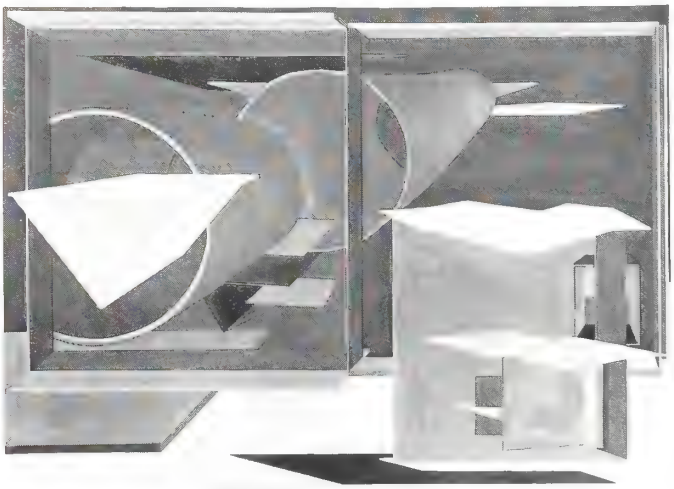
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Al Held, *Pachinko,* 1989, color woodblock print, 26¼ x 33½," edition 125

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Fernand Léger, *Femme Debout*, c. 1920, gouache over pencil, 14⅜ x 10¼"
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Willem de Kooning, *Untitled, 1964*, charcoal on paper, 62 x 31½".

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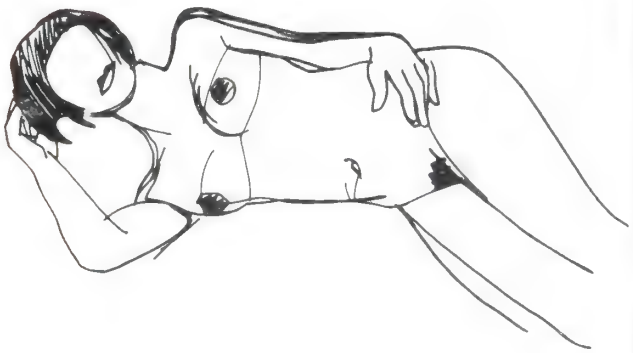
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Tom Wesselmann, unique steel drawing/*Monica Lying on Her Side* (black), 1989, enamel on laser-cut steel, 26″ x 48″

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Steve Johnson, *Untitled*, 1989, plastic, formica, gesso on wood, 32 x 18 x 6″

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Jean Dubuffet, [illegible]
1946, pencil on [illegible]

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1989 Installation at Chicago International Art Exposition

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Kyung-Yeun Chung, *Untitled Installation,* 1987, ceramic

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Ben Nicholson (1894-1982), *Three Forms*, 1964, ink on paper, 17 x 13"

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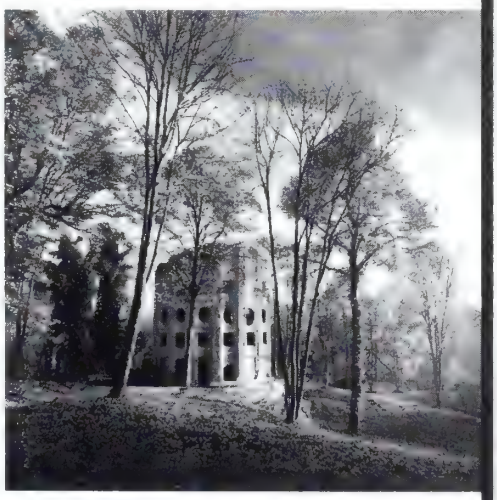
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The Column, Michael Kenna, 1988.

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Members of the Clefs d'Or Association include, clockwise from top, John Neary of New York's Carlyle Hotel, Jack Nargil of Washington's Four Seasons, and Albert Ostertag of Zürich's Baur au Lac.

At Your Service

An international alliance of concierges anticipates the traveler's every desire

BY LINDA DANNENBERG

On a typical morning, Albert Ostertag can be seen scanning the lobby of Zurich's elite Baur au Lac Hotel, a telephone pressed to his ear and a cluster of people gathered before him for counsel. For 33 highly charged years Albert has been the Baur au Lac's head concierge, a man with a network of contacts that rivals Henry Kissinger's and an almost legendary reputation for attaining the unattainable. His is a job whose responsibilities are little known and vastly underestimated by many travelers. A concierge—usually addressed professionally by his first name—dispenses keys and mail, of course, makes restaurant reservations, checks airline schedules, books tours, hires limousines. But the savvy traveler knows that a concierge may be called upon to perform far more interesting tasks.

When a New York couple who frequently stay at the Baur au Lac could not get tickets to a sold-out performance of *Cats* shortly after it opened on Broadway, they skipped the scalpers on West 50th Street and called Albert in Zürich, who in a matter of hours obtained four seats, center orchestra. Want to buy a Learjet, antique Fokker, or state-of-the-art Airbus? No problem, Albert will say. Like all world-class concierges, he fields requests that touch on virtually every aspect of his guests' lives, from matching a lost button on a raincoat to purchasing an airplane. "The way the world is now, the big things people ask of us—buying planes, a yacht, a house—are easy to accomplish," says Albert. "But say you want daisies in your room in January—such a small, unexceptional thing often turns out to be the most difficult."

A tall, vigorous, and reassuring presence, Albert is described as "one of the jewels of the staff" by Michel Rey, the Baur au Lac's managing director. "Twenty or thirty years ago," Rey recalls, "many top concierges were arrogant and materialistic grands messieurs, intimidating to the guests. But not Albert, even though he began his career during the heyday of these seigneurs. Despite all the high-powered people he's known and the fantastic contacts he has, he has retained his natural modesty and sense of reality."

The crossed golden keys pinned on Albert's black lapels signify membership in the Clefs d'Or Association. Founded in 1929 by Ferdinand Gillet as an exclusively French organization of hotel concierges, the Clefs d'Or became a European entity in 1952—a result of the postwar travel boom—and international in 1970. Every new candidate for Golden Keys membership (which numbers 5,000 worldwide) must have five years' experience as a hotel concierge and be nominated and seconded by two active members. The organization promotes a high standard of service to hotel guests and functions as a powerful web of connections in the world's major cities as well as in obscure hideaways and resorts.

"We are masters of our cities," states Jack Nargil, head con-


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ington with his tape under his arm."

Delicate matters, as Michel Rev refers to them, figure prominently in the life of a hotel and demand of a concierge a high degree of tact, empathy, and discretion. Naturally these matters are the ones that concierges are most reticent to discuss. Not Albert but a guest from South America whose association with the Baur au Lac goes back forty years reveals that when he fell in love with a woman in Saint-Moritz and then was obliged to return to Brazil for business, he charged Albert with sending yellow roses to his inamorata every Tuesday during the weeks he was away.

"The more unusual the request, the more challenging it is for us," says John Neary, head concierge of the Carlyle Hotel in New York. Thus it is that John finds himself shipping a yacht from its parking place behind the Carlyle to Texas, that Albert spends an afternoon on a bridge over a small Zürich canal teaching the ten-year-old grandson of a prominent New Yorker how to fish (the prize catch was kept alive in a champagne bucket), and that Marjorie winds up baby-sitting the child of a distraught woman executive whose baby-sitter can-



celed an hour before she was to close on an important deal. "We can do anything that's legal," says Jack.

Talk of favors, mundane or extraordinary, naturally raises the question of appropriate compensation for a concierge's time and effort. The starting salary for a head concierge is between $25,000 and $35,000 and can rise quite a bit higher with experience. Tips augment these figures substantially. No top concierge will speak for the record on what tips he receives from a guest. Most avow that they love doing what they do, that they are in the "people business" and want to make the guest's stay as nice as possible, that "accomplishing the task is gratification enough." As true as all this may be, tips and gifts remain an intrinsic part of the package. Gratitude takes a variety of forms. According to Marjorie, "Sometimes you simply get a big 'thank you,' or a box of chocolates, or a nice letter to the general manager, and these are all fine." Edmond Dorlac, head concierge of the Hôtel de Crillon in Paris, has been taken out to dinner by appreciative guests. John was treated to a week's hotel accommodations during a European vacation, and Albert was given a lavishly illustrated fishing calendar following his afternoon with rod and reel. But the traditional compensation—and, it must be assumed, the compensation of choice—is money. "With tips and commissions," says Michel Rey, "a top concierge can easily double his or her annual income and sometimes make much more."

There are times, however, when no amount of compensation would seem adequate. Take, for example, the story about a fourteen-year-old boy who ran away. "A long time ago," recounts Albert, "a young student at the American School in Lugano got himself in trouble with another student and decided to run away and somehow make his way home to New York. He had just enough money in his pocket to pay for his train fare from Lugano to Zürich. He wandered down the Bahnhofstrasse and ended up in the lobby of the Baur au Lac where he called his father collect on the telephone. The father told the boy to ask the concierge to come on the line, so I walked over and picked up the phone. 'I don't know you,' he said, 'but I want you to make sure my son returns to school. I'm coming to Zürich next month and I'll reimburse any expenses you incur. I'll call you back in two hours.' So I took the boy behind the desk and asked him to help me give out keys. All the while I talked to him like a friend, about school, sports, all kinds of things. I took him to lunch in the staff restaurant where I finally told him, 'You know, you really should go back to school now and give it another try. You can always call me if there are any more problems and you can always come back.' He was a little reluctant, but he agreed. I gave him his ticket and some pocket money and put him on the train back to Lugano. Then I called the headmaster for a chat and told him the boy was on his way, and when the father called again, I assured him all was well." The happy ending to t[illegible] is that the boy stayed at sch[illegible] ished. He is now a suc[illegible] ecutive with a multinat[illegible] who stays at the Bau[illegible] four times a year [illegible] cuts," notes Alb[illegible]

The sound was jazz, the atmosphere was smoky, and the mood was martinis.

On the South Side of Chicago it was Lincoln rdens, up in Harlem it was the Cotton Club. t it could have been just about anywhere there s a bar, a dance floor, and jazz.

We're not talking about jazz piano suites or chestrated jazz stylings that passed for jazz in the ainstream. We're talking about real ear-piercing, art-pounding New Orleans jazz, born from the als of penniless musicians who traveled from ib to club in rattletrap cars, luggage tied to the of, and a makeshift bed in the back seat.

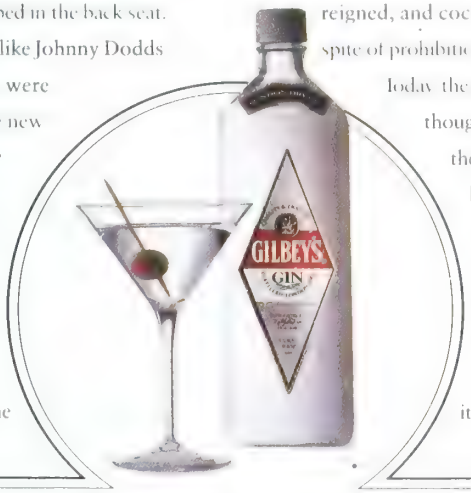
Young black artists like Johnny Dodds d Papa Joe Oliver were ong the first of the new zz stars. Night after ght, they played to cked, smoke-filled ouses, bringing ith them this new rm of music they vented.

Jazz was so new, the people went mad for it. "Night Clubbers," as they were called, poured into the hot spots to hear the new sounds from the South, to dance, and to drink. And the drink of choice was the martini.

However, the martini was more than the king of cocktails, it was a symbol for the thinking that was sweeping the nation after World War I. People were after things that were fun, new and exciting. And that's just what they got. Black met white, jazz bands played where orchestras once reigned, and cocktails were mixed in spite of prohibition.

Today the martini is back. And though you can't return to the Cotton Club or hear live jazz from the horn of Papa Joe Oliver, you *can* taste a martini just the way it was back then.

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Best of the Bay

The shops of greater San Francisco open a golden gate of opportunities

BY CYNTHIA GORNEY



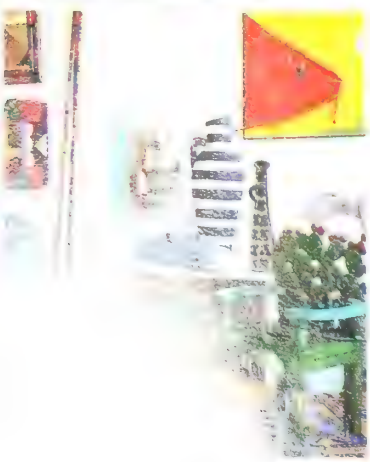


A 15th-century Chinese astrolabe, an 18th-century iron and silver Indian Bidri plate, and a French Empire ormolu plaque are highlights from Therien & Co., above right. Right: At Santa Fe owners Cederwall and Riney corral artifacts from the Old West.

Ever since Levi Strauss struck upon the idea of transforming unwanted tent canvas into gold miner's overalls, San Francisco has been a hotbed of innovative design. In recent years a growing number of aesthetically attuned shopkeepers have headed west to stake their claim in the Bay Area. Out of turn-of-the-century town houses and vast gallerias they showcase everything from top drawer antiques to high-spirited contemporary ceramics and craftsman-made furniture. For furnishing a house or simply window-shopping, San Francisco offers a mother lode of opportunities. (The area code for all numbers is 415.)



Sue Fisher King scours Europe for the richly patterned cotton bed linens that fill her store, left. Below left: A vibrant collection of craftsman-made furniture, ceramics, and decorative objects holds court at Virginia Breier.

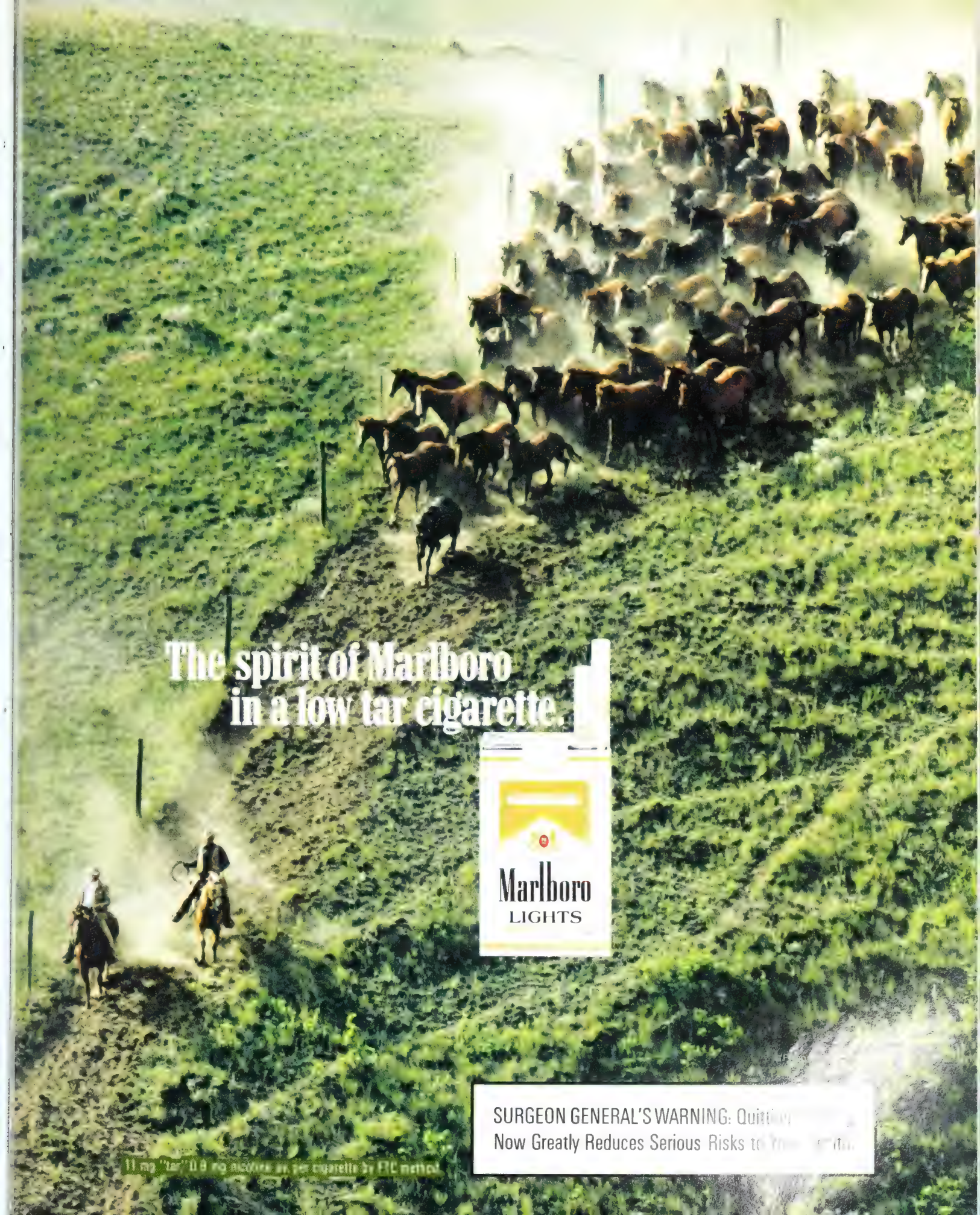


SUE FISHER KING Angled into the first-floor rooms of a Victorian storefront on Sacramento Street, Sue Fisher King's shop is filled with a pleasing array of Egyptian-cotton bed and bath linens selected from top-of-the-line Italian and French mills. Also displayed in abundance are blankets of cashmere and mohair, hand-painted silk velvet pillows and throws from Venice, and a collection of Italian and Mexican glassware—all of which has made King famous among San Franciscans as the purveyor of perfect wedding and houseguest gifts. (3067 Sacramento St.; 922-7276)

VIRGINIA BREIER The windows of Virginia Breier's shop were recently planted with lawn turf and occupied by a long-legged metal bird that quizzically peered out at passersby. Such whimsy carries through the rest of this crafts-filled shop where roughly chiseled wooden garden sculptures cluster alongside striped ceramic pitchers and seven-foot-tall papier-mâché skyscrapers. A former textile designer, Breier has an eye for punchy designs and top-notch workmanship. She invites those interested in a particular artist to venture into her living room upstairs, perhaps to show she's her own best customer. (3091 Sacramento St.; 929-7173)

HAWLEY BRAGG "We wanted to create a shop that felt like a home," says Kimberly Bragg, who with fellow decorator Nathan Hawley began Hawley Bragg four years ago. Specialists in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and English furniture, the pair have a predilection for circular shapes—among their offerings are antique marble globes, Edwardian lawn balls, and best-selling decorative spheres made of yak bone and yak horn. Customers also rely on the store for its inspired selection of period prints, silver frames, tapestry pillows, Chinese Export porcelain lamps, and Victorian boxes of richly textured mahogany and embossed leather. (3364 Sacramento St.; 563-8122)

SANTA FE The interior of Santa Fe is a study in the quiet honey-colored tones of mesquite and old pine. The furniture here hails from Mexico and New Mexico, and much of it dates back to the last century. Having pooled their knowledge, owners Sandy Cederwall, a collector of Indian baskets, and Hal Riney, an advertising executive and textile specialist, say authenticity is their most important strength. There are Third Phase Navajo chiefs' blankets with five-figure


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[illegible] wagon wheels, and [illegible], everything for a home where the buffalo might roam. (3571 Sacramento St.; 346-0180)

JAPONESQUE Harried office workers on their lunch hour step into Japonesque as though escaping into a meditative garden, so gentle and hypnotic is the feel of this small but choice gallery specializing in Japanese decorative arts. Improbably located on the third floor of the downtown Crocker Galleria, Japonesque offers exquisite handmade objects—from cherry-bark boxes to pillow-shaped pewter plates and rice paper light fixtures—each laid out on a low table and labeled in owner Koichi Hara's calligraphy. It's worth buying something simply to watch Hara perform the enchanting art of Japanese wrapping. (50 Post St.; 398-8577)

THE GARDENER "As a garden designer in Los Angeles, I got very involved with the connection between the inside and the outside. I still like to blur this distinction," says Alta Tingle, owner of the Gardener in West Berkeley. Her airy shop, designed by Michael Parrent, features a carefully composed selection of garden tools, flower bulbs, birdhouses, and rustic furniture, including stone-topped tables from Italy, Philippine colonial chairs and hutches, and dark wicker settees that look as if flowers ought to be growing up around them. (1836 Fourth St., Berkeley; 548-4545)



Pencils, books, and boxes covered in handmade Florentine paper are staples at Sue Fisher King.

HILARY THATZ Many years ago a highly cultivated Englishwoman named Hilary Thatz invited the then-impressionable Cheryl Driver to high tea. In 1987, as a tribute to this inspirational hostess and the ease of life she represented, Driver opened a comprehensive home furnishings store called Hilary Thatz. Its strongholds are European textiles, eighteenth-century French and English furniture, and antique and reproduction pewter, faience, and porcelain. The vast space is divided into room-size vignettes—a wood-paneled men's library, a lady's sitting room with Palladian windows, a French country kitchen—and a professional decorating staff is on hand to help customers create their own treasure house. (Stanford Shopping Center, Palo Alto; 323-4200)

TURNER MARTIN Chalk sketches of Classical urns drawn on the pavement entice visitors into Turner Martin, a store that specializes in what artists David Turner and John Martin call finishing touches. There are "living accessories" in the form of house-, church-, and arch-shaped moss sculptures (treated to stay green for two to three years), chairs made of pine branches with their cones still intact, antique birdcages, and topiaries of assorted vegetables—all either made or collected by Turner and Martin. (540 Emerson St., Palo Alto; 324-8700)

THERIEN & CO. Celebrating fine antiques and fine living, Therien & Co.'s interests are far-ranging. The shop opens into an octagonal yellow room furnished on a recent visit with four antique commodes—Danish, Swedish, north German, and Italian—surrounding a Han Dynasty jar under a Russian Neoclassical lantern. Always in stock are an impressive collection of Swedish furniture, mirrors, and chandeliers, as well as fine European porcelain and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century mantelpieces. A smaller showroom next door holds Therien's own line of reproductions. And for the weary, Therien & Co. offers tea every day at 3:00 P.M. (411 Vermont St.; 956-8850) ♠



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Gustave Loiseau (1865-1935). *Place de l'Etoile, Paris.* Signed. Canvas: 23¾ x 32 in/60.5 x 81 cm

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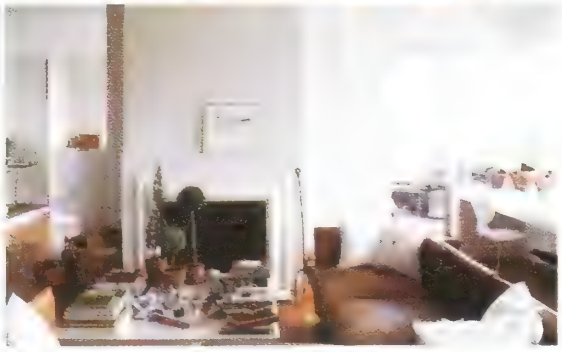
A New Leaf

Abbie Zabar's art and writing branch out beyond the topiary in her Fifth Avenue penthouse. BY CELIA MCGEE





Abbie Zabar, left, clasps a favorite lavender topiary. Beside her stand a conical rosemary and globes of sweet myrtle and more rosemary. Far left: Corkscrew junipers on Zabar's terrace rise above Central Park. Below: The pitchfork beside the living room mantel is 19th century. Shaker baskets top a bookcase in the bedroom beyond.

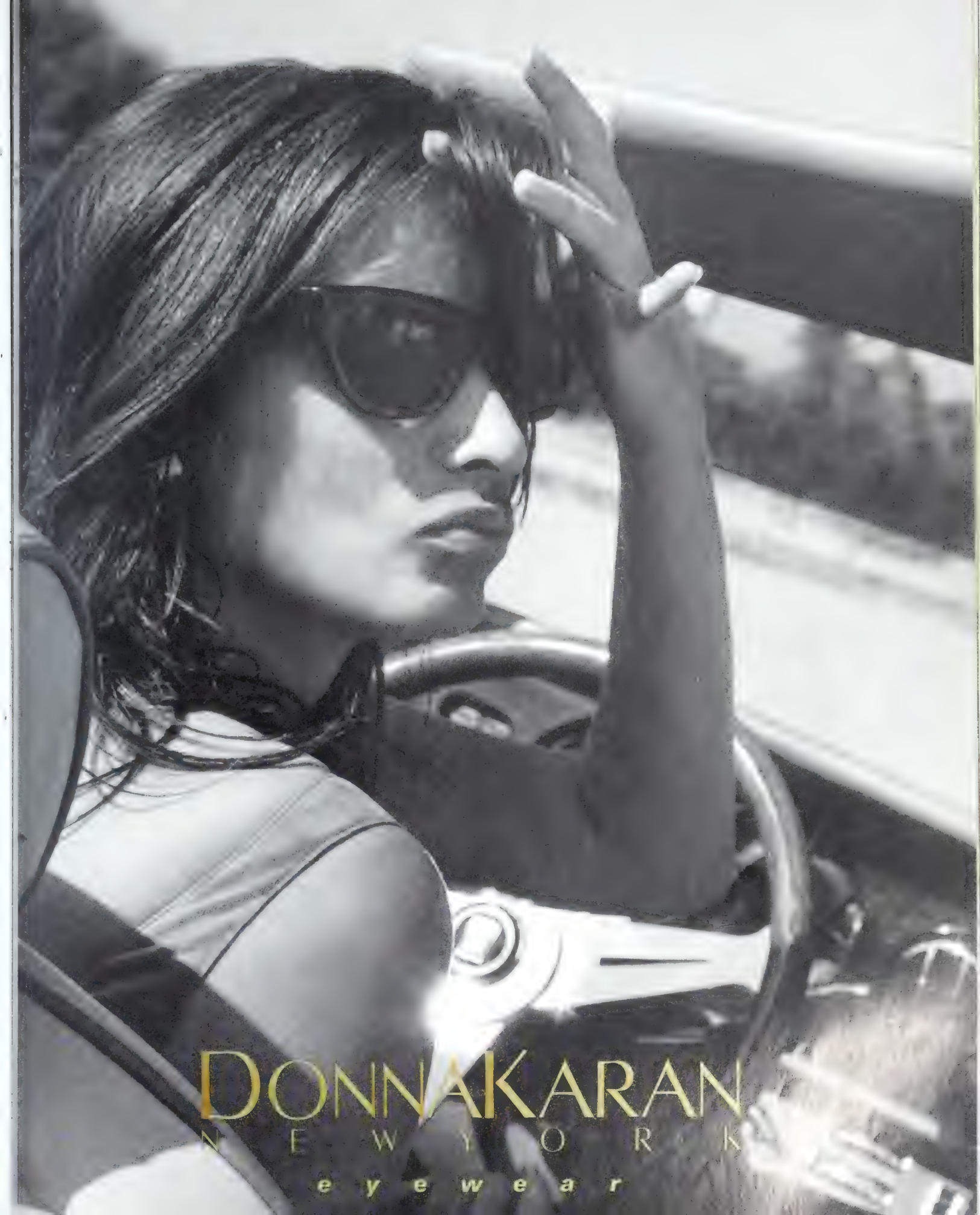


Consider rosemary. At most that may get you as far as the smell of a rocky hillside in Provence. But artist, designer, and garden book writer Abbie Zabar starts in Greece and Rome, where young couples wore rosemary wreaths on their wedding day. She knows that rosemary wood was once made into lutes for romantic madrigals and that in the seventeenth century gilded sprigs were dipped in scented water and given to wedding guests as a symbol of love and constancy. Fourteenth-century housewives stored rosemary with their bed linens to ward off evil dreams. Zabar [illegible] token of friendship. She uses it [illegible]. And half beachcomber, half botanist, she suggests twisting green rosemary branches together to make a pretty [illegible] by the ocean to discourage sand flies. Butterflies, [illegible] says, are the only insects really interested in [illegible].

Abbie Zabar learned all about herbs on the two levels of terrace that surround her [illegible] penthouse facing east, south, and expansively west over Central Park. She refined [illegible] knowledge through the art of [illegible] topiary and has [illegible] and others through her books *[illegible] Herbs*. Like [illegible] and vows she has coaxed into [illegible] spirals, many of her herbs are evergreen. "I like having them to look at twelve months a year," she says.

They stand up to their background of skyscrapers. Paraphrasing Gertrude Jekyll, who located topiary in "that domain of design that lies between architecture and gardening," Zabar speaks of the "architecture" of her terrace plantings. She grows lavender to varying heights, shapes bay laurel into pom-poms, constructs obelisks of whitish green santolina, prunes sweet myrtle into soft spheres, and lays carpets of thyme. Her pine-needle rosemary takes a precise conical form. The only flowers she permits, her architecture's decorative element, are on herbs, trees, and vines.

Each plant in turn has a home of its own, a pot carefully selected for shape, size, texture, color, and history. Zabar has found her pots on drives through France, in deserted old greenhouses upstate, at the Metropolitan Museum, and, a pebble's throw across the street, on a terrace where some black thumb had left a collection of stone lion containers to their own devices. The older the pots are, the better. Zabar values a good patina and the marks left by age on handmade objects. To test for cracks, she'll ring a pot like a bell. "Things that have been done right for a long time," she says, "are all


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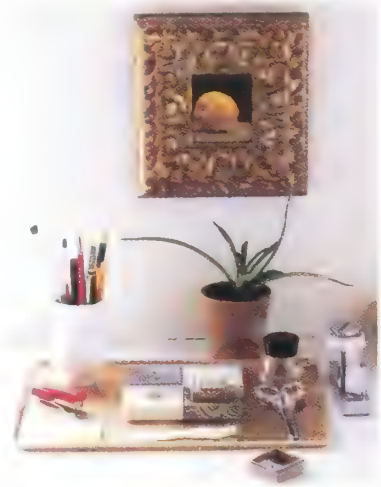
right with me." She has looked for inspiration to medieval monks, who grew herbs for medicinal purposes in straight monastery plots, and to Shakespeare's contemporaries, who laid out topiary gardens in intricate knots or mazes, with chamomile paths running through corridors of lavender. Zabar has an Elizabethan herb garden on Nantucket.

She has designed her apartment to conflate indoors and out. When she moved in, it was "dark and had no vistas, which should have been the whole point." She opened it up to make one large space with simple white dividers on the diagonal creating the kitchen and a bedroom area and windows on three sides. Zabar calls her office, perched at the top of the stairs on the way to the upper terrace, her "garden shed." In the living room a pair of gardening gloves tops a pile of books on the coffee table next to a topiary cluster, and a nineteenth-century iron pitchfork leans against the fireplace. The leather sofas are the color of terra-cotta pots.

Scattered comfortably on the sofas are white cotton pillows embroidered with Zabar's signature pine tree. As a graphic artist and a designer of corporate logos, she understands the importance of establishing a visual identity. The insignia she uses outdoors, on benches and planters, is a heart. She also always hides the motif somewhere in her garden designs. It's another tidy exchange between inside and outside, human nature and the natural world.

Like a third terrace, her desk runs the length of one side of the apartment. "I love the orientation to the sun," she says. "I can start out having breakfast at one end, and end up having a sunset dinner at the other." She has dispensed with a dining table altogether, using the desk instead during the winter months when friends come by. For summer entertaining several tables are set outside.

Zabar's desk is punctuated by the occasional still lifes that are her way of arranging topiaries, drawing tools, layouts for magazine articles or illustrated lectures, and tiny handcrafted boxes for holding pen nibs, staples, paper clips, and stamps. She arrives at these groupings through a process of elimination, a willed simplicity as scrupulous as the row of rare Shaker baskets she has lined up on the bookcase above her bed. She has an abiding fear of "ditziness." For that reason, she deduces, she doesn't exactly collect, but likes multiples of particular objects, like the baskets, "to give me an overview." Or a bird's-eye view: Zabar has a habit of studying nature in miniature. Her topiaries stand like miniature forests; she cultivates miniature orchids; the favorites in her library of antique gardening books are minuscule



A Robert Kulicke painting of a peach hangs above a still life of Zabar's miniature boxes.

volumes with hand-colored engravings, which she has bound in leather and embossed in gold.

For yet another perspective, the child's-eye view, turn to *Alphabet Soup*, the children's book written, designed, and illustrated by Zabar and due out this fall. On the cover is what a child would see looking down at a bowl of alphabet soup. Inside, each letter is represented by a food from a different country. A is for antipasto. F for the British sweet called fool. R for rijsttafel. What else should we expect from a cook and gardener who has recipes for sage potato crepes, myrtle berry vinegar, rose geranium jelly, and lavender swizzle sticks? Except her very next, very different book. "It's about gardening as a metaphor for life—the art of transplanting, the need to build a nest." About myths and metaphors and science and folklore. "About how we're all still looking for the Garden of Eden." ♠



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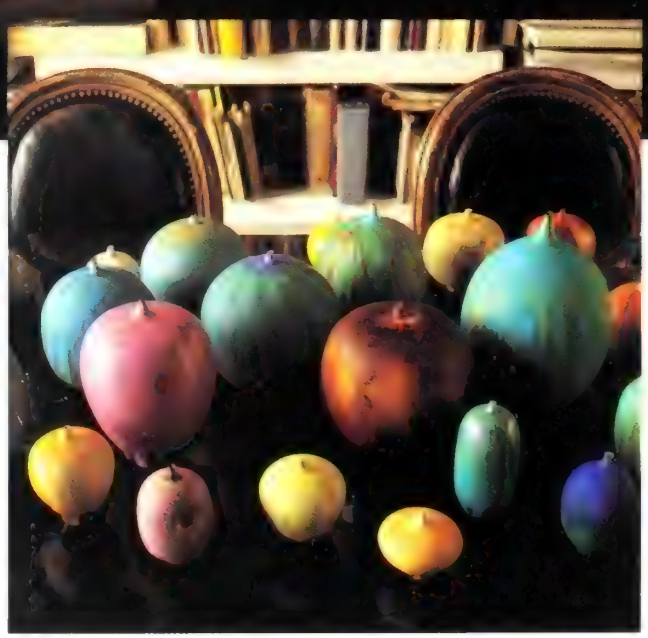
Robert Pincus-Witten and Leon Hecht keep some of their favorite treasures out of sight. BY DOUGLAS BRENNER



Back when other boys in the Bronx were trading baseball cards, Leon Hecht and Robert Pincus-Witten were poking around in secondhand stores for old buttons, coin silver spoons, and transfer ware plates at a dime apiece. "We met in kindergarten," says Hecht, now the president of a textile company, "and we've never stopped collecting." Pincus-Witten, an art historian and critic, recalls the windfalls of adolescent expeditions into New York antiques and crafts shops and some of his rarer finds as a student connoisseur in Paris: a Lodovico Carracci drawing bought at the Marché aux Puces for six dollars, a Lalique vase for one. The occasional shrewd resale provided a welcome tuition subsidy. More important, the treasure hunt was also an aesthetic education in itself, a course of study that still continues.

As a specialist in modern art at Queens College and the graduate center of the City University of New York, Pincus-Witten encourages his students to track down the work of modernist artists and lesser-known movements and [illegible] of the past to help clarify the achievements of today's artists. "I tell them they should know whose baby they're throwing out with the bathwater." The historical range of Hecht and Pincus-Witten's own holdings attests to their faith in this doctrine. Pieces by young contemporaries are interspersed with enough scholarly esoterica to supply countless graduate seminars with footnotes. There are, for instance, extraordinary subcollections of French Classical sculpture from between the wars and Cubist-inspired Italian ceramics of the 1950s. "I'm fascinated by the incredibly complicated bad taste of the fifties," says Pincus-Witten. "It's one of my enthusiasms of the moment."

The young collectors' first major joint acquisition was a statue of a vestal virgin, dated 1791, that they discovered



Sculpture in the living room, top, includes, from left, a 1925 Alfred Auguste Janniot bust, an anonymous early 20th century torso, a 2nd-century Roman Apollo, a Tang bodhisattva, a Georgian vestal virgin, and a 1930s Janniot horseman. Above: Rose and Ernie Cabat pots in the dining room.



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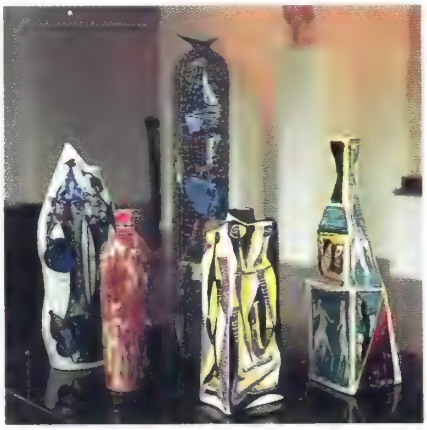
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while bicycling on Nantucket in the early 1960s. Cast by Eleanor Coade in the artificial stone she made fashionable in Georgian England, the maiden still presides over Hecht and Pincus-Witten's Manhattan living room. Both men smile at a visitor's remark that the spare white-walled space looks as though the accumulated treasures of their decades of collecting have been pared down to minimal furniture and a few choice sculptures. "People always seem to be surprised by the austerity of the room," says Pincus-Witten. "But Leon spends his day with pattern on pattern and color on color, and I spend mine with objects and images—we're inundated by decorative arts and fine arts, high art and low art. Here we tend to keep things put away and take them out only when we want to look at them." This process resembles the changing exhibitions in the tokonoma, or wall niche, of a traditional Japanese house, though it is neither seasonal nor ritualized.

To demonstrate that favorite pieces are always right at hand, Hecht leads the way to a bedroom closet and takes down a shopping bag. He unwraps wads of tissue paper to reveal the iridescent glaze of small round pots—some no larger than an egg—made in the 1950s by American ceramists Rose and Ernie Cabat. Stepping back to admire the glowing trove, Hecht observes, "This may seem eccentric, but your eye tires [illegible]s. We're always rearranging. That's why we don't [illegible] Instead, paintings lean against walls, like the [illegible]alle in the guest room, the 1530 Jan van Scorel *Adora-*[illegible]nds just inside the front door, and the [illegible] of a boy, attributed to Copley or a member of his circle, which until recently was propped up in a bedroom beside *Christ with Bar*, a neo-Romantic photograph, circa 1986, by the Starn Twins.

The provisional way in which pictures are displayed also reflects their owners' decision that the apartment should above all be a setting for sculpture. This priority is clearest in the living room where each piece rests on its own pedestal. (The Louis XVI chairs placed near daybeds designed by Hecht were chosen because the color of their frames matched the patina of the Coade vestal and her base.) "Since the sculpture is not some bibelot on a piece of furniture," says Pincus-Witten, "it is seen as art rather than an objet d'art. As a result it has enormous integrity and presence." The diversity of these





Robert Pincus-Witten and Leon Hecht, far left, with the Coade stone figure and base they found on Nantucket. Above left: Fantoni vases of the 1950s. Left: An anonymous French sandblasted glass hand, c. 1937, and an Orrefors crystal vase, c. 1917, signed by Simon Gate.

presences is emphatically broad. A row of pedestals brings together the head of a Tang bodhisattva, the torso of a second-century Roman Apollo, an as yet unidentified early twentieth century figure (possibly by Noguchi), and an Art Deco female bust by Alfred Auguste Janniot. Elsewhere in the same room, a Dadaist bronze by contemporary sculptor Annette Lemieux takes the form of a man's hat and hatbox.

Happily for Hecht and Pincus-Witten, their capacity for new acquisitions surpasses even the extensive storage space in the apartment. A recently completed Shingle Style country house in Connecticut is already home to their growing collection of Georgian and neo-Georgian furniture—another current enthusiasm—along with the Copley circle portrait from the New York bedroom. "Of course," says Hecht, "we're not going to hang it on the wall." ▲

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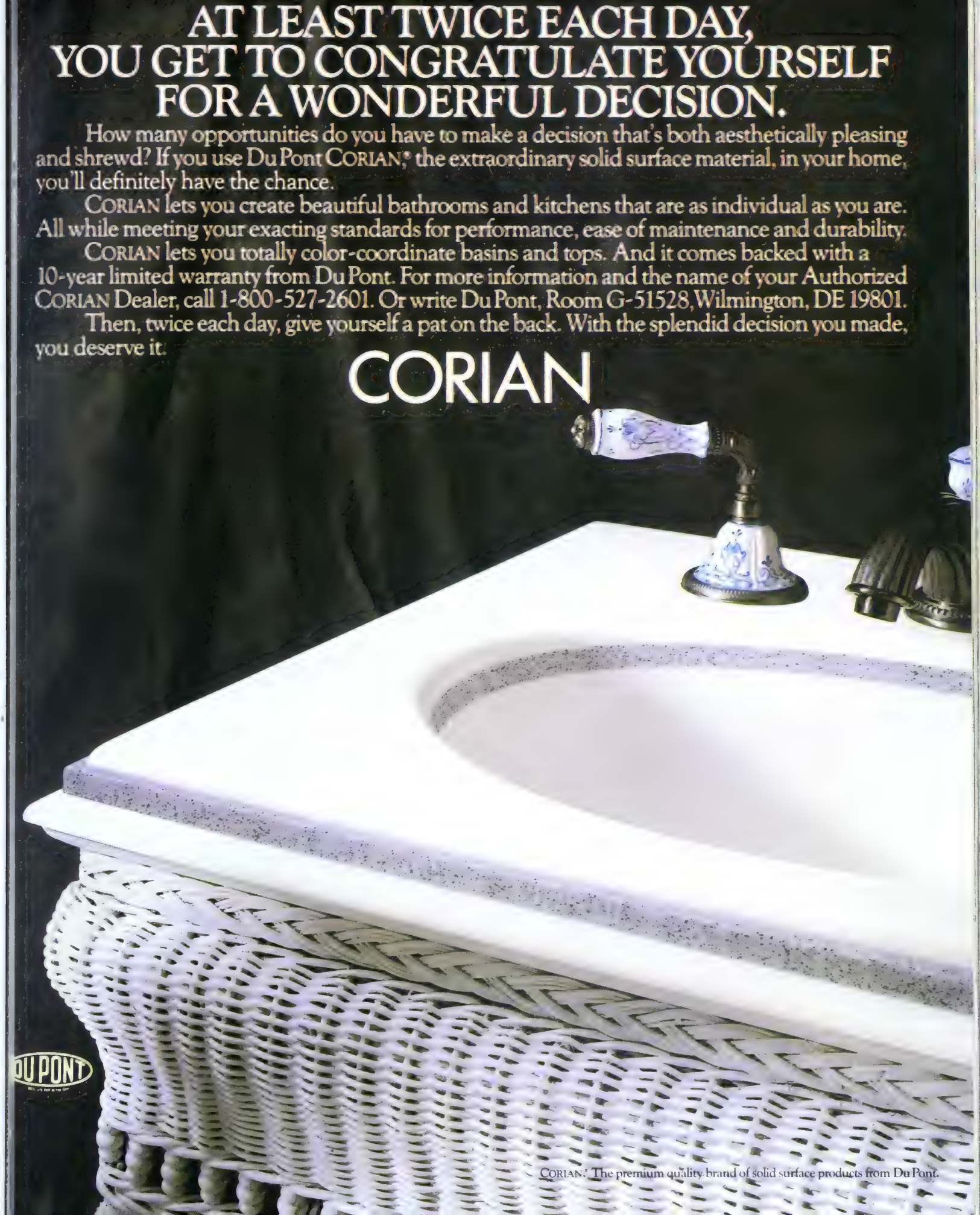
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Editor's Page

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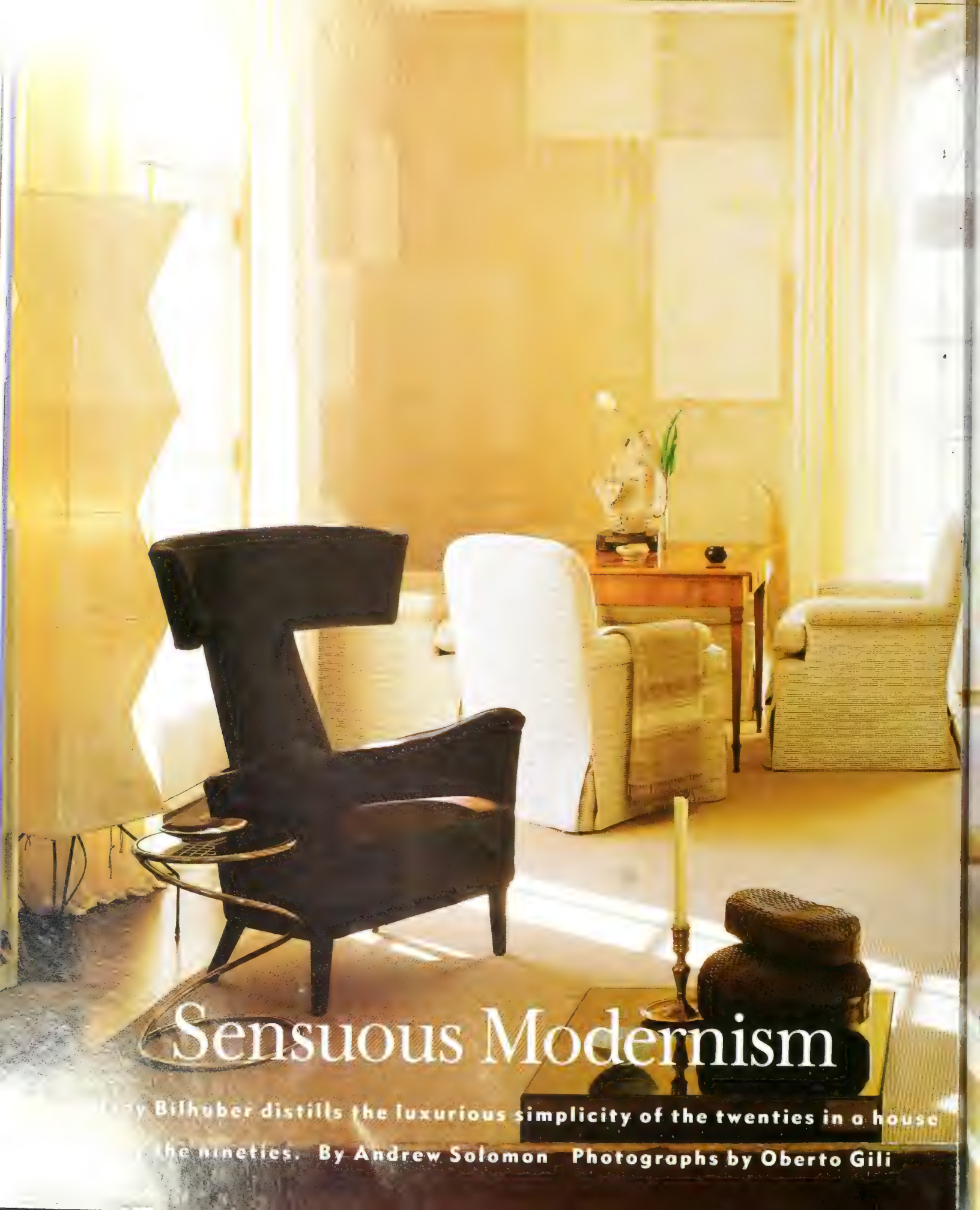
THE HOUSE IN GOOD TASTE WAS THE TITLE OF ELSIE DE WOLFE'S 1913 TOME ON decorating. The woman generally credited with inventing the interior design profession in America is also responsible for adding that infamous adjective to the word "taste"—until her time, there was only taste or its absence. The May issue of HG explores the many facets of taste as purveyed by Elsie de Wolfe's heirs. In the late twentieth century most everyone seems to have moved beyond the belief that there is one right choice (and many horrendous errors). Certainly, the editors of this magazine believe that there are countless valid expressions of style. With this in mind, we have selected a wide assortment of interiors for our special decorating issue—from Christian Lacroix's colorful and quirky new Paris apartment created with the young decorator Jean-Louis Riccardi to the forties- and fifties-inspired house by the design team of Richard Gillette and Stephen Shadley for one of Hollywood's most radiant stars. But we offer a large range of interiors in every issue; what distinguishes this month's is the fact that all of the houses and apartments we show were created by decorators—and that we have chosen a few from their ranks for special attention in feature articles. Mark Hampton sketches charming portraits of Elsie de Wolfe and five other well-bred pioneers of the profession in America. Quentin Crisp takes a characteristically surprising approach to an intimate decorating locus—the master bedroom. And in honor of the flowers that bloom in May, we have Senga Mortimer's piece on the lush tones of a painter's garden in Pennsylvania as well as Wendy Goodman's appreciation of the sublime bouquets at that most glamorous New York restaurant, La Grenouille. I think you will agree that the May issue of HG is not only informative but also highly decorative—no matter what your taste.



English nature prints and a painted Directoire chair in the dining room of a Pennsylvania house decorated by Jeffrey Bilhuber.

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Sensuous Modernism

y Bilhuber distills the luxurious simplicity of the twenties in a house
the nineties. By Andrew Solomon Photographs by Oberto Gili



The living room of Frova House in eastern Pennsylvania typifies the purified elegance of the residence. Bilhuber covered the walls in hammered-bark paper and curtained the windows with unlined monk's wool. A 1940s winged-back chair converses with card chairs, an Indonesian prayer seat, and a gilded Italian daybed upholstered by Billy Baldwin. Details see Resources.

THE CURRENT OWNERS OF FROVA HOUSE, A 1920S ITALIANate villa in eastern Pennsylvania, are brave and tenacious people. They discovered the house of their dreams; they offered to buy it; they were refused. It was at that time inhabited by an elderly couple, eccentric and reclusive people who admitted no visitors and avoided all disturbances. Determined to have it at all costs, in love with it though they had never been inside, the present owners pressed and pressed and finally negotiated a contract with the husband which provided that when he was no longer able to live in the house, they would be offered first refusal.

For some years they lived a few miles away and waited. When the news came to them that the husband had died and his wife was being institutionalized, they bought their dream house as soon as possible, set foot inside, and found a spectacle past all imagining. The couple made the Collyer brothers look like the White Tornado. They had never thrown anything away: rubbish filled the place to above-shoulder height, with tiny corridors carved for human passage. Sixty-six tons of stuff were eventually cleared from the house. Its bones were intact underneath, but its surface was like a vision from the grave. Jeffrey Bilhuber was called in to put everything to rights.

As if in horror at the layers upon layers of garbage that had come before, Bilhuber reduced everything to its strengths and essentials; as if in conscious disdain of the filth that had preceded him, he designed a house that is radiantly clean in every particular; as if in disgust at the haphazard agglomeration of junk, he conceived an interior in which everything is intentional. In the house today, one is constantly aware of decisions that have been made, of carefully considered priorities, of finely tuned balances. Everywhere one notes what has been eliminated to make each room into a concentrate of itself—the pictures that are not hanging, the objects that are not cluttering, the heavy curtains that are not draping Baroque silhouettes across the plentitude of sun. But the house is not strictly Modernist; it is purified rather than minimalized, without slickness or hard edges.

Throughout the house Bilhuber has got the proportions right, as if by some ancient golden mean. The doors that he heightened, the odd-size furnishings, the arrangement of the pictures in the dining room—all these things fit with one another, creating a unity of spirit that makes the passage from one room into another a pleasure and a delight. The attention to detail is phenomenal. The doorknobs, for example, are bronze casts of a shape molded in clay by Bilhuber and his





Bilhuber, *above*, reduced everything to its essentials, including the front of the living room, *right*, where natural light creates gradations of color on the textured walls and curtains and illuminates the drafting table of Gustave Eiffel, a pair of U tables supporting Ming and early Korean vases and bowls, a bronze mirror cube table designed by Bilhuber, and artworks hung in unexpected positions. *Inset:* Silk velvet dressmaker [illegible] in pleat [illegible] decoration.

You can lose yourself



ıe endlessly delicate gradations of texture and color

[illegible] and a set of English fern nature prints from the mid 1800s.







[illegible] Yogi would [illegible] reached to open [illegible] found one was grasping a form [illegible] could make for itself.

His pieces of furniture Bilhuber has designed are singularly both whimsical and apposite. A writing table in the master bedroom is lacquered in a parchment that resembles the pattern on the living room walls and reminds the owners from their first waking moments of the elegance that waits for them below. In the dressing room Bilhuber has taken chests of drawers from the owners' previous house and turned them into vanity units for sinks. The incongruity of faux bamboo dressers painted white and sprouting spigots is amusing but not obtrusive. In one of the upstairs bedrooms Bilhuber has used pink Indian bedspreads—"the kind of thing I hung on the ceiling in my room when I was a student in the seventies"—as curtains. The front hall has an enormous reed mat on the floor that is painted in an outsize leopard-spot design. The same matting continues all the way up the stairs. "We saw these mats at Pottery Barn," says Bilhuber. "We instantly knew that they were completely great, a onetime find, and so we bought the entire stock." The mats look perfectly in keeping with the refined objects around them. "It's fun, it's just gotta be fun!" Bilhuber exclaims. It is also wry and self-assured, the kind of decorator joke that laughs at the rest of the decoration without in any way undermining it.

The living room walls are covered in hammered-bark paper, a traditional Native American craft. It is all in squares, like a detail of Pierre Legrain furniture, like a Cubist portrait of the movement of mists against an autumn sky, like a dream of twenties elegance. The edges of these squares fade into one another. You can lose yourself in the texture of the paper—in an individual square like a panel of shagreen or in the larger pattern of squares. You can lose yourself in gradations of color, too, and as you follow the endless turning of shades you come to the curtains, which are of unlined monk's wool, fresh and multitonal themselves in the changing light from outside. So much delicacy and softness is inviting; the edges of a wild forties armchair or of an inverted Guatemalan mortar used as an end table are just enough relief so that the room doesn't feel muffled.

The office room's [illegible] sustain this tactile quality. The furnishings [illegible] assorted, Bilhuber and the clients share [illegible] and [illegible] *[illegible] on page 212*



Whimsical touches include reed matting with outsize [illegible] spots and a red border on the hall floor and stairs, *top*. Louis XVI chairs covered in a translucent Kent- [illegible] silk check grace the dressing room. *Far right:* A [illegible] the bedroom from an 18th-century Italian armchair.



One notes what has been eliminated to make every room a concentrate of itself



A recent Christian Lacroix creation. *Right:* Souvenir photos and invitations held by a folding screen in the bedroom of the Lacroix Paris apartment. *Far right:* Christian and Françoise Lacroix on a Provençal sofa in the entry.



In His Own Fashion

WITH A SPIRITED IRREVERENCE, JEAN-LOUIS RICCARDI HELPS DRESS UP THE LEFT BANK APARTMENT OF CHRISTIAN LACROIX

BY WENDY GOODMAN . PHOTOGRAPHS BY THIBAULT JEANSON





IS CUT IN TWO [illegible] the already legendary [illegible] Christian Lacroix by way of explaining the contrast between his new apartment in Saint-Germain-des-Prés and his couture salon on the rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré. "For me fashion is a kind of theater and theater needs a stage, so I wanted the couture house to be a stage for fashion. But when I leave and go home, it's completely another world. It's for me and Françoise and our close friends—very private."

The world Lacroix goes home to was created by the inspired teamwork of himself, his wife, Françoise, and the decorator Jean-Louis Riccardi, who is also a close friend. "I never liked the idea of a decorator," says Lacroix. "I thought it was so impersonal to ask a stranger to do your mood. But when we saw Riccardi's house two years ago, when he kindly threw a birthday dinner for Françoise, we knew we shared the same sensibilities. In couture there is something called premier d'atelier. These are the brilliant talented people who materialize your dreams, your ideas. That is Riccardi for me in the house."

After deciding they wanted to stay in the Saint-Germain area, where they had been living in a small flat, the Lacroix searched for a year and found a cozy beautifully proportioned nineteenth-century apartment on the rue des Beaux-Arts. The adventure, as Riccardi puts it, began with his and Françoise's weekly trips to antiques shops and flea markets. After five months of shopping and collecting paint samples and fabric swatches, they presented the possibilities to Lacroix.

Their choices reflect one key principle of Riccardi's: "Tell a real story rather than be merely decorative. Your house is a voyage of the life you have already lived." According to Lacroix, "The whole house is like a couture collection, each room a different outfit, different mood, but always with a mix of things that I love." In fact, the couturier conceived of the appointments in his living



A bull's head Lacroix was given when he came out with his first collection overlooks the Pompeian red dining room, *right*. Beneath it, on a Directoire bookcase, sit a Girardet bust, Vallauris candleholders, and a bronze doré lamp. The wall sconces, chandelier, octagonal plates, and collection of holy figures in their starry niche are all Provençal. *Below:* Old tiles Françoise found were installed in a patchwork pattern in the kitchen, where Directoire chairs complement a mosaic-topped table.



A dining room reflectin



e mood of Provence, where Lacroix grew up, was one of th ipulations





"The house is like a couture collection, each room a different outfit"





room as parts of a gown: the gray scalloped frieze by Patrice Mauny, whose work the Lacroix had first seen in Riccardi's house, is like the embroidery on a collar, the golden curtains represent the scarf, the leopard-spot carpet and chairs are the jacket and skirt.

The warm yellow living room reminds the Lacroix of London, a favorite city; while the atmosphere of the house is uniformly both elegant and playful, a spectrum of strong but genial colors amplifies the dramatically distinctive identity of each room. The southern mood of Provence, where Lacroix was raised, is evoked in the dining room, which displays a bull's head on one of the Pompeian red walls and a collection of holy figures from Arles in a niche repainted bright blue with stars.

Lacroix had to resist making the house too Provençal for its cosmopolitan setting, but he and Françoise did want a country kitchen. "We don't have a country house for the moment, so this is our country house," he says, indicating the kitchen's festive ceramic tiles and a mosaic-topped table that Françoise and Riccardi picked up at the Montreuil flea market.

"The only real changes we made were in the kitchen and the bathrooms," says Lacroix. "They were too modern." The adjoining bathrooms hark back to earlier ages: old-fashioned wallpaper and brass fixtures as well as more ceramic tiles in Lacroix's bathroom remind him of his grandparents' house, while Françoise's bathroom has the feeling of a whimsical boudoir, with a coiffeuse of inlaid mosaics and a Napoleon III piano stool serving as tabouret.

For the bedroom Françoise wanted a chartreuse scheme—her favorite color and "very Barbara Cartland," according to her husband. Here a zany mixture of English, *(Text continued on page 212)*



A view into the bedroom, *right*, where the walls, with a frieze by Patrice Mauny, and the folding screen concealing Françoise's closet are painted in her favorite color. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* A metal chair from Riccardi; a Polish santon, a shell vase and box, and a candy box brimming with Lacroix fantasy jewelry atop the bedroom bureau; Françoise's coiffeuse; the couturier, hard at work in his study.







Grandes Dames of

ELSIE DE WOLFE Light painted woodwork in the former Washington Irving house, *opposite top*, as it was in 1898, signaled a revolt against Victorian taste. *Left:* De Wolfe in 1946. *Opposite center:* The decorator and her husband, Sir Charles Mendl, in Beverly Hills. *Opposite bottom:* Treillage at the Villa Trianon. *Below:* A mix of Classicism and exotica in the 1920s. *Right:* Chinoiserie at Condé Nast's Park Avenue residence.



Decorating



The well-bred pioneers of twentieth-century American taste set a standard that still guides their profession

By Mark Hampton

IF WE WERE TO BELIEVE IN LEGENDS, WE WOULD GIVE CREDIT for the founding of decorating as a profession to Elsie de Wolfe. I rather like the idea of legends, so why not believe in at least the most plausible of them? Especially in our era of too many harsh realities. Besides, the history of decorating is full of bona fide legends—most of them women and all of them remarkably interesting. A continuous succession of individualists who didn't have the feminist movement to support them, they just had brains, taste, and ambition. They usually benefited from good strong bloodlines as well. They were "ladies" most of the time, and society was a realm in which they were completely at home. Their manners were patrician, as was their general outlook, and they often wore little black dressses with diamond pins on the shoulder.

Elsie de Wolfe was a trailblazer, any way you look at it. She went on stage at a time when the distinction between show girls and actresses was somewhat blurred. As a socially acceptable career, acting certainly wasn't a perfect choice. But then, a hundred years ago the concept of suitable careers for young women was a bit of an oxymoron. The productions Elsie appeared in were better known for the clothes she wore than for the lines she spoke. Her own good taste was her greatest gift. She and Elisabeth Marbury, the great theatrical agent, shared a sweet little house off Gramercy Park where they entertained





Elsie Cobb Wilson

The uncluttered geometry of a Directoi sunroom in a New Jersey country house, *far left*, exemplifies Elsi Cobb Wilson's dignifie restraint. *Left:* In the Fifth Avenue apartmer of her sister, Mrs. Cornelius Bliss, the decorator used Georgian paneling as a architectural framewor for 18th-century English and French furniture comfortably grouped to encourage conversation. Chintz and an Oriental carpet supply discreet pattern and color. *Below left:* El Cobb Wilson, c. 1933.



Eleanor McMillen Brown

As head of McMillen Inc., Eleanor Brown, *below*, strove for dramatic grandeur in interiors such as the 1945 Winthrop house, *right*. *Far right:* Unadorned walls in the Suarez drawing room set off the opulence of Louis XV bergères and a coroma[illegible]del screen. The pale palette was keyed to Aubusson carpets.







Without sacrificing any of Mrs. Wilson's upper-class subtletie Mrs. Brown was not afraid of making a strong statement

a large circle of New York society—the rich, the intellectual, and the stylish. Then, as now, very few people fell into all three categories. As Elsie gradually rescued the house, which had once belonged to Washington Irving, from its maroon cluttered gloom, the fashionable world took notice. By stages, she painted the woodwork white and replaced heavy mantels from the 1860s with simple ones in the style of Louis XVI. Bastard Rococo mirrors gave way to severe Neoclassical ones. Walls that had been covered with a collection of plates were paneled with plain moldings and painted light colors. The furniture was also painted white or marbleized in pale tones. If dark pieces could not withstand the paintbrush, they were replaced by Louis XV and XVI chairs and consoles, some eighteenth century, some not. Authenticity was not the point. A revolutionary lightening and refining was.

When, at the age of 39 (it was 1904), Elsie decided to retire from the stage, she was urged by Elisabeth Marbury and the Hewitt sisters, heiresses and founders of what later became the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, to go into business helping people decorate their houses. It was an idea whose time had come. It was also the exact moment when the Colony Club, founded just one year earlier by a group of Elsie's rich friends, was planning a new building on Madison Avenue designed by McKim, Mead & White. Stanford White himself urged the committee to hire Elsie as the decorator. In partnership with the brilliant architect Ogden Codman, she also renovated a couple of New York brownstones, transforming them into miniature hôtels particuliers in an extraordinarily subtle and charming way. Undoubtedly, she was a greedy lady and seldom gave Codman the credit she should have. Poor guy, the same thing happened to him when he collaborated on a book with Edith Wharton, another greedy lady. But the work of Elsie de Wolfe stands on its own. It is easy to concentrate on the glitzy aspect of her later life: her manias for parties and plastic surgery are well known. Her decorating genius, however, was real. Both here and in France, where she owned the Villa Trianon at Versailles, she created rooms of terrific style and luxury that were also incredibly fashionable. She was not afraid to be chic.

Late in life, Elsie married a British diplomat, Sir Charles Mendl, and during World War II they lived in Beverly Hills. I remember a photograph of them from those years taken in their drawing room. It was all white. Mirrored walls and window surrounds reflected white banquettes and white flowers. Blackamoor tables and stools lent a hint of a party in Venice. The atmosphere was not one of terra firma, but perhaps the combined circumstances of wartime and Hollywood help to explain that. All the eighteenth-century beauties of France were still waiting in the house at Versailles, where she returned to die in 1950. In the years since 1904, a train of followers had become firmly established. If Winterhalter could have painted them all together, they



Ruby Ross Wood

Luxurious subtlety was a hallmark of Ruby Ross Wood, *far right. Above right:* Walls lacquered a glossy black brown present a rich foil to the sheen of beige satin in a Long Island house decorated c. 1934. *Right:* A sparing use of chintz and uncarpeted parquet enhance the cool refinement of David Adler's woodwork in the Blair library in Palm Beach.









Rose Cumming

A glamorously idiosyncratic reinterpretation of period style was already evident in early Rose Cumming designs of the 1920s, such as the New York interior, *below left*. *Far left:* Cumming in 1958. *Left:* The extravagant lit à la polonaise and vivid hues of lilac, blue, and mauve in a bedroom in the decorator's brownstone reflected a taste for surroundings reminiscent of stage or film sets.



Rose Cumming was the bad girl in this era of perfect ladies. Her taste had a trace of the demimondaine, yet she was capable of immense grandeur

would have been called Lady Mendl's maids of honor.

The next big star on the horizon was another Elsie. Born in 1877, Elsie Cobb Wilson, as she was always called professionally, was twelve years younger than Elsie de Wolfe. By the end of World War I she had decorating offices in New York and Washington. Married to Major General Louis Little, USMC, she decorated great houses and apartments along the eastern seaboard, as well as the American embassies in Paris, Peking, and Tokyo. She also helped to restore the marine commandant's house in Washington for Major General and Mrs. John Russell, the parents of yet another leg[illegible] Brooke Astor. Mrs. Astor has a memory that is as dazzling as everything else about her. She remembers Mrs. Wilson as tall, thin, and elegant. She was also witty, a trait that endeared her to Mrs. Russell. Mrs. Wilson's taste epitomized the new refinement and restraint of post-Victorian decoration, which emerged from a scholarly architectural revival of eighteenth-century English and French styles as well as a widespread interest in American Colonial design. The Fifth Avenue apartment and Long Island house decorated by Mrs. Wilson for her sister, Mrs. Cornelius Bliss, were furnished with conservative pieces of English, French, and even Italian eighteenth-century furniture. In no way ostentatious, these rooms had simple curtains without valances, either Oriental or plain Brussels velvet carpets, and modest amounts of chintz. Arrangements of furniture clearly intended for conversation rather than for show lent an inviting appeal that is just as easy to understand today as it was sixty years ago.

A key event in the chronicle of Mrs. Wilson's career was her decision in the early twenties to hire the young Eleanor McMillen, later known as Eleanor Brown, to work as an assistant. (It was only appropriate that Mrs. McMillen should be chosen by Mrs. John Russell's daughter, Brooke, to decorate *her* new apartment.) Recently divorced, Mrs. McMillen had gone to the Parsons School of Design to prepare herself for a career in decorating. She frequently returned from New York to St. Louis, the city where her family had made its fortune and where the firm she founded in the mid 1920s, McMillen, Inc., would decorate many houses over the next sixty years. In a remarkably short time, Mrs. Brown, as she became when she married the architect Archibald Brown, found herself decorating houses scattered over a wide area. The list of her clients reads like the Social Register. Winthrops, Aldriches, Rockefellers, Lorillards—even a couple named Kinicutt, the parents of Sister Parish.

If Mrs. Wilson's interiors suggested a confident distinction between nouveaux riches and those with greater taste and refinement, Mrs. Brown's style, without sacrificing any upper-class subtleties, quickly became more highly evolved. She was

not afraid of making a strong statement. Like Elsie de Wolfe, she understood the transitory world of fashion—and could rise above it to strike a timeless note. Once, many years ago, I sat in the staggering River House drawing room, with its 21-foot ceilings, of Mr. and Mrs. Diego Suarez (he was the landscape architect who in 1914 designed the gardens of Vizcaya in Key Biscayne, Florida). The beautiful and glamorous room had been designed forty years before by Mrs. Brown, and it was practically unchanged after all that time. The effect of the silvery blue haired Mrs. Suarez, surrounded by her coromandel screens, French and English furniture, pale Aubusson carpets, and calla lilies arranged by the ancient butler, was one of great chic. In describing Mrs. Brown, she said simply, "She has always been the most attractive person imaginable." I knew exactly what Mrs. Suarez meant, because I worked for Mrs. Brown for six wonderful years.

Just as Mrs. Wilson will go down in history as the first employer of Mrs. Brown, Ruby Ross Wood will always be known as the one who persuaded Billy Baldwin to leave Baltimore and come to New York to work—with Mrs. Wood, of course. But Mrs. Wood on her own is a subject of great interest. Born in 1880 in Monticello, Georgia, she enjoyed an early, if discreet, success in New York as a ghostwriter for Elsie de Wolfe: several series of magazine articles on decorating were followed by a book, *The House in Good Taste,* published in 1913. In the twenties she opened her own shop and rapidly became a leading society decorator, with an understated American style at once less formal and less rich than that of her predecessors and less grand than its European counterparts. Her clients were grand, though, and their preference for a simple kind of luxury belied their personal extravagance.

In *Billy Baldwin Remembers,* the decorator describes the house Mrs. Wood was working on in Palm Beach for Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Blair when he first arrived in New York. Designed by the Chicago architect David Adler, the house was a study in the English Georgian colonial manner that flourished in the Caribbean for two hundred years. As in so much of Adler's work, however, an elegant Modernism lifted the house into a higher level of architectural originality. (As it happens, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Brown, and Billy Baldwin also admired the originality of Adler's sister, the decorator Frances Elkins, who lived in Monterey, California, from 1918 to 1953. The regional style she created was a profound influence on the late Michael Taylor.) Mrs. Wood's decoration achieved, as it often did, an unexpected triumph of contemporary drama perfectly attuned to Adler's house. The huge living room, with its five gigantic arched windows on each of its long walls, had the strictest, most uncluttered arrangement of furniture (the covers of which were tan *(Text continued on page 214)*







SISTER PARISH

Mrs. Henry Parish II, *right,* in a portrait by Edward Murray. *Above right:* The restoration of the Red Room at the White House in the 1960s brought widespread attention to Sister Parish's exquisite craftsmanship and gracious formality. *Far right:* Another influential aspect of the Parish manner, a nostalgia for cozy American country life, pervades the decorator's house in Maine.

Star Quality

In an East Coast retreat for one of Hollywood's hottest properties, decorators Gillette-Shadley evoke the fabulous forties and fifties

By Charles Gandee Photographs by Michael Mundy





A six-foot-tall floor lamp with an oversize shade turned upside down to resemble a turban shares center stage in the living room with a Paul Frank® sofa and a two-part biomorphic cork cocktail table stained white. *Opposite:* In the entry, a 1958 Frank Lloyd Wright plywood chair rests on an oak floor painted white, black, and aqua to resemble vintage linoleum. Details see Resources.



"Yes. I will say you're an actress."

"Sure. Why not?"

She is an actress. A bona fide movie star in fact. Which means that her professional life is very public. Which means that her personal life is very private. Or at least that's the way she would like it to be. So we leave her out of this—more precisely, we leave her name out. Which is almost OK. After all, we'll be seeing her in the movies.

"We've been friends for over ten years," reports Stephen Shadley, formerly a Los Angeles–based scenic artist for Disney on Parade, currently a New York–based decorator with Richard Gillette. "And because I admire her as a friend and because I like her aesthetic, I thought a working relationship would be great fun." So when his favorite movie star called to ask if he would be interested in helping out with a few domestic improvements to her newly acquired house on the East Coast, Shadley jumped at the invitation. Yes, as a matter of fact, he and Gillette would be interested. Very interested.

Somewhat surprisingly, considering that this is, in the end, a celebrity home, the partners were given driving instructions to a pleasant but unremarkable white clapboard split-level dating back to the forties which was filled with "dark wood, old sofas, Mexican blankets, wall-to-wall carpeting, and floral-print drapes." The bedroom was particularly memorable, bringing to Gillette's mind, as it did, a Ramada Inn. None of which seemed particularly well suited to the woman he describes as "offbeat, jazzy, syncopated, and full of surprises."

Amid the dubious decor, however, Gillette and Shadley spotted one recent acquisition that bolstered their flagging spirits. Everything else, they were told, could go, but the oversize club chair designed by Paul Frankl in the mid forties which was sitting in the mahogany-lined living room was there to stay. "Just get some more big pieces of furniture and paint everything white," advised the movie star, who, it would be fair to say, is well known for being more visual than verbal.

Putting the paint-it-white issue aside for the moment, Gillette and Shadley decided to concentrate on the big furniture issue, which required, shall we say, some development. So the decorators and the movie star headed to lower Manhattan, where they hit all the hip emporiums specializing in vintage furniture. From Fifty50 and Secondhand Rose to Artery and Moss, the trio made the rounds until their collective eye [illegible] chandeliers, five feet in diameter, radiating porcupine-style from a central [illegible]. Not only did the sputnik-like orbs have the [illegible] they were also sufficiently idiosyncratic to please the quirkiest taste. "She loved them," recalls Shadley. The remarkable fixtures turned out to be pivotal, according to Gillette: "It was then that we sort of established this big broad graphic kind of feeling to the place."

Countless shopping trips later, the movie star's house is in shape. But it was somewhat rough going there for a while. "There was a little confusion in the beginning because of this fifties idea," confesses Shadley. "But then we realized that it wasn't the fifties at all, it was just this kind of klunkiness that she was after." Or, as the movie star would say, "I don't like any style that's too rigid, so you can't do whatever you want. There was a brute thing in the forties, and that's what I really like. But it sort of bled into the fifties."

Although there's probably not a room in the house that doesn't bear some trace of the Eisenhower era, the chronological gamut, Gillette proudly reports, runs from 1905 lawn chairs to 1989 light sconces. "Contrary to what you may think," notes Shadley, "it's not only about the fifties, it's about the twentieth century. There's something here from almost every decade." The stylistic gamut is comparably wide, stretching from funky driftwood lamps, genuine Naugahyde wall panels, and futuristic Marco Zanuso chairs to classic pieces by Alvar Aalto, Charles Eames, and Frank Lloyd Wright. And in terms of the preferred forties, Gillette and Shadley also uncovered, much to their client's delight, a second Frankl club chair as well as a companion sofa, which helped anchor the otherwise unwieldy living room.

Concerning the issue of color—or lack of it—all-white was a bit too Zen for Gillette and Shadley. So although it took some doing, they persuaded their movie star to expand her palette—for a change. "Since we both started out as painters," explains Gillette, a former trompe l'oeil artist, "we try to do some work on every project." In this project that work can be found in the faux woodgrain pattern that enlivens the fireplace in the living room, the arch framing the dining room, and the floor welcoming visitors in the entry. Assisting in the cause are vintage linoleum and fabrics, which add not only color but period pattern as well.

"Sure, it's theatrical," concludes Gillette. "But it's also comfortable." Shadley concurs. "Maybe it's a bit like a set, but it's very much her style. In fact, it looks just like her." Does it? It does. "It's me," she says. "I mean I'm there." ▲

After painting the mahogany walls and staining the oak floor of the living room, *opposite*, decorators Stephen Shadley and Richard Gillette installed forties seating pieces by Paul Frankl, which they upholstered in Iron Cloth from Brickel Associates. The cowhide lounge chair is an Alvar Aalto classic from the early thirties. The sputnik-style fifties chandeliers were found in the basement of Secondhand Rose, NYC. *Above:* For a bit of graphic punch, the banister in the stairwell is painted black and white.





grain pattern to add color and texture to the primarily neutral environment. The ebonized plywood chairs are Charles Eames classics from Artery, NYC. The pickled mahogany table was found at Skank World, Los Angeles.

"Contrary to what you may think, it's not only about the fifties, i



out the twentieth century. There's something from almost every decade"

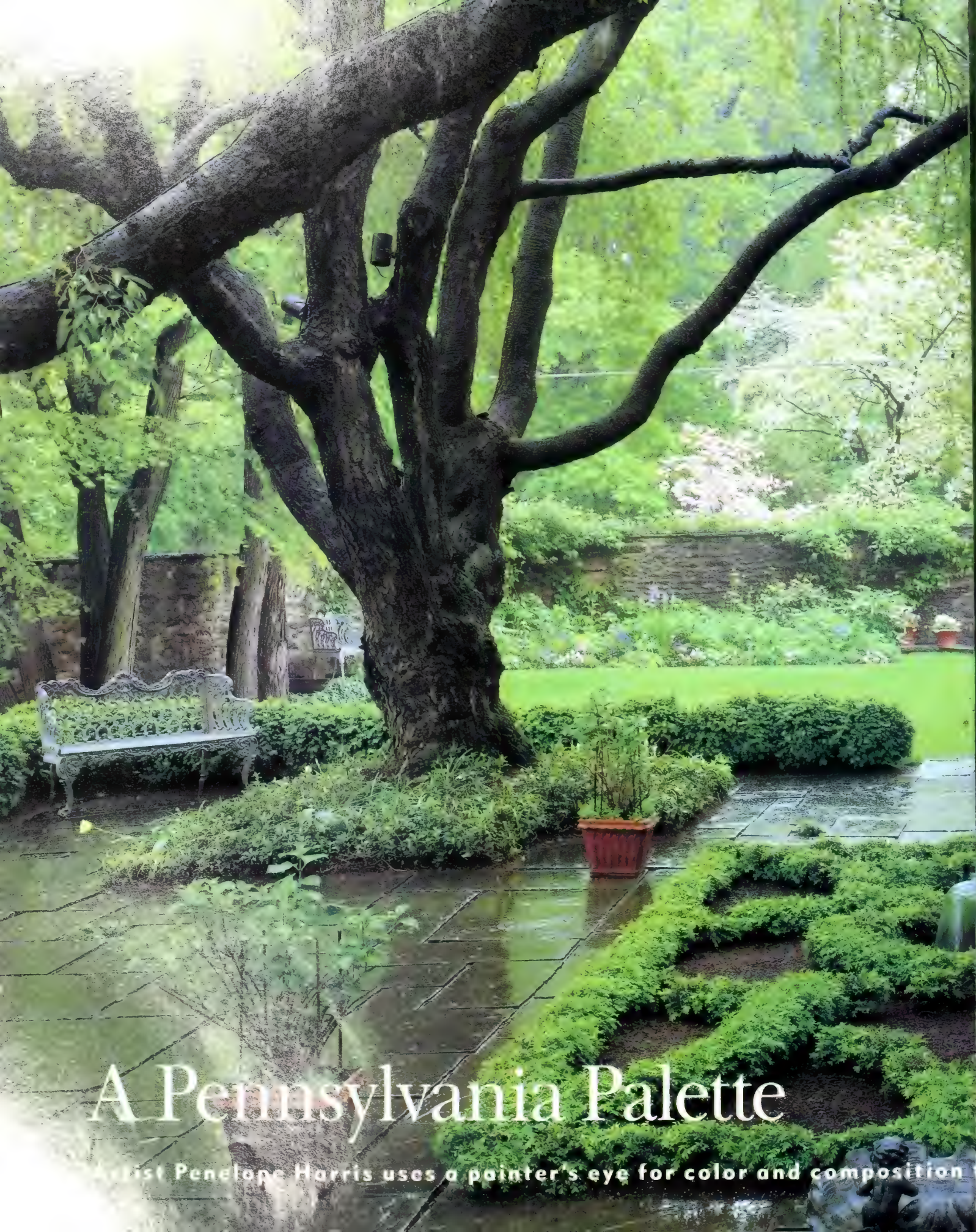
impose an aesthetic, we just try to get in sync with ou



A pair of Marco Zanuso armcha[illegible] in vintage fifties fabric flanks a driftwood [illegible] in the master bedroom, *right*. The Na[illegible] divider doubles as headboard on one side [illegible] board for overflow closet space on the other. The baseball-style lace stitching is faux painted. *Above*. The bathroom vanity is clad in period linoleum.

ents. This is very much her style. In fact, it looks just like her"





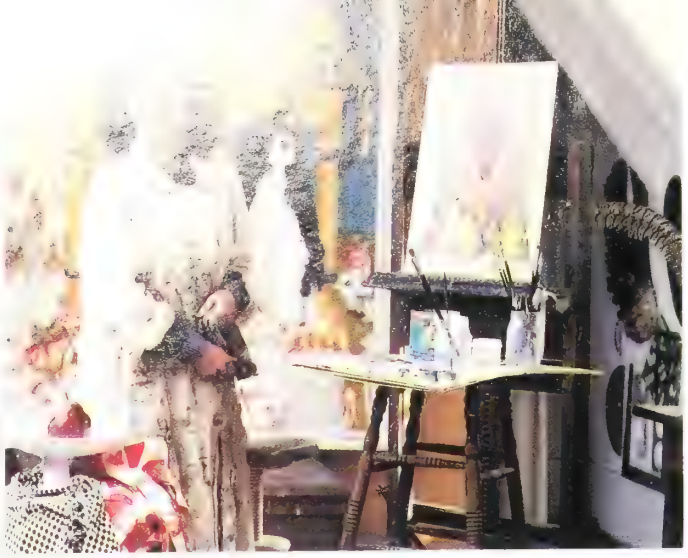
A Pennsylvania Palette

Artist Penelope Harris uses a painter's eye for color and composition



Beneath half-century-old weeping cherry trees, a flagstone terrace outside the living room surrounds a knot garden planted in box. Terra-cotta pots of hydrangeas at the corners of the central bed emphasize its formal alignment with a fountain beyond the lawn.

ltivate her garden. By Senga Mortimer Photographs by Mick Hales



ELIZABETH NAPIER (2)

LIKE MANY ARTISTS WHO GARDEN, THE PAINTER PENELOPE Harris uses much the same palette whether she is in her studio holding a brush or outdoors with a trowel. Harris's love of pastel color set off by darker muted tones is evident the moment you enter the drive leading to the 1920s Cotswold-style house in Pennsylvania that she shares with her husband, Henry, and their three children. Near the entrance to the property, bright yellow alyssum mixed with white arabis cascades from a fieldstone retaining wall weathered to a rich pewter gray. A row of clipped Washington hawthorn trees leads the eye toward beds filled with roses of many hues, both shrubs and climbers casually underplanted with lavender. Farther along, like shadows in a sunlit Impressionist landscape, subtly varied ground cover provides the perfect foil to massed borders of vibrant old-fashioned flowers. "I try not to expose a single inch of soil," Harris observes, as if she were explaining how she layers pigment on bare canvas.

Growing up in a family of artists and then pursuing her own career, Penelope Harris has always felt a "need, a compulsion really, to express my personal response to life through collecting objects whose color and form I relate to. A piece of fruit, a feather picked up in the woods, or some flea market find—these things touch my soul." The thrill of discovering how she can play these disparate objects against each other in a painting also radiates from her arresting combinations of plants.



Basically a spring and early summer garden, romantic but not sweet, it sits comfortably within the framework of preexisting native stone walls and mature trees that impart a sense of permanence and well-being. The architectural plan defined by the walls



Honeysuckle and old roses spill over Pennsylvania fieldstone walls, *right*, which help define the landscape. Victorian cast-iron benches passed down in Henry Harris's family have been placed near beds of delphiniums, foxgloves, hollyhocks, campanula, anchusa, and other cottage garden favorites. *Top:* Penelope Harris in her studio, working on paintings for her show in fall in Philadelphia. *Above:* A 1938 magazine cover by Henry Harris's mother, the painter Audrey Buller.







The tulips 'Apricot Beauty', 'Mary Poppins', and 'Black Swan' rise above a dense ground cover that combines forget-me-nots, vinca minor 'Bowles Variety', the English daisy 'Pomponette', and the violet 'Freckles'. Japanese painted ferns set off carved foliage on a tea holding 'True Blue' pansies.



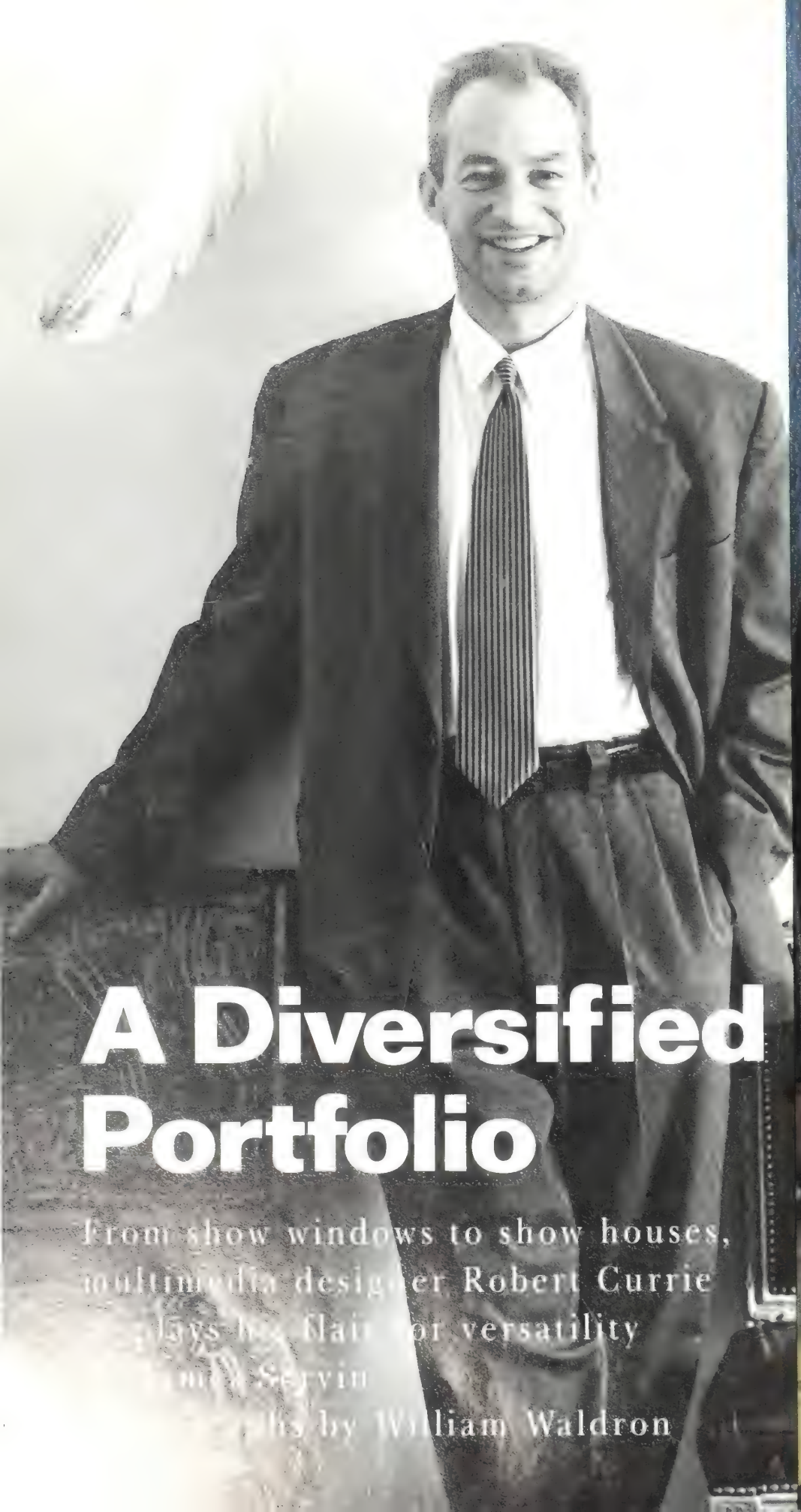
and flagstone paving is balanced and orderly without being rigidly symmetrical. Its main axis, which extends from a splendid terrace on the north side of the house, steps down gradually to fit into the rolling landscape.

Having much of the garden directly visible from the terrace is a great luxury. In warm weather the family breakfasts under the half-century-old weeping cherry trees that canopy this overlook. From here they can watch poppies unfurl, and they can breathe the scent of old roses, a passion with the Harrises, who never return from trips to England without lists of [illegible] to order. British gardening writer Rosemary Verey [illegible] the traditional box-edged knot garden at the center [illegible] race, on the site of a reflecting pool that posed a hazard [illegible] small children. Fragrant creeping thyme fills the cracks [illegible] the surrounding flagstones.

[illegible] flowers [illegible] can be seen from the terrace are dense with some of the choicest "blacks" in the darker range of the gardener's palette—smudges of black viola, black fritillaria, dark red 'Black Swan' tulips, black single hollyhocks, 'Black Beauty' sweet william—sparked with acid-green lady's-mantle, sapphire blue lobelia, and dainty violas of the palest pink. The poppies in glorious disarray and the abundant climbing roses intertwined with clematis complete the ever-changing illustration of a motto Penelope Harris learned from her mother, the painter Audrey Buller: "A little too much is just enough for me." ♠

A multicolored array of poppies, *opposite*, including 'Mother of Pearl', 'Watermelon', and 'Mahogany', is mixed with delphiniums, white valerian, and foxgloves. The rose 'Orange Everglow' climbs over the wall. *Above:* One in a row of four clipped Washington hawthorns stands above a thick bank of alyssum 'Basket-of-Gold' and white *Arabis caucasica*.





A Diversified Portfolio

From show windows to show houses, multimedia designer Robert Currie lays his flair for versatility on the line

Photographs by William Waldron



Robert Currie created this wry version of a 17th-century metaphysician's workspace for an exhibition at Pierre des Antiquaires in New York. The panoply of references to everything from theology to biotechnology includes a 17th-century alchemical flail, a Viennese Sezession pedestal, and a computer. *Opposite:* Currie at home. Details see Resources.



IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW ROBERT CURRIE—SAY, YOU'D JUST MET him at a dinner party—you'd expect his rooms to be stuffed with a million pillows, that everything would be lush, lush, lush," confesses Katell le Bourhis, associate curator for special projects of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute. "He'll talk of his love for luxurious materials," says the leopard-clad Parisian. "But he also has another side, a severe side that controls those emotional impulses. One minute he's touching the drapes, throwing down swags of fabric, the next minute he's cutting short all the indulgences and working them into something extremely conceptual. He is not a man of froufrou."

Some say he's a Surrealist, others a Zeitgeist visionary, still others see the West Coast in his work—even though Currie has been firmly planted in New York for the past twenty years. Try to pin the New Jersey–born former seminarian's style to a period, place, or school, and it tends to wriggle away like a wayward spirit. "I always think of his taste as forward-thinking, right out on the edge," says Mark Hampton. "I love his capacity for whimsy. It's like a sense of humor or being able to sing on key. You either have it or you don't."

Currie takes his whimsy seriously but refuses to be ruled by it. "I come to conclusions about how a room should look based on gut reaction," he says, seated behind a glass-topped desk in his small but airy Chelsea office. Dressed in a yellow sweater and olive corduroys, Currie projects the gentle warmth of Dr. [illegible]ut clues to a more cerebral, perhaps slightly sinister [illegible]de lurk here and there: a large bronze ficus tree tied [illegible]se fortunes holds court in one corner next to a [illegible] black and white cowhide. Two cactus [illegible]lled dollar bills, a gift from Richard Avedon on Currie's dreaded fortieth birthday, adorn his desktop. "There is a liquid quality to my work," he says. "It's soothing, clearly dramatic, not real but very real. I play by no rules."

It is precisely this maxim that sent Currie's career into orbit almost twenty years ago. After a two-year trial period at a Jesuit seminary, Currie completed his education at LeMoyne College in Syracuse, New York. ("I was raised in a good Catholic family. I wanted to do something for the world, but I realized that the priesthood wasn't the only way.") He then joined forces with an old friend, furniture designer and decorator Stanley Jay Friedman, which led to a collaboration with the then-unknown designer Norma Kamali and his first public act of blasphemy.

"When I opened my shop on Madison," Kamali recalls, "we were on the second floor, so it was an effort to get people to look up. Bob literally re-created a Con Edison street scene for a display of working clothes." How literally? Suffice it to say that one minute a blinking sawhorse stood over a pothole on Madison Avenue and the next minute it was blinking in the Kamali window. "It caused a sensation," says Kamali. "I mean, who would do that—it was outrageous. Bob has a wild sense of humor. You can see it in a lot of things he does, but he knows when to keep the lid on and when to let it go."

Currie applied his sleight of hand to the walls, floors, and mannequin placement of the Metropolitan Museum's recent exhibition "The Age of Napoleon." One of his set designs, *above*, incorporates trompe l'oeil wallpaper from Zuber. *Opposite:* For New Yorkers Alix Alexander and William Blumenthal, Currie brought a 1970s minimalist dining room down to human scale by introducing a 17th-century Flemish tapestry from Doris Leslie Blau, NYC, a pair of Italian marble columns from Didier Aaron, NYC, and a Jacobean table.


FABULOUS FAKES



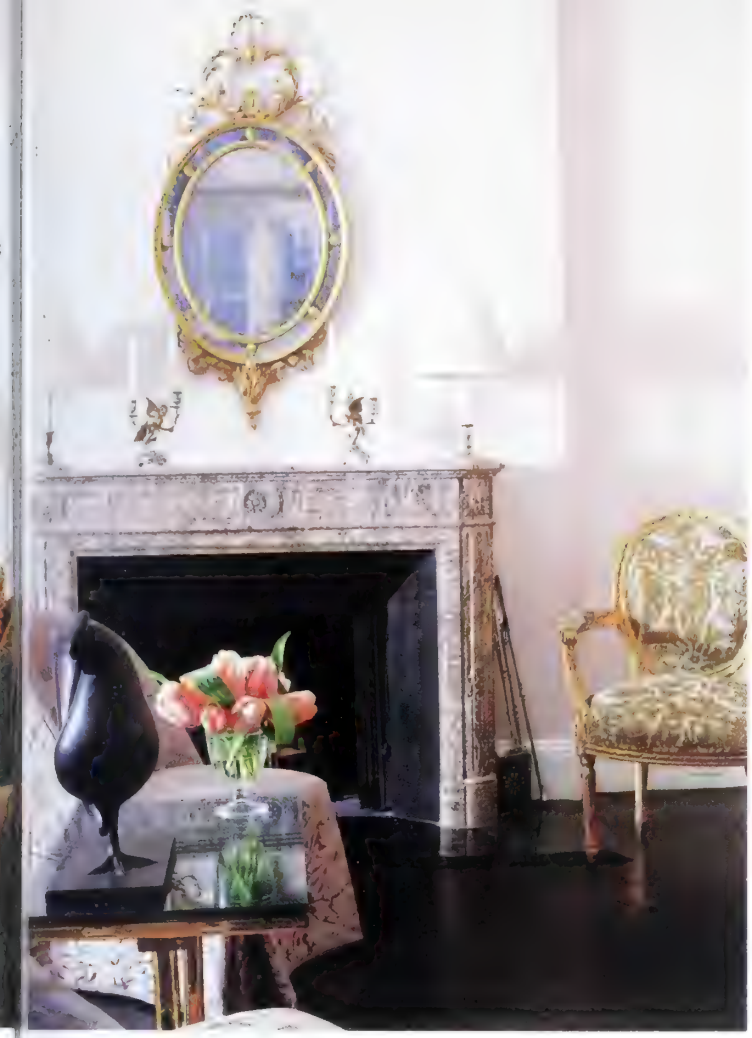
"There is a liquid quality to my work," says Currie. "It's soothin

As it happened, Currie's window for Kamali netted him an assignment that let him send the lid in question flying. His nightmarish visions for Henri Bendel's West 57th Street windows in the late 1970s and early 1980s displayed scenes from mannequin hell: disheveled women in laundromats, a woman clad in Jean Muir seated determinedly in a puddle, another distressed damsel in Mary McFadden clutching a bottle of green poison. "Some were great, some were awful, some OK," says Currie. "It was an evolution of my personality."

And, it is clear today, those windows brought him to the attention of a flock of potential clients, many of whom were intrigued by his unschooled, instinctive approach. Following a stint in Japan creating the interior of a department store for fashion designer Hanae Mori, Currie was ready to make a professional [illegible] "If I could do it in a window, I could do it in a room," he reasoned. Now armed with an enviable client list, which includes Paul Simon and handbag designer Carlos Falchi, and a healthy side career in advertising (Currie collaborated with Avedon on the design of the sets for Calvin Klein's Obsession commercials, and the two have worked in the past on Christian Dior and Gianni Versace campaigns), Currie is able to pick and choose who he wants to work with. Most of those selected stay with Currie for the long haul.

"A room can't be done in six months, and it can't be done in six years," he says. Two of his clients, jewelry designer Alix Alexander and financier William Blumenthal, have been working with Currie for five years now. Their New York apartment, originally designed by minimalist Ward Bennett, posed a particularly post-Postmodernist challenge. "You could have been in a clean crisp gallery," Currie recalls. "It needed to be pulled down to human scale." In the dining room Currie covered a modern table with a rich seventeenth-century Flemish tapestry and hung a heavy Victorian mirror on the wall to give the illusion of depth. ("You'll find mirrors in all sorts of odd places in my rooms," he says. "I use them solely for creating balance in the scale of the room—not for vanity.") To further ground *(Text continued on page 220)*

In his own Greenwich Village apartment, *above*, Currie exposed a structural iron beam and [illegible] such disparate elements as a sofa in a Clarence House bouclé, a Jean-Michel Frank lacquer coffee table, a table made of railroad ties, a set of gilded side chairs—two Italian Neoclassic and two Louis XVI—and a vast Rand McNally globe. The carpeting is from Stark.





Silk-screened muslin encircles a Jacob Frères chaise longue, *above*, at "The Age of Napoleon" exhibition. *Below:* Currie collaborated with Richard Avedon on the surreal sets for Calvin Klein's Obsession ads.



COURTESY CRK ADVERTISING

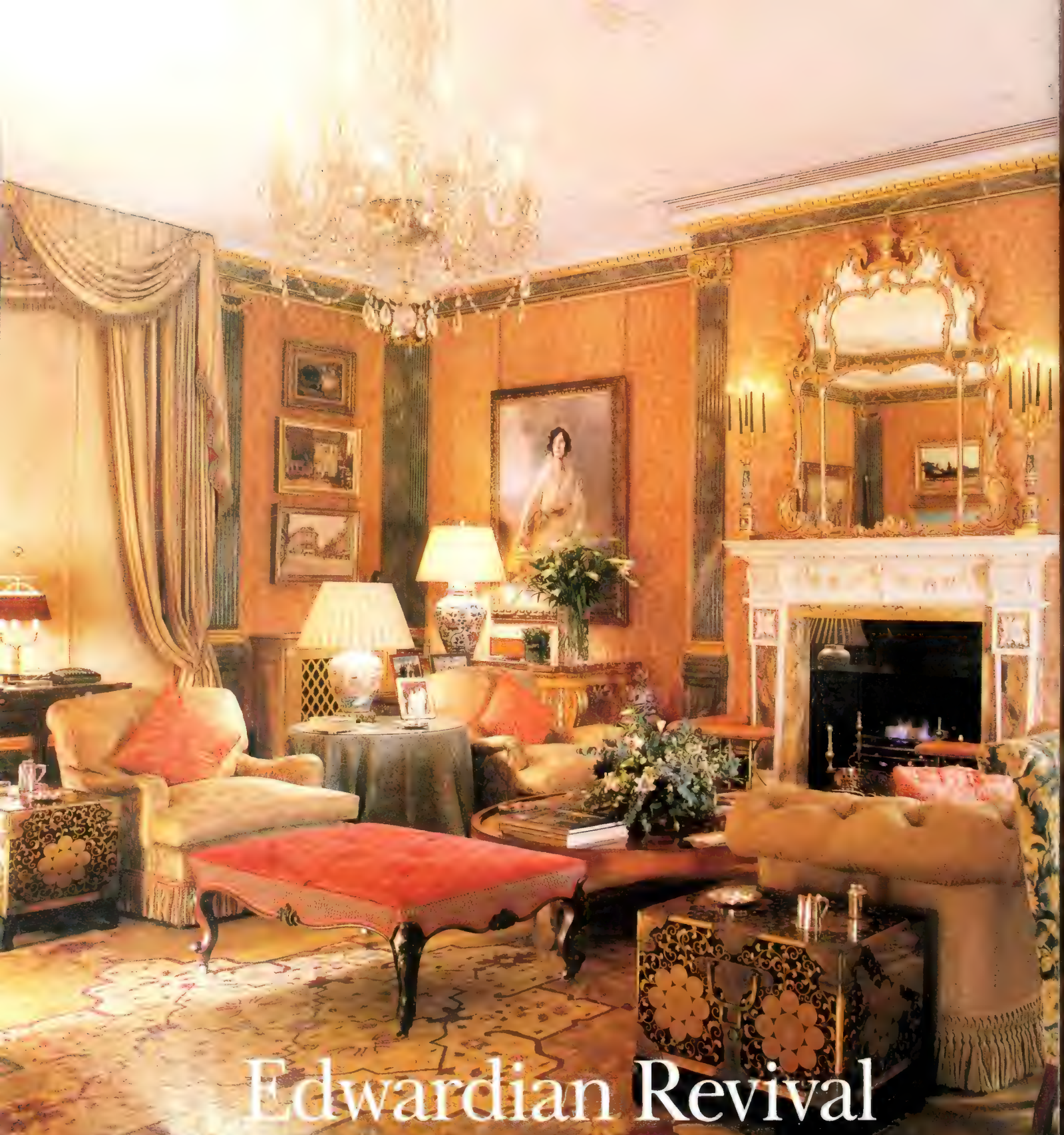
arly dramatic, not real but very real. I play by no rules"



BRIAN VANDEN BRINK



A remnant from Marlene Dietrich's 1930s curtains upholsters a chair next to a Louis XVI mantel, *top*. *Above:* In a Connecticut house, Currie stripped the front entrance bare leaving only Eliel Saarinen chairs from ICF, a Florentine oil jar, and, above the fireplace, the slatted peak of an 18th-century barn gable. *Right:* For a city apartment, Currie seulpted curtains to resemble a Dior gown.



Edwardian Revival

Decorator Lady Victoria Waymouth recalls the gilded age in John Singer Sargent's London house

By Patrick Kinmonth Photographs by James Mortimer

ondon decorator Lady
ictoria Waymouth, *right*,
ansformed John Singer
rgent's fin de siècle studio
to an elegant drawing
om, *below*, lined with a
llection of late 19th and
rly 20th century paintings
at harmonize with the
rm tones of a 19th-
ntury Agra carpet,
bácco-colored Percheron
lvet on the walls, and
rniture upholstered in pale
een and rose fabrics.
tails see Resources.





AT THE END OF THE LAST CENTURY FASHIONABLE LONdon was in the grip of the Aesthetic movement. On Tite Street in Chelsea, Oscar Wilde, an orchid brought into bloom by his mother's overheated tastes, was spreading the gospel of interior design with missionary zeal; James Whistler, when not sparring with Wilde and John Ruskin, was painting the River Thames like Venice lost in London fog; and John Singer Sargent, the most celebrated portrait painter of the age, was transforming society beauties into cascades of flattering white, mauve, and pink brushstrokes.

Sargent's house was something of a shrine during the time that he lived there. Max Beerbohm once drew a cartoon showing a queue of jewel-bedecked duchesses outside the place with a bearded Sargent peering out through one of its front windows. The actress Ellen Terry, perhaps the most lovely and magnetic woman of her time, was Sargent's model when the Wildes lived on Tite Street. "The Street that on a wet and dreary morning has vouchsafed the vision of Lady Macbeth in full regalia magnificently seated in a four-wheeler can never again be as other streets," crooned Wilde. "It must always be full of wonderful possibilities." These would include both splendors and miseries. Ellen Terry had an affair and two children with E. W. Godwin, the designer of Wilde's interior, Whistler's house, and some of the street's most spectacular studios (Sargent's studio was built by R. W. Edis in 1880). Whistler went bankrupt and fled London. But at Sargent's house success flowed uninterrupted—the painter was known to keep in his front hall a basket of money to which guests could help themselves.

Modern amenities are buried in an atmosphere that already seems mellowed by time



When the curtain fell on the flamboyant characters who shaped the neighborhood, Sargent's house retired a little from the limelight. It revived itself occasionally, as for a ball at which a young and beautiful Princess Margaret danced in the studio. But by the time its present owner, an international financier, bought it as his London residence, the studio rug was "so worn everyone in stiletto heels went flying," according to Lady Victoria Waymouth, who with her partner, Anthony Hards, has reimagined and reshaped the town house to create a dwelling worthy of its history.

Ever high on style, the house was also low on space. The studio ate up a great deal of it, and what was left was fine for an artistic ménage but impossible for visiting children and friends. Over a couple of years, the house was transformed into a six-bedroom family residence: climate-control air con-

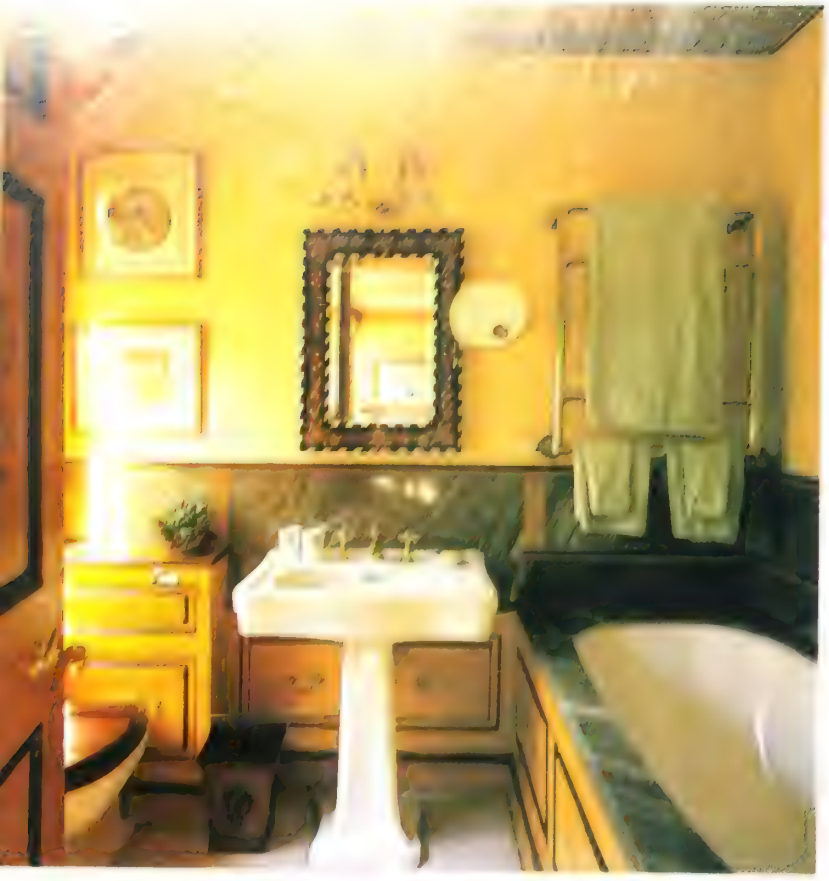
In the front hall, *above left*, trompe l'oeil artist and celebrated furniture designer André Dubreuil created the illusion of a stately stonework façade. A pair of terra-cotta lions guard the stairs, which are covered with a custom-made Braquenié carpet. Light streams in through a porthole-shaped window that faces a blind mate added for symmetry. *Left:* Cramped for space to accommodate the entertaining needs of her client, Lady Victoria designed a subterranean addition to the house which includes a silk damask lined dining room. The table is set with Imari Worcester plates discovered at Christie's.







John Singer Sargent's Chelsea studio, c. 1920, *top*. *Above:* Sargent's 1899 portrait of the Wyndham sisters was painted during the height of his popularity. *Left:* The boiseries Sargent imported from France for his studio have been newly marbleized.





The guest bedroom, left, is papered with pale woodgrain and mirrored panels designed by Neoclassicist Emile Jacob. Above, the bathroom was converted into a stately affair with cast-iron tub and marble. *Opposite:* In the [illegible] bedroom, chairs are upholstered in [illegible] from Brunschwig, and the pelmets [illegible] Rose Bergamo fabrics.

the sitting hall installed, the basement was excavated to make room for a kitchen and dining room and recently rooms over the stables were converted into three spacious bedrooms. But Lady Victoria, daughter of the earl of Hardwicke, has both a sure feeling for the past and the finesse required to hide all the paraphernalia of modern life in a subtly relaxed atmosphere that almost seems unaffected by the passage of time.

The paints throughout are distinctly fin de siecle. Staircase walls change tone from floor to floor, from deep terra-cotta in the remodeled basement to a sunny butter at the top of the house, where all woodwork is painted light wood. Dominant colors in a substantial collection of turn-of-the-century paintings—ectoplasmic mauve whites in Philip de Laszlo portraits, hummus grays and blues in Paul Fischer moss scenes, rich malt greens and reds in the flanks of fine horses, cranberry lips in a David Jagger portrait, the unexpected green stripe in a Lavery knight—are all echoed in a carpet of seventeen wools that sweeps through the house from the entry hall (which, with trompe l'oeil stonework by Andre Dubreuil and guardian lions flanking not a money basket but a handsome lantern, suggests a grand French carriage entrance) on up to the eyes and studio.

Henry James, who sat for Sargent in 1913 and praised his "beautiful high cool studio, opening upon a balcony that overhung a charming Chelsea green garden, adding a charm to everything," would have found its charm considerably enhanced by Lady Victoria. To accommodate the three new bedrooms above, the ceiling has been lowered to the height of the pilasters, and overdoors that the portraitist removed from a French château. Boiseries have been marbled and gilded to more than their former glory in a deep rich green, and a wonderful gaudy velvet of the softest champagne hue clothes the walls. Stray pieces were tracked down: consoles by William Kent, a magnificent inlaid marble mantelpiece, and finally, after a three-year hunt, a vast Agra carpet in mossy greens, Indian reds, and honey beiges to replace the threadbare rug and hold the whole room together. Sash windows overlook a garden design by Cindy Simon, whose flowers fill the residence.

From a canopied bed in the master bedroom, another view of the garden is framed by draped and swagged blue velvet pelmets and curtains. Bathrooms are stenciled and painted and inlaid with marble. The dining room is lined in silk damask. Other rooms are covered in Parisian silks, velvets, and brocades. Throughout the house cornices and skirtings have been detailed with ebony and mahogany graining, door furniture has been specially made, windows have been hung with flounced velvets and cord-tasseled rope.

In the end this house is a refuge, a comfort, a hideaway. Lady Victoria and Anthony Hards have moved on to put the finishing touches on the same client's house in Los Angeles, where they have opened a branch office. Whatever Angelenos are calling for at the moment, the hideaway on Tite Street may be just the thing for our own fin de siecle. ▲

Editor: Judy Brittain



When I was young, I lived in a suburb of London. Nobody there imagined that sex was here to stay. We all thought that if no one talked about it, it would go away. In those days it was marriage that we thought would be with us forever. On both counts we were wrong. The universally accepted symbol of the institution of wedlock was the double bed, which was considered to be the arena of solemn, even sacred, but not necessarily very interesting activity. This imposing piece of furniture was the focal point of the "master bedroom"—a space that lay at the heart of what, in one of his most depressing short stories, Chekhov called a woman's kingdom.

In that far-off time houses were designed and built by men—with sinks too low, sculleries too dark, halls and stairways too cold—and endured for 24 hours a day by women. Nevertheless, only two small portions of the average middle-class house were specifically created for men, the dressing room and the study. The first of these two areas was, as a rule, painfully small like a prison cell to which the husband was condemned whenever the wife [illegible] or in a rage. The second masculine space was often called the den, presumably to conform with Elinor G[illegible]'s notion that men are beasts. The rest of the house was decorated and furnished en-



KOBAL COLLECTION

Sex and



It Happened One Night, 1934

The Single Bed

By Quentin Crisp

tirely in accordance with the wife's ideas of good taste, and nowhere was her influence more conspicuous than in the bedroom. There the decor was pale in color and, in detail, fussy to the point of insanity. The concept of the bedroom as a woman's domain was especially appealing to dramatists of that era. It was the basis of all those exciting scenes in which the husband broke down the bedroom door. Nowadays it might be the wife who breaks down the door, but that isn't quite the same somehow. The insistence upon equal rights is not as arousing as the lust for conjugal tyranny.

For many long dark years no alteration overtook this domestic arrangement except that the level of the double bed sank. From being an aerie onto which the prospective occupant was compelled to climb, it became a surface onto which she sank—gracefully if possible. This change was part of a perpetual effort on the part of the English middle class to attain, if not wealth, at least its paraphernalia. In the houses of the modern rich, all horizontal surfaces are low. I have only ever been welcomed into the house of one self-confessed millionairess, and when I entered her apartment in London, I was made instantly aware of her fiscal greatness. Not one of her innumerable glass-topped tables was more than knee-high.

THE SHIFT TO TWIN BEDS REFLECTED A CHANGE IN THE WESTERN MIND FROM ROMANCE TO REALISM

Apart from this minor modification, nothing in the bedroom has changed. The English are an island people and have not been forced to accommodate outside influences since that unpleasantness with the Normans in 1066—a bad year by all accounts. The First World War challenged their insularity. Then, as America had in fact saved their lives, the British began grudgingly to acknowledge the existence of the United States and even to adopt some of its customs. Across the Atlantic Ocean it had long been known that marriage is for a little while and it is alimony that is forever. The visible sign of this doubt about the permanence of matrimony was the renewed interest in twin beds. Continuous proximity was at last admitted to have been a mistake. Enlightenment came most conspicuously to the middle class. The working class has seldom acknowledged change of any kind and could not afford the cost of needless refurnishing. The aristocracy also remained indifferent. The rich on the other hand have always been able to indulge in separate beds—not to mention separate rooms. With any luck they meet only occasionally, when they pass one another in long dim corridors.

There have also always been a few free spirits of no particular class or level of income who have found their own way of

hen she married, [illegible] and she [illegible] bedroom abandon his. They maintained separate but equal houses for their entire lives. These two residences were not referred to as their houses: they remained forever, like towels on a bathroom rail, His and Hers. This arrangement ensured that both partners always knew they were guests in the home of the other and, presumably, were therefore on their best behavior. No wonder she could write about romance!

The shift from the double bed to twin beds reflected a subtle change in the Western mind from conservatism to liberalism, from smugness to doubt, from romance to realism. Since it is life that imitates art rather than the reverse, the rearrangement of the bedroom furniture may have been the result of the influence of the movies. After the burlesque reign of Mae West, what came to be known as the Hays Office was set up in 1922 in a hasty effort to return a Lillian Gish–style morality to the film industry, thereby shutting the stable door when the mare had bolted. Eventually no two players of the opposite sex could be seen in the same bed. Even in scenes depicting rape—always a reliable interest booster in costume dramas—the perpetrator felt compelled to keep one foot on the floor during the entire escapade. Husbands and wives were also expected to live within Mr. Hays's boundaries. Mr. and Mrs. Miniver, those icons of middle-class stability, occupied twin beds. As far as I can remember, this Hollywood phobia prevailed until the showing of the British picture *Give Us This Day* in which a Mr. Wanamaker and a Miss Padovani shared a matrimonial couch. But this instance may not count: the dreary tale was about impoverished Italian immigrants who may not have been expected to know any better than to love, honor, and endure.

Twin beds did not solve all the snags of matrimony. A spouse who snores or smokes in bed or insists on reading 500-page novels until far into the night—and even laughs aloud as he or she turns the [illegible] created a problem, but at least the need for one partner constantly to accommodate the erratic twitching of the other was eliminated. This was probably more of a relief to wives than to husbands; men are said to suffer involuntary muscular spasms [illegible] and, of course, they tend to sleep more largely, more loudly, and more boisterously than women. Broad distinctions between the tastes and habits of the sexes, however, only became conspicuous when women made continuous efforts to be ladies. Now that they have decided to become people, these differences have all but disappeared.

CONTINUOUS PROXIMITY WAS AT LAST ADMITTED TO HAVE BEEN A MISTAKE. EVEN MR. AND MRS. MINIVER, THOSE ICONS OF MIDDLE-CLASS STABILITY, HAD TWIN BEDS

Though shaken, with the help of twin beds, the institution of marriage persisted for many years. Then came what writers have chosen to call the sexual revolution. This phenomenon was the result of the fact that a great deal of money passed into the hands of the young, and with money came power. The young have always longed for more sexual freedom than their parents thought was good for them and have usually cared less about worldly success than their elders. They have wanted to get off rather than to get on, and in the early 1960s they were at last able to realize their dream.

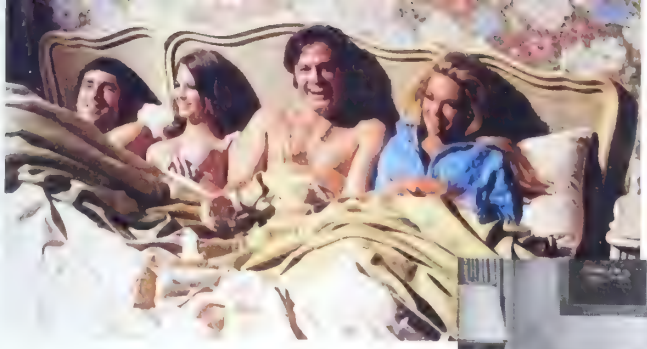


Working Girl, 1988

Sex was invented by the Beatles and was propagated by Madison Avenue. By every means that it could imagine, the advertising industry spread the idea, against all evidence to the contrary, that sex leads to happiness and that it could be attained by driving the right car, drinking the right wine, wearing the right clothes, and drenching one's body in the right perfume. Sex began to invade our streets, our homes, and, if television is to be believed, the business premises of Californian lawyers. It smeared our movie screens and even started to ooze out of our telephones. This depraved new world spun out of control for many years and is only now beginning to cool.

Inevitably twin beds, with their implication of an occasional rest from the rigors of debauchery, became unacceptable. The double bed—queen-size, king-size, California king-size, larger, lower, ever more voluptuous—returned. However, the age-old problem of togetherness did not. For a while the bedroom became the playground of almost total strangers—a setting for the briefest of encounters.

That brand of morality—or lack of morality—naturally demanded a new kind of bedroom decor. The revolting daintiness, the excruciating femininity, had to go. To fulfill their function during those years, bedrooms had to look like Grand Central Terminal. It was at about that time that I abandoned all efforts to keep pace with the vicissitudes of human relationships, but I am told that recently things have changed yet again, that notions of restraint and even fidelity have once more reared their old-fashioned heads. How long the current state of affairs will linger I cannot predict, but, at least for now, the twin bed is on its way back.



Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice, 1969

All About Eve, 1950



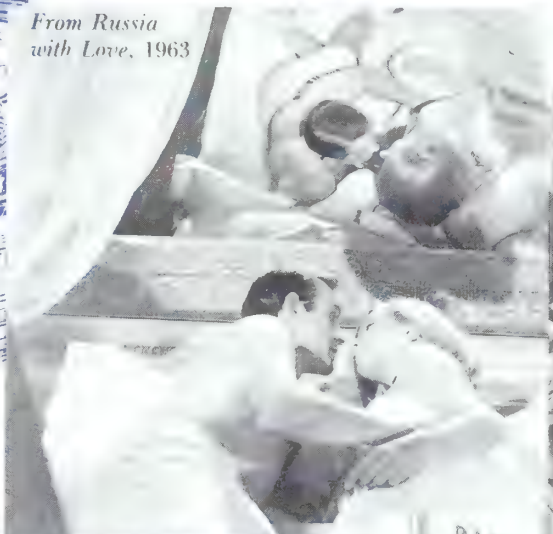


Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, 1958

Antony and Cleopatra



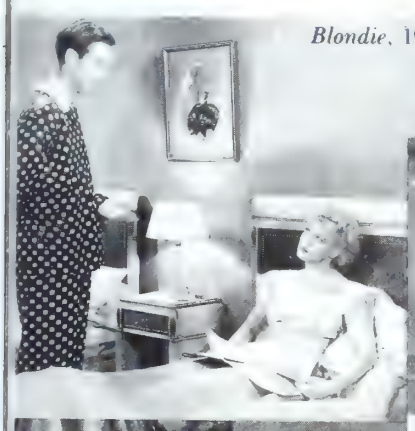
From Russia with Love, 1963



Adam's Rib, 1949



Blondie, 1938



I Love Lucy, 1955

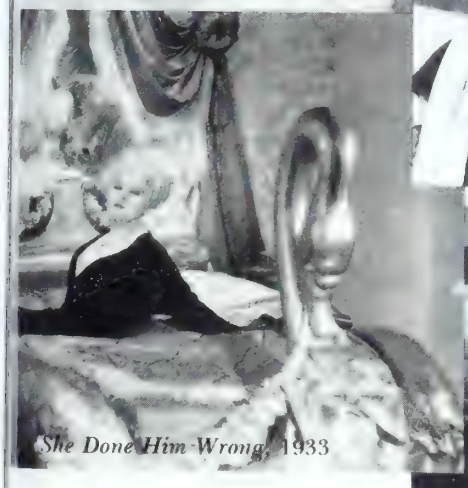




John Lennon and Yoko Ono's bed-in, 1969

Gone with the Wind, 1939

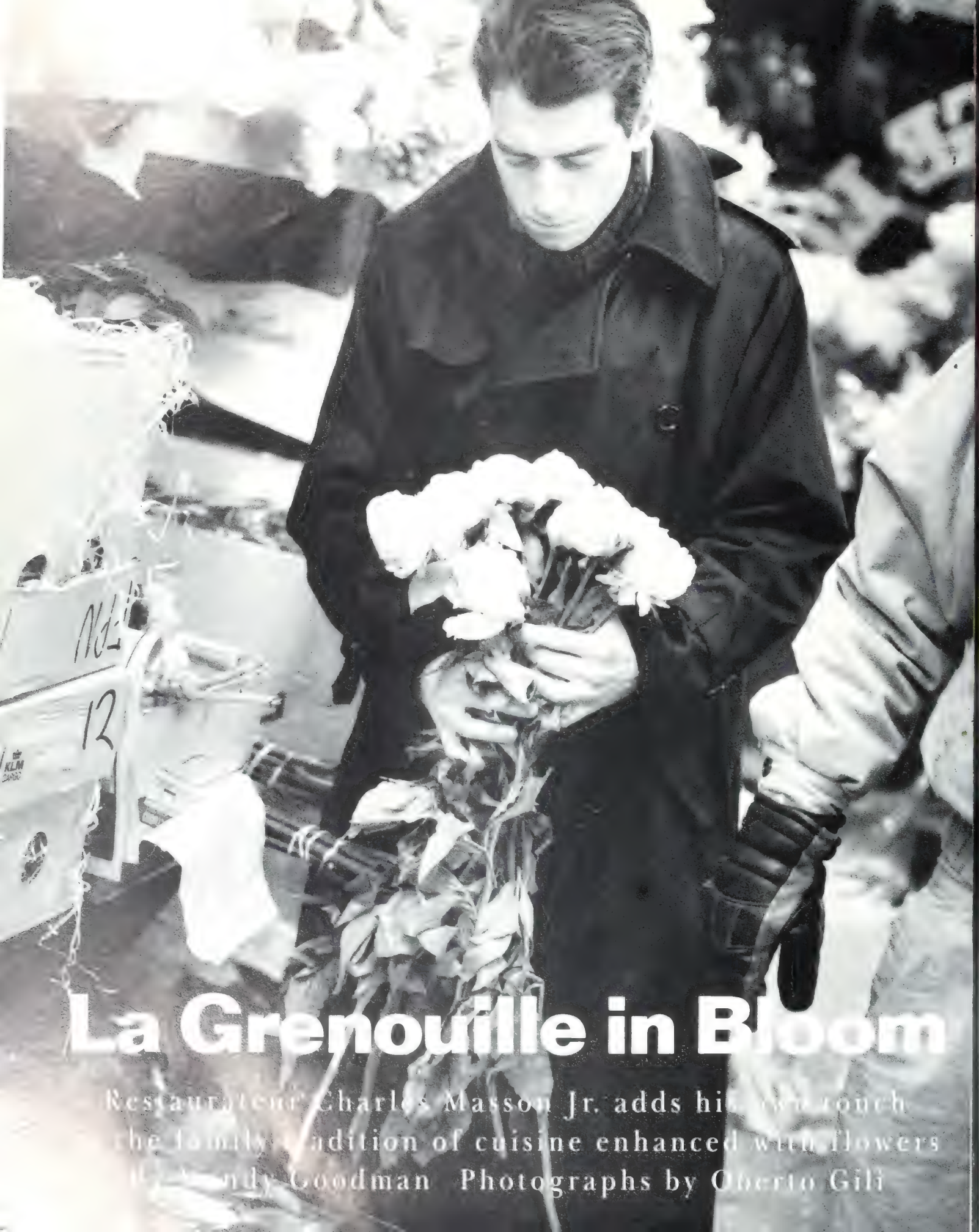




She Done Him Wrong, 1933



The Thin Man, 1934



La Grenouille in Bloom

Restaurateur Charles Masson Jr. adds his own touch to the family tradition of cuisine enhanced with flowers

By Sandy Goodman Photographs by Oberto Gili



Early Monday morning at Fischer & Page in the flower district, Masson, *left*, inspects a bunch of peonies. *Below:* bouquets of red roses and white narcissus, lily of the valley, blue Queen Anne's lace, and anemones—among some 3,000 blossoms that fill the restaurant every week.



steel and glass buildings of midtown Manhattan, is based on many things. But the first spell is cast by the restaurant's magic garden of towering flower arrangements. "Just sitting under those bouquets is to be totally revitalized," says designer Manolo Blahnik. "It is the only refuge left in the modern world."

La Grenouille's lush trademark is the child of necessity. Shortly after opening the restaurant in 1962, Charles Masson Sr. and his wife, Gisèle, were having lunch and decided that the sunlight drenching their table needed to be diffused. That afternoon Masson ran around the corner and bought the biggest Baccarat vase he could find. The same extravagance characterizes the bouquets that have filled La Grenouille ever since. "Masson, you throw money out the window, but it comes back to you through the door" was Salvador Dali's assessment of the lavish arrangements' allure.

"At the time a lot of people simply did not understand this exuberance of flowers," says Charles Masson Jr., who along with his mother has run the restaurant since his father's death in 1975. "There were no celebrity florists. Floral arrangements in restaurants were pretty much confined to the silver bud vase with a single rose. But there were the ones who understood, like Dali. He would come and sit at the table, rub his head against the flowers, sip his wine, and dream."

Today it is Masson Jr. who begins every Monday morning with a trek through the flower district, combing Sixth Avenue for the most beautiful blossoms in the city. By daybreak Masson has already selected most of the 3,000 flowers that will fill the restaurant that week. By seven thirty he is supervising their unpacking at the restaurant, whose pristine interior is quickly transformed into a forest floor, ankle deep in [illegible]s, and scented buds, and then an intriguing [illegible] as Masson brings out boxes filled with the [illegible] he uses to condition the flowers.

[illegible]ng is the key to the success of any floral ar[illegible]s." There [illegible] than that—obviously [illegible] flowers, artistry—but the most important th[illegible] remember is that a cut flower is in limbo from the time [illegible] been growing in the earth to its life in the vase." Each and [illegible] stem sits happily drinking its own desired brew for three or four hours before it joins a bouquet. Roses, Masson has learned through years of experimentation, take a particular solution of rock crystal salt and hot water; amaryllis prefer some ammonia in their water; carnations often want to stand up to their necks in cold water.

After conditioning, Masson begins to arrange the first of the ten grand bouquets that go in the bar area and on the banquettes. He starts by placing large branches like quince or dogwood, depending on what's in season, in a crisscross pattern to create a strong anchor. Then he builds the arrangement with foliage such as eucalyptus or woodwardia, leaving gaps for the delicate flowers. His choices are spontaneous, like the decisions of an artist applying paint to a canvas—white lilies for volume, spider lilies for texture, red peppers for a shot of color. "Flowers change people's moods," Masson says. "They are a celebration of life. The bouquet should look like it has arranged itself—it should never look forced."

Thirty-two smaller bouquets for the tables are prepared Tuesday mornings. These are redone every day, while the large bouquets are refreshed with clean water and new flowers. No parts are sacrificed in this floral theater. Petals left over from the arrangements are put into an elegant ice casing specially created ten years ago by Masson and the pastry chef, Jean Yves, for the sorbet container.

On the threshold of his life at La Grenouille, uncertain about just how to proceed with the endeavor of running the restaurant, Charles Masson Jr. was offered some simple advice by Charles Masson Sr.: "Just turn on the lights. Go in every morning and see what has to be done. You will know what to do." That is how Masson begins every day at La Grenouille, and it is how he has created both a tribute to the oasis his parents conceived and his own signature beauty and warmth. ♠



La Grenouille owner Gisèle Masson, *above*, with Spottie. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Masson adding lilies and peppers to quince and eucalyptus for one of the banquette bouquets; nerine, roses, anemones, ranunculus, and French tulips; a completed banquette display and smaller table bouquets; arrangements taking shape after conditioning. *Left:* Sorbet is contained in an elegant ice mold with flower petals.





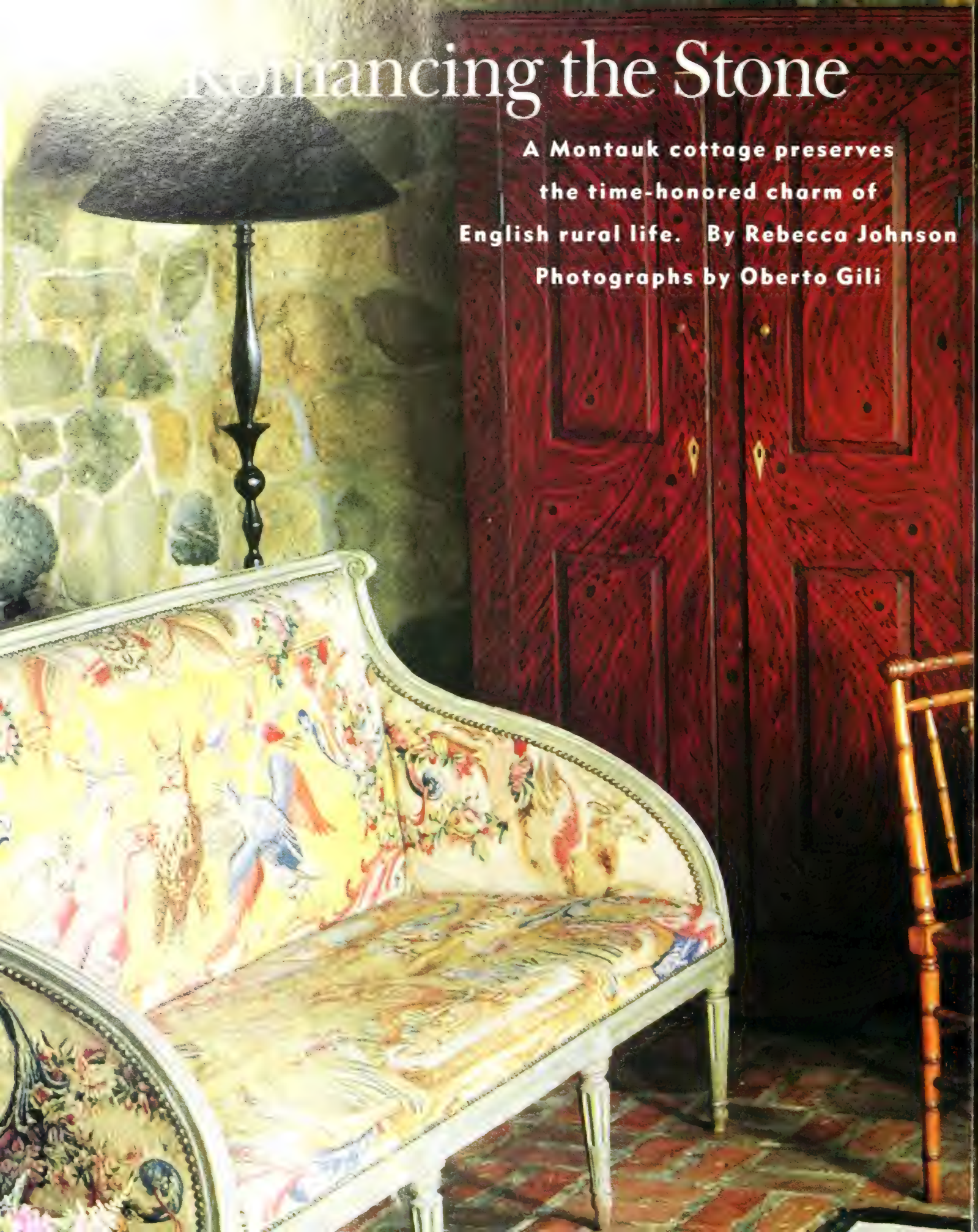




Romancing the Stone

A Montauk cottage preserves the time-honored charm of English rural life. By Rebecca Johnson

Photographs by Oberto Gili





9th-century cottage, once
station for lighthouse
es, has been masterly
ed and rejuvenated by its
, Tony Ingrao. In the
ast room a Louis XVI
mingles harmoniously
Diego Giacometti bronze
s, 1850 Maine
and an English rustic table.



The [illegible] recorded tenant was a poet from Southampton who us





cottage for romantic trysts

TONY INGRAO FELL IN LOVE WITH HIS HOUSE THROUGH A black and white photograph not much bigger than a postage stamp. He was in Southampton when he saw the humble ad for a stone cottage on the ocean and was immediately seized by a desire to own it. Five hours later he did.

"The ad said East Hampton, but I knew everything in East Hampton and I'd never seen this house," he remembers. Then a friend casually remarked that it looked a lot like the house next to Richard Avedon's by the Montauk lighthouse. With those directions in his head Ingrao got in his green Jaguar and drove east. It was a foggy night, but several dead ends later he stumbled upon the English country cottage magnificently rising out of a tangled copse of cranberry bushes on a cliff seventy feet over the Atlantic Ocean.

"I couldn't see more than five feet in front of me and I was too frightened to disturb the people inside, but all I really needed to see were the wooden gutters. That's when I knew I had to have it." A 32-year-old antiques dealer and decorator who specializes in historic renovation, Ingrao recognized the vintage trim as a precious detail no amount of artful antiquing could create. But besides the architectural details there was something else that drew him to the cottage, something that is harder to put into words. "It's just a powerful place," he says trying to describe it.

Ingrao may not have been familiar with the house initially, but virtually everyone in Montauk could have pointed him to it. It's been there so long nobody can even remember when it was first built, though the oldest foundations date back to the mid nineteenth century. Locals call it Stone House and still remember when a rudimentary shack stood on the site as a delivery station for lighthouse supplies. "The people of Montauk think of this place as their own—it's part of their his-

When the wind comes whipping off the Atlantic the generous stone fireplace heats the living room, *left*, and the balls on the 18th-century English andirons serve as handwarmers. Surrounding the hearth are a pair of Ethiopian chairs, a Black Forest perch carved from a tree trunk, and a suede armchair of Ingrao's own design. The sailboat painting is one of his thrift shop finds. *Above:* Ingrao and his fiancée, Diane Eckstein, lounge cliffside. Details see Resources.



tory. Ingrao—famous Drama Ed at 40, an elegant blonde originally from Cuba—La Mar be they all know it because it's the only structure you can see from the ocean at Montauk Point except for the lighthouse. Sheer reference of course to the famous Montauk lighthouse, which marks the easternmost point of New York State and lights up the cottage's underside on stormy nights.

Ingrao and Ed at 40 are certainly unlikely to rich in a different kind of history. The first recorded tenant, Poema Hoyt Hoppin, was a poet from Southampton who in 1901 hired a Stanford White associate to transform the one-room structure into a two-story Cotswold-style cottage that he used for romantic trysts. Hoppin's friendly ghost is said to inhabit the premises, making strange banging noises and even stranger appearances, a ball of mist bouncing over the lawn. Over the years others have taken advantage of the romantic possibilities of such a situation. In 1920 John Lennon is said to have escaped to the house with his lover, Mae Pang. Lennon later tried unsuccessfully to buy it. Even the rocks on the beach are famous for their heart-shaped, 8-million-year-old holes created by the way the waves break in the cove.

Perhaps these lovers have also been attracted by the interior charms of the tenants for the house literally perches on the edge of the world. At its lowest point it is a mere ten feet from the precipice, creating an effect both exhilarating and terrifying—not unlike love itself. Years of erosion, however, had brought the house closer and closer to the sea, and many would-be buyers were frightened by the prospect of watching (or worse, not accompanying) the structure as it tumbled into the ocean. It didn't bother Ingrao. He solved the problem by reducing in size 500,000 pounds of New England granite to build a retaining wall. "Anything you want to do can be done," he says in the unflappable manner of a man used to doing what he wants. But then this is the man who was once passing through a rural Ohio town when he saw a five-hundred-pound glazed terra-cotta eagle he absolutely had to have. That it was on top of the town's general store and not for sale were small problems. Today it perches in his living room and the folk in Ohio probably still talk about the crazy New Yorker who paid $5,000 for a decrepit bird.

Through the years many tenants of Stone House have left their mark on its interior—marks that the current Ingraos lovingly getting rid of—to try to banish all hints of modernity. The one terrible he says pointing to a pair of sliding glass doors that previous tenants installed. I'm replacing them with nineteenth-century leaded panes. (Text continued on page 212)



Dramatically perched on a cliff seventy feet over the ocean, the cottage, *above*, looks out to a beach famous for its heart-shaped rocks. One of a kind, decorate the 19th-century English [illegible] in the living room, *right*. The sofa, designed by the current owner, is covered in a Clarence House fabric. Stands next to a 19th-century Dutch linen press. *Opposite*: On the local [illegible] Victorian Chinese globe that once topped a 19th-century [illegible] is positioned so that sun and moon beams [illegible] from the window behind





The Well-Furnished

Frank Gehry designs a bold setting for an innovative furniture collection

By Martin Filler

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEIDI VON SCHAEWEN



ARCHITECTURE SOMETIMES RESPONDS to the climate of a place in ways that go well beyond the weather. In the quiet corner of Europe where Germany, Switzerland, and France meet, a kind of architectural microenvironment exists in which some very unusual modern buildings have grown, like strange flowers in a rarefied atmosphere. In the 1920s in the Swiss village of Dornach near Basel the Croatian mystic and amateur architect Rudolf Steiner built his second Goetheanum, the cult center of his new "spiritual science," anthroposophy. Steiner's quirkily sculpted structure was one of the last gasps of Expressionism, a short-lived movement that sought to bring spiritual values back to art and architecture. More successful in doing that, in many critics' opinion, is Le Corbusier's famous pilgrimage chapel at Ronchamp, France, not far from the Swiss border. Notre-Dame-du-Haut—as the church is formally called—is one of the most memorable sanctuaries of all time, and ever since it was consecrated in 1955 it has attracted faithful followers of both religion and architecture.

That tri-national region now has yet another distinctive landmark that is destined to become a shrine of another sort: the Vitra Design Museum in Weil am Rhein, West Germany. Its architect, Frank Gehry, does not often cite the influence of history in his startlingly original schémes. Yet at the recent opening of this small but immensely powerful building he spoke of the Goetheanum and the Ronchamp chapel as being very much on his mind while he conceived his contribution to the idiosyncratic local tradition in modern architecture. Set in a rural landscape on the edge of a small town a short drive across the border from Basel, this dynamic grouping of faceted, fragmented forms reminiscent of German Expressionist architecture was commissioned by Vitra International, a high-style office furniture manufacturer. Rolf Fehlbaum, head of that ambitious firm, has assembled an excellent historical collection of innovative nineteenth- and twentieth-century mass-produced furniture, with Vitra's own products as those works' implicit successors. Not the least of the museum's coups is to have bought the best examples from the es-

Museum

Rolf Fehlbaum, *below*, president of Vitra International, has collected a comprehensive survey of innovative furniture. *Right:* In the spectacular upper gallery, pieces by Verner Panton, Le Corbusier, and Charles Eames. *Below center:* Chairs on pedestals in the changing exhibition gallery. *Bottom left:* The museum's central space soars to a height of almost fifty feet. *Preceding pages:* The museum at night and architect Frank Gehry seated in a cardboard chair of his own design.









Stacked in rows, *above*, a summary of the collection's 800 chairs. *Below:* A skylight illuminates chairs by Gerrit Thomas Rietveld, Josef Hoffmann, and Michael Thonet. *Right:* Experimental molded plywood Eames furniture parts and leg splint, suspended from a gallery ceiling like mobiles.







tate of Charles and Ray Eames, the Americans whom many consider to be the greatest furniture designers of this century.

It was no less insightful of Fehlbaum to have gone to Frank Gehry, whose creative powers are now at their peak. At age 61, Gehry is one of those rare mature artists who, having struck on critical success, does not take the safe route of repetition and refinement. Instead he keeps on pushing himself and taking new risks, and as the exciting results of the Vitra Design Museum show, the gamble has been worth it. Over the past few years Gehry has designed several buildings composed of boldly shaped individual pavilions, each often only one room. As interesting as those efforts have been, some (including his superb Winton guesthouse near Minneapolis) are best appreciated from the exterior as sculptures in a landscape. The Vitra project represents a significant advance because here he takes unusual volumes—cruciform, spiral, arc, and distorted polyhedrons for which there are no names—and collides, combines, and intersects them to create interior spaces of commanding presence and breathtaking beauty.

Like Le Corbusier at Ronchamp, Gehry makes his design come alive with light, handling its movement and fall with the confidence of a true master. Gehry's brilliant use of daylight is dazzlingly evident in the museum's magnificent upper gallery, the most singular room that the architect has yet built. Illuminated by three irregularly shaped skylights placed above faceted wall planes that maximize the wash of light from overhead, the upper gallery is bounded on one side by a balcony giving onto the soaring central space of the building. Rising from the ground-floor galleries for permanent and changing exhibitions to the tilting cross-shaped skylight almost fifty feet high, this is architecture unbounded in exuberance, astounding in invention, and yet thoroughly correct in its faultless proportions and finish. Gehry has also designed an adjacent two-story administration, factory, and showroom building with some intentionally conventional interiors in which to display the firm's office furniture

This is architecture unbounded in exuberance yet thoroughly correct in its faultless proportions

in settings closer to its clients' experience and requirements.

The museum is not a large building, only about 8,000 square feet, but it seems far bigger because of its encompassing monumentality. It at once complements and transcends the objects it houses. And like Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum in New York, Gehry's new museum is its own most important work of art. This intriguing cluster of pure white crystalline shapes—seemingly unarranged and yet deliberately and intelligently assembled—supersedes the functional imperatives of the medium and moves directly into the realm of art. The Vitra Design Museum immediately takes its place not just in Frank Gehry's increasingly impressive career, but it is the latest among the masterpieces that embody architecture at its most inspired. ▲ *Editor: Pilar Viladas*



ROBERT LEVIN

The Richard Neas Trilogy

Now in its third life, the decorator's one-room New York pied-à-terre reflects his evolving personal style

By Penelope Green Photographs by Michael Mundy



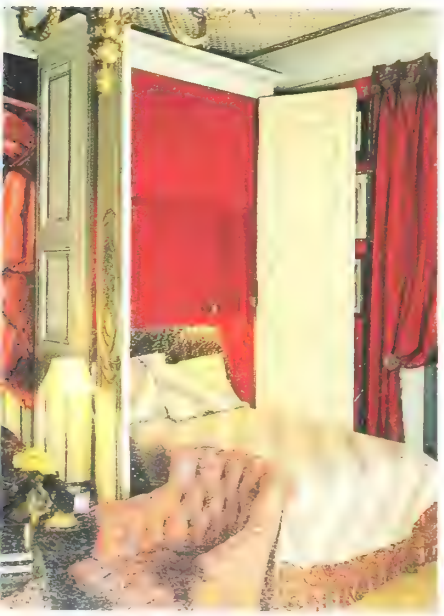
Fiery walls, a marbleized mantel, and a George II chaise in a Brunschwig leopard velvet, *opposite*, lent Neas's apartment an elegant Edwardian look. *Below:* Seven years later Neas replaced "all of the English busyness" with celery-colored cotton damask from Clarence House, a Louis XVI marble mantel, and an Italian mirror. Details see Resources.

1990

Revisiting this [illegible] of many a designer's love [illegible] and foam and odd squishy [illegible] There was modular furniture then. There was Plexiglas and Lucite and tubular steel. There was a resurgence of bentwood and Parsons tables and of all things Alvar Aalto. Looking back, at least for most of us, is kind of uneasy-making. It's tantamount to that slightly ashamed feeling you get when you confront your closet detritus—your elephant pants or your maxi coat (should you have been so unwise as to save these things). But as is true of any decade, there were those who neatly edited out the oddities and the ephemera and can now look back with pride rather than with a wince. Certainly decorator and trompe l'oeil artist Richard Neas belongs in the latter group: the three design incarnations of his town house pied-à-terre in New York nicely mark the changing faces of decorating throughout the seventies, eighties, and into the nineties—and here these changes are unhampered by goofiness or by any revisionist feelings of shame.

Neas says he can't remember the seventies, he says he was too busy having fun. But photographs of his 22-by-22-foot apartment are testimony to how little he bought into the then-current styles. OK, so there are nods to the period—the beige, gray, and white color scheme, antlers on the walls, Plexiglas table, and bit of ultrasuede (mitigated by the Billy Baldwin slipper chair it covers)—but nothing to cringe from. "I think it had a very simplified, very modern look," declares Neas. "There's a masculine quality about it that I still like. Even that Billy Baldwin chair was quite minimal."





In 1983 the apartment shed its cooler, paler skin for the heated English manor house feeli

In the eighties Neas indulged his passion for color and pattern by mixing tartan curtains and lacquered walls with paisley and leopard upholstered furniture. *right. Left:* Since 1983 the bed has remained neatly tucked inside a French armoire. *Above right:* The signature look of the [illegible] seventies—a beige, gray, and cream palette, antlers, ultrasuede, and a chair white [illegible]



Neas says that he's always been slightly more classic, more pragmatic than the rest of the pack: "The mid seventies was the period when Angelo Donghia created rooms with all-white sofas, pillows that look as if they've been given a karate chop, and no place to put a drink down. When you get a trendy decorator who does all-white rooms with no tables, you're defeated even before you walk in. If it isn't comfortable, then the point's lost."

And Neas was pretty good at keeping to the point. The comfort in this early phase of the room is self-evident, while the efficiency—necessary in an apartment with such strict spatial restrictions—remains neatly hidden away: behind the twin painted armoires lie the bed, the office matter necessary to any business (filing cabinets and the like), and a television, stereo, and other media toys. Even by seventies standards this was quite a grown-up design, anchored perhaps by the legitimacy of the antiques—a black lacquer Régence desk, a Louis XIV bronze doré chandelier, a Louis XV rosewood table—and the graceful proportions of the room.

Without the eleven-foot ceiling, tall windows, and vigorous moldings, more than twenty years of decorating might have run slightly amok. "There are those Park Avenue apartments where you look out and see nothing," says Neas. "But there are trees on my block. There's a human feeling. It's like living in a house." Actually, Neas is living in a house. Or at least part of one. His pied-à-terre was created from the parlor room of a brownstone, hence the generous proportions, which are a good thing because, aside from the entryway, the bathroom, and the old Pullman kitchen now converted into a bar, the parlor is all there is. "The first week I moved in I tried to open the gas stove," he remembers. "But because of the way the door was positioned I could only open the damn thing part way and I could see it hadn't been cleaned in fifteen years. So I ripped it out. Now if you look in the refrigerator, all you'll find is a three-year-old lemon and a bottle of vodka." Not what you'd call a working kitchen.

But Neas never eats at home anyway. "I think of this as my office where I just happen to sleep. At the end of the day I slam the door and go out to dinner." The place is one of the last true bed-sitters in Manhattan, a tidy solution to the economical quandary of city life. "I never thought to move," says Neas, "or rather, when I did, the rental situation had altered so much it wasn't an option." Instead Neas decided to redecorate.

In 1983 the apartment shed its cooler, paler skin for the more heated English manor house feeling that was so much a part of that acquisitive era. This was the period when Neas the muralist let his apartment have it. Draped between the armoires is a mirrored wall with a riotous swathe of scarlet curtain. Fake curtain, masterly rendered. Quickly the room achieved its most illusive, allusive guise: from the "safe fur"—a leopard-patterned velvet—on the George II



Neas, *above*, at the black lacquer Régence desk he brought with him when he moved into the 22-by-22-foot pied-à-terre 25 years ago. *Below:* "I find it extremely relaxing," says Neas of his apartment in its current incarnation, furnished with a carefully edited array of 18th- and 19th-century French and Italian antiques.





190 "All of a sudden I felt I'd had enough of this English busyne



anted serenity"



chaise to the chaotic mix of tartan curtains, tomato walls, paisley throws, and distressed parquet floor painted to look like worn marble—and this is a floor that's had "about five different lives," sighs Neas. "I just keep painting on top of the old stuff." Still, Neas's sleight of hand artfully married these seemingly discordant elements and mitigated the choked muddled appearance often prevalent in period rooms. "I've always edited quite a bit so that even though the apartment was Edwardian it wasn't fringed and tasseled to death. There are a lot of so-called talented designers who try to get too eclectic," he explains patiently. "It's inconceivable to me that someone could put a gilded Louis XV armchair in the same room as a pilgrim stool. It's like wearing a chartreuse dress with yellow pants."

Neas has a real aversion to what he sees as the excesses of the eighties. "I felt that that incredibly overdone way of decorating was totally inappropriate for an era of fast living. To open up a magazine and see a New York City apartment that looks like an accumulation of three hundred years of French furniture was wrong." Even in Neas's own translation of the early eighties Zeitgeist there came a point when he'd had enough. "It didn't happen slowly. All of a sudden I felt I'd had enough of this English busyness. I wanted serenity. So I just swept it all away and opted for a very serene green." In the winter the soothing celery- *(Text continued on page 220)*

From June through August Neas cloaks his furniture, *left*, in crisp green and white toile de Jouy linen slipcovers from Scalamandré, which are the most recent addition to the apartment. *Above:* In winter the space is warmed by the leopard love seat and the rosy pastels of the 19th-century Bessarabian carpet.

with a View

A San Francisco house decorated by the late Michael Taylor dramatically frames contemporary art and a panorama of the Bay

By William P. Rayner

Photographs by Oberto Gili





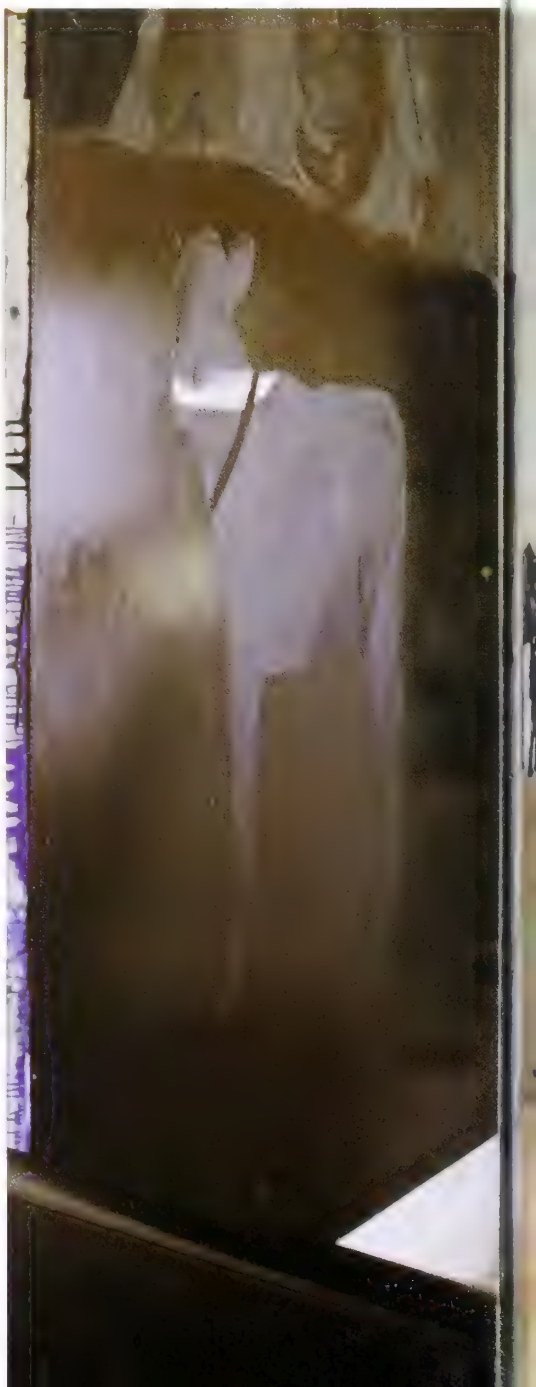


In the living room, Louis XV–style armchairs from the archbishop's palace in Turin flank a Michael Taylor sofa. White chenille upholstery from Robert Crowder & Associates offsets the [illegible] stripes of Sean Scully's *[illegible]*. Between the white [illegible] also designed by [illegible] antique Chinese [illegible] of the [illegible] *Homoousian* [illegible] the topiary [illegible].





Doors painted by Armand Albert Rateau in 1925, *left*, open into the dining room. The 1930 rosewood table and chairs are part of a set by French cabinetmaker Eugène Printz. A painting by Sigmar Polké dominates the far wall. *Right:* Italian chairs of the 1940s are pulled up to a French Art Deco desk in the master bedroom. The center window frames a view of Alcatraz.



FROM THE MOMENT FRANCES BOWES first saw her new house on Russian Hill, overlooking San Francisco Bay, she knew she hated it. That is, she knew she would hate it for 24 hours until she figured out how to love it—and her solution was to gut the house and start from scratch. Frances moves with determined dispatch when things need to be done. The same may be said of her husband, John, who, rather than suffering cardiac arrest at the thought of demolishing and rebuilding an entire town house, opined, "What a great idea. You take charge of the interior and I'll watch over the architecture." They are past masters at creative collaboration. During the 31 years they have been married, they have always acted as a team, whether raising three daughters, remodeling and decorating a variety of houses, or acquiring an ever-expanding collection of contemporary art. There is not a sluggish bone in their bodies. They walk fast, talk fast, think fast, make up their minds fast, and, best of all, smile fast.

What was not so fast was getting their new house in order. That took two and a half years—and even then, when they moved in, it still "looked like a battle [illegible] somewhat structures [illegible] Driscoll, [illegible] eccentric dowager of San Francisco [illegible] Apparently [illegible] spend [illegible] ining years wo[illegible]ng about the [illegible]s Fault, Mr[illegible]ayed [illegible] Golden Gate Bridge, to work out the details of her house. According to one of her acquaintances, "It looked like a white fortress surrounded by a Victorian village." The house has since changed hands several times. The last owners had a winery and kept the cellar as a rathskeller. That cellar has been transformed into a gallery for the Bowes's art collection, which is now the focus of most of their energy. At the drop of a catalogue they will jet to New York, Paris, London, or elsewhere to attend an auction. I recall talking to John on the telephone and casually remarking that a friend had a David Salle for sale, and before you could say "art" he was on the other line to the seller.

While Frances and John may be a team, they don't always see eye to eye on every aspect of their collection. Take the Katharina Fritsch polyester and Plexiglas sculpture in their entrance hall. It is entitled *Ghost and Pool of Blood*. Frances likes the blood, John the ghost. One thing is certain: you have to be secure in your position to greet the guests with a ghost and a pool of blood.

The common ground at home where Frances and John resolve any questions of taste is a series of sparkling white-walled rooms remodeled by the archi-

The bold curves of a Richard Deacon metal sculpture in the gallery are gently echoed by Jack Hanley's *Vase* on a nearby wall. A Stefan De Jaeger painted column partially conceals a Deborah Butterfield horse on a pedestal. The nine-foot-high canvas by Lois Lane is untitled.



At the drop of a catalogue, they will jet to New York or London for an auction



tect Sandy Walker and decorated by the legendary Michael Taylor. The Bowes house was Taylor's last project, and Frances's sister, Victoria Fay, who is also a decorator, took up where he left off. As Frances recalls, "When Michael first saw the house, he thought we were crazy, but when John and I saw the view of the bay, we knew it was worth the risk." And indeed it is spectacular. A series of floor-to-ceiling windows bracketed by nine-inch white pilasters takes in a 180-degree panorama of the harbor. By day it is an ever-changing pageant of sailboats, oceangoing vessels, and ferries. At night the automobile lights on the Golden Gate and Bay bridges look like millions of orderly fireflies homeward bound. Beyond the bay are the shores of Marin County and, farther still, the coastal mountains green with sequoias.

Even though Frances and John never conceived the house as a machine in which to display their collection, it is an ideal environment for art. Apart from the gallery itself, there is an abundance of wall space on which works in various media may be seen to best advantage. The [illegible] adjoining hallway comfortably accommodate a Salle, a Richard [illegible] Gunter Forg, and a Claes Oldenburg, besides the Frisch sculpture [illegible] pieces. In the office [illegible] used to conduct her public [illegible] ress Frances has a hat [illegible] Ed Ruscha, two Donald Sultan [illegible] mense canvas by Sigmar Polke dis-

played in the dining room.

Never meant to be encyclopedic, the Bowes collection is intensely personal and includes women artists such as Lynda Benglis, Elizabeth Murray, Susan Rothenberg, and Helen Levitt. John and Frances are on the board of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, so they have ample exposure to the latest works in progress. Their own latest work in progress is a country house in Sonoma, currently being designed by the Mexican architect Ricardo Legorreta.

Like the Bowes's art, the decoration of their rooms speaks of a particularly eclectic aesthetic. They have sconces by Giacometti; screens by Dunand and Jacques Adnet; tables, lamps, and chairs by Jean-Michel Frank; doors by Andrée Putman and Armand Albert Rateau; bathroom fixtures from the duke of Portland's London house; andirons by Gilbert Poillerat; and a dining room filled with Eugène Printz furniture.

But it is not so much the objects they have assembled that give these collectors pleasure as it is the excitement of locating them. Their enthusiasm is like that of a child finding a new toy. Perhaps this is in part due to John's profession, which is, appropriately, making and selling toys. If response to physical surroundings is affected by daily routine, then the world would be a lot more fun if there were more toy makers. John and Frances Bowes are proof of that. ♠

Editors: Carolyn Englefield and Dorothea Walker



An Elizabeth Murray drawing rests on the master bedroom mantel, *left*, beneath Lynda Benglis's *Cabriolet*. At left is an untitled monoprint by Francesco Clemente. Michael Taylor modeled the fringed armchair on a design by Syrie Maugham. *Above:* Shoes in Frances Bowes's closet await their marching orders.





usan Rothenberg horse
ps above the guest
bed. *Left:* In the
ry the painted wood
s, parchment-covered
, cross-legged stool, and
er urn lamp are Jean-
el Frank originals.

Switched On

Some of the brightest talents are plugging into the light brigade. BY ERIC BERTHOLD



Drawing bright ideas from ostrich eggs, punctuation marks, and human heads, designers are discovering the sculptural possibilities of light fixtures. Their materials of choice range from oxidized brass piping—ideal for producing Robert Lewis's elegant flash of spirals—to a jumble of traditional lamp parts, which, when reassembled, create Dez Ryan's glowing tribute to the art of enlightenment.

A sketch of Vicente Wolf's bronze Pilar lamp, available from Paul Hanson, far left. Below, clockwise from left: Dez Ryan's Fontana Verde lamp from Archon; the Head lamp by Nicola from Modern Age; the Apostrophe lamp in polished aluminum by Crackle; Robert Lewis's oxidized brass Jilli lamp for Jerrystyle; and Warren Muller's faux verdigris glazed Egg lamp from Archetype. Details see Resources.



Crackle's Spindle table lamp.

Cybele marble fixture, by John Hutton for Donghia, right.



"MY FEELING IS, YOU DO SOMETHING IN A BIG WAY OR YOU DON'T DO IT AT ALL."



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MARVIN WINDOWS ARE MADE TO ORDER.

[illegible] in English
[illegible] installed
by Grosvenor Atterbury will be left untouched, but Ingrao is replacing the 1950s brick in the breakfast room with an eighteenth-century parquet floor imported from a house in Grenoble. A pragmatist might even say Ingrao's mania for purism borders on eccentricity; he won't eat by anything but candlelight, and if the village of Montauk lets him have his way, he'll replace the skylights with dormers and an authentic thatched roof.

People who think they know Tony Ingrao's style are always surprised when they see this house for the first time. "Actually," he says sitting in his rustic living room, "they're shocked." They are used to the Tony Ingrao who provides his celebrity clients with seventeenth- and eighteenth-century museum-quality furniture. Or they are accustomed to the Tony Ingrao who just spent seven years designing a castle for a shoe manufacturer in Connecticut. It's difficult to reconcile this fairy-tale extravaganza—a 20,000-square-foot vision of stone grottoes and hallways covered in green silk leaves—with the homey and comfortable elegance of the Montauk cottage. "I spend my days with important pieces of furniture," Ingrao explains. "On weekends I like something different. You can put your feet up here."

There is something comforting about the wild variations in period and quality that characterize the objects in Ingrao's living room. He is just as proud of his thrift shop find—a sailboat painting that hangs over the fireplace—as he is of the eighteenth-century Nevers faience dog statues that guard the hearth. The juxtaposition of objects betrays a democratic spirit—a fifteenth-century Chinese vase shares a corner with a folksy painting done by one of Ingrao's great-aunts.

It's the house of a man who is comfortable traveling in time and space and not afraid of mixing things—like the pairing of a seventeenth-century French settee with a nineteenth-century American plow festooned with bunches of dried herbs. Ingrao believes a room should make you curious, and these rooms are faithful to that credo. An object as mundane as a coatrack surprises when it's a nineteenth-century Anglo-Indian carving of a tree with spiked antlers and hooved feet. And a visitor could ponder the breakfast table centerpiece for hours before figuring out that the ornamental faience globe once topped a nineteenth-century Belgian well.

There is an explanation for this insatiable eclecticism. "Wherever I go I can find something to buy, and I've been collecting things since I was eight." Back then he would confound his parents by dragging antique typewriters home from church bazaars and rearranging his room once a month. These days Ingrao is still considered precocious: last year he paid a record $418,000 at Sotheby's von Bülow sale for a pair of George II pier mirrors, which now hang in his gallery waiting for their next buyer. Creating beauty is something of a family business for the Ingraos. Tony comes from a long line of haute-couture clothing manufacturers, and as a child he spent hours watching Bill Blass and Halston creations emerge from bolts of fabric. "When I was ten, I'd gather the silk remnants from the lining of coats and make wild bow ties out of them."

In the end it was this ability to sense potential that brought Tony Ingrao to Stone House—just as the boy saw a bow tie in a scrap of silk, the man saw the perfect place to live in a grainy black and white photograph. Over the years he's been offered many times what he paid for the cottage, but he can only let go of something when he finds something better. Potential buyers should not hold their breath. ♠

Editor: Ruth Ansel

Sensuous Modernism

(Continued from page 134) pieces once belonged to noteworthy people. The dining table was Babe Paley's. In the living room stands the drafting table of Gustave Eiffel, author of the tower. Nearby is a sofa upholstered by Billy Baldwin. The house seems to be full of the echoes of personages from every realm, and its eclecticism is as deep as this roster of names would suggest. Imagine a party at which anonymous guests—some very rich and others very poor, some French and some American, and a few with the complexions of exotic islands—mingled with Paley and Eiffel and Baldwin, and you will have a sense of the feeling of the downstairs part of the house.

Upstairs, the scale is more intimate. The master bedroom has a fireplace and a view across the miles. The bathroom is a study in white in which more semitransparent fabrics play against one another. The two guest rooms, one scrubbed in the palest blue and the other in palest pink, are the first sight of real color in the house, but the colors are as faint as echoes. Here, as downstairs, everything is comfortable, everything is inviting—nothing obtrudes, nor does it recede unduly. This is a house that coddles its inhabitants discreetly but grandly in the best spirit of the twenties, when luxury was a habit but had lost none of its novelty. ♠ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

In His Own Fashion

(Continued from page 143) American, and French influences prevails: a Mauny frieze of plumes and doves is reminiscent of the prince of Wales crest, and a pair of quilts on the bed summon America to Lacroix even though they are from London and Paris. A chartreuse folding screen laced with ribbons holds invitations, postca[illegible] and favorite drawings and also conceal[illegible] Francoise's clothes closet.

Lacroix's study is equally spirited. Inspired by both 1920s business offices and a château Lacroix remembers from a cartoon of the same period, the room is papered in bold plum and chartreuse stripes [illegible]carpeted in pink wool—Lacroix gave the rugmaker a bullfighter's stocking to [illegible]tch. An ink diagram of prized checkers [illegible]oves by Lacroix's great-grandfather, a champion at the game, hangs over the cou[illegible]ier's desk.

In the end, says Lacroix, "This house is dedicated to my ancestors and to my roots, to the past of my town and my family who have helped me." It also conveys a sense of happiness and well-being, an irresistible joie de vivre that is Christian Lacroix's very own. Riccardi says that the three of them approached the decoration with the joy of children playing a game, and you know it's true because as you take in the eclectic beauty you can also hear the laughter. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster


There is something noble in a classic design.
Room designed by Gary Crain Associates
Available through fine designers.
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TABLETOP

223-1275
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ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL THIBODEAU

Grandes Dames

(Continued from page 149) leather piped in cream), Elsie de Wolfe's signature leopard chintz, and an off-white textured cotton from Sweden. Tubs of white lily plants four feet tall stood between the windows against buff-colored walls. The floor, geometric in pattern, was paved with old Cuban marble the color of parchment.

The Woods' own rooms in their Long Island house designed by William Delano, another brilliant architect of the time, were loaded with the signal qualities of her style. At once eclectic and diffident, they were clearly intended for a quiet life in the country. Furniture appears to have been combined unselfconsciously with no particular interest in its value. It was of course good—English tables and French chairs on antique carpets—but not fabulously expensive. There was a spareness to the whole effect that is often unpopular today. Like Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Wood wanted to convey the message that "nice people don't go too far."

But someone always has to prove that you can go too far and still be right, and the exotic Australian-born Rose Cumming was the enchanting bad girl in this era of perfect ladies. She was always rumored to have been the mistress of a great financier, and certainly her taste had a strong trace of the demimondaine. Yet she was capable of immense grandeur. Her house on West 53rd Street was, in spite of its theatrical mirrors and weird lighting (lots of black candles burning everywhere), unforgettably beautiful. The drawing room had no modern upholstery, only Louis XV sofas and chairs. The walls were hung with antique Chinese wallpaper, the background of which was soft gray. The frames of the furniture were white or natural wood with traces of gesso. The covers were tattered emerald green silk velvet, threadbare brocade in the colors of the paper, or old metallic gray leather, which sounds frightful. It was out of this world. Hot and airless in the summer, the room always seemed improbably cool. Unheated in winter, as was the whole house, it had a chill that at least kept you from feeling drowsy—but who could ever have been sleepy in the presence of Miss Cumming?

None of these great women spent much time being tired or making others feel that way. Mrs. Brown at eighty would still reach into the drawer of a bouillotte table next to the chair she sat in after dinner and draw out a gold compact decorated with rubies—red was the accent color of her drawing room—and powder her nose. "Just watch," said Albert Hadley before my wife and I went there the first time. "It never fails. And she does it without looking."

The tradition has not ended, you know. In her Fifth Avenue drawing room, on her porch in Maine, or in her blue and white striped office on East 63rd Street Mrs. Parish, the legendary Sister, carries on in her inimitable style, a style layered with great themes of the past. But the marvel of the Parish manner is its strong reflection of what's going on *now*. Her taste comes from some deep source that must go very far back in her past. I love to think of Mrs. Parish and Mrs. Paul Mellon, another landmark of American taste and originality, knowing each other as schoolgirls. Years later, their passion for beauty continues to inspire numberless people.

After years of decorating rooms for the most private clients in the world, Mrs. Parish came into the public eye through her work on the White House in the 1960s. This project, inspired by Mrs. John F. Kennedy, captured the imagination of people all over the country. When one of Mrs. Parish's own houses in Maine was published for the first time, the revelation of her patchwork quilts and rag rugs, painted floors and starched organdy triggered a wish for the same kind of nostalgic farmhouse decoration that is still chugging away full steam today. Not that this romantic American country style totally replaced a more formal one. Mrs. Parish is also known for flights of great richness. The unparalleled luxury of the decoration she has masterminded for Ann and Gordon Getty in a way defines the extravagance of the present day. But the painted floors and rocking chairs endure in Maine, where Mrs. Parish and her family still spend summers and holidays. Is it surprising that Mrs. Parish's daughters both make exquisite handcrafted bibelots out of paint and découpage?

What defines this long tradition of strong refined women who changed American decoration forever is their assured taste and their view of how to live. They took to their profession a knowledge of the world they worked in. Never inappropriate, their judgment allowed for equal parts of beauty, comfort, and stylishness. They knew what they were doing and they did it brilliantly. ♠


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space, Currie
an Italian ebony pedestal. So far, so good.

But in the living room just the right table for the center of the room eluded client and decorator. "And then I remembered the table in his own apartment which was made out of railroad ties," says Alexander. "It was just what we needed to keep the warmth of the room." Currie happily ordered a bundle from his favorite Long Island lumberyard, and when the railroad ties arrived at the Alexander–Blumenthal residence, he sat down to work, "like a kid with building blocks," she recalls.

Everyone who knows Currie agrees that his greatest signature touches—and pleasures—are tactile. In the dining room of a city apartment, Currie says, he "sculpted the drapes" to look like a Dior gown. And in the living room he swathed chairs in antique silk damask so rich to the touch they're like X-rated braille. Visitors to the recent Metropolitan Museum exhibition "The Age of Napoleon" were treated to a display of Revolutionary period and Empire costumes sympathetically mounted and staged by Currie. In the architectural detailing, wall and floor treatment, even in the mannequin placement, Currie put aside his decorator's ego and worked toward the higher purpose of showcasing the costumes. Only in the drapery framing the dramatic sets did he let loose any idiosyncratic flair. The battle-torn red, white, and blue paper he ripped "so quickly, so precisely," says le Bourhis. "Everyone stood watching, amazed."

Of course, when the occasion necessitates restraint, Currie reigns himself in: "People trust me with the way they live. My objective is to see they get exactly what they want." Still, to work with Currie, you've got to have faith. "My clients question me a bit," he says. "But I haven't been proven wrong on many occasions." And yet in his quest for the off, the odd, and the eccentric, Currie can give his most even-keeled clients the jitters. "He built a stainless-steel base for a Henry Clay papier-mâché tray I bought in London," says one. "I was very leery at first. Now I think it's spectacular."

Currie makes furniture for almost all of his jobs, filling in gaps when the ideal piece can't be found. For his own apartment Currie topped his railroad-tie table with a slab of polished granite.

Placed directly in front of this Brutalist element, as he calls it, is the metaphysical reference one comes to expect in a Currie room. This time it's a clear globe 36 inches in diameter. "I saw it in a shop on Madison Avenue and had to buy it right away," he explains. "I couldn't fit it into a cab, so I carried it home and then had to dismantle it to make it fit through my doorway." Currie obviously enjoys the irony implicit in this tale. Sometimes the most heavenly things fare clumsily in an overly ordered society. It's yin and yang, Jekyll and Hyde again. It is also, according to Katell le Bourhis, an appropriate metaphor for Robert Currie's whirlwind journey through life and art. "He has that spark of genius," she says. "He has the severity of a Jesuit, mind you, but there's still a child in Bob Currie discovering the world." ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



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Richard Neas Trilogy

(Continued from page 201) colored walls and warm leopard velvet that now envelops the love seat—"Just a little weird," Neas whispers, "which is what I like; you've got to have a dash of that leopard"—offset the grimness of Manhattan. In summer Neas pulls up the rugs and slipcovers everything in clean green and white toile.

If there is a unifying element that runs through all the permutations of Neas's apartment, it's the Neoclassical and the careful blending of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and Italian antiques. Playful homages to Louis XIV, for instance, have remained a constant in the changing iconography of the room. These days a mirror in the form of a Sun King-esque burst—"so high style"—hangs between the armoires, and there are two authentic Louis XIV sunbursts on either side of the fireplace. There's also a Louis XIV cherub on the mantel—a souvenir from Neas's teenage days as a window dresser in Kansas City. "Everything is where I want it to be now," says Neas. "I find it extremely relaxing here. Twenty-five years later this apartment is still the perfect situation for me." ♠

Editor: Babs Simpson



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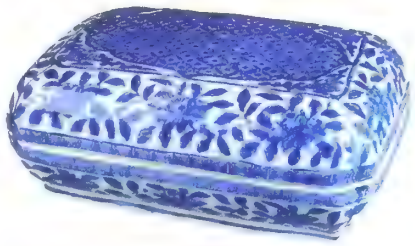
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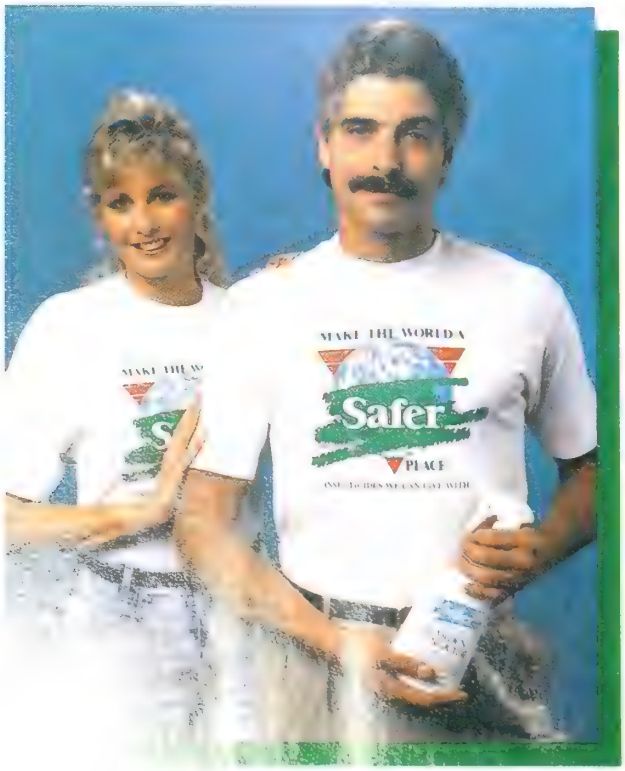


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SENSUOUS MODERNISM

Pages 128–29 Custom-cut bleached hammered-bark wallpaper, bamboo/lacquer bookcase, designed by Jeffrey Bilhuber, to order from Bilhuber, NYC (212) 517-7673. Akari light sculpture (# UF4-L9), designed by Isamu Noguchi, for dealers call Akari-Gemini (805) 966-9557. Webster cotton/rayon on card chairs, 54" wide, $33.38 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, San Francisco, NYC; Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia; Devon Services, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Keith H. McCoy & Assocs., Los Angeles; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. Plana wool/sisal carpet, $76 sq yd, to the trade at Phoenix Carpet, NYC (212) 758-5070. **130–31** Bronze mirror-glass cube table, designed by Jeffrey Bilhuber, to order from Bilhuber, NYC (212) 517-7673. **132–33** Volnay Texture cotton on chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beechwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. **134** Silk Check silk, 48"–50" wide, $39.90 yd, to the trade at Kent-Bragaline, for showrooms call (718) 784-2012. **135** Lacquered parchment paper desk, designed by Jeffrey Bilhuber, from Bilhuber, NYC (212) 517-7673.

IN HIS OWN FASHION

Page 137 Tenture Flottante wallpaper, Fr1,270 per 10 m roll (7 roll min), by Patrice Mauny, Paris (1) 45-53-85-20. **138–39** Iron chairs, similar items at Serge Hubert, Paris (1) 46-33-73-14. Panthère carpet, by CODIMAT, 27" wide, $210 linear yd, to the trade to order at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, NYC, Chicago; Designer Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C.; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Bosphore frieze, Fr266 m, by Patrice Mauny, Paris (1) 45-53-85-20. Lampshades, to order at Clair Obscur, Paris (1) 42-24-48-42. **140–41** Charles X carpet, by CODIMAT, 27" wide, $210 linear yd, to the trade to order at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges (see above). Draperie et Rose frieze, Fr196 m, by Patrice Mauny, Paris (1) 45-53-85-20. **142** Rayure Provençal wallpaper in study, Fr 522 per 10 m roll (7 roll min), by Patrice Mauny, Paris (1) 45-53-85-20. **143** Les Pigeons frieze, Fr153 m, by Patrice Mauny, Paris (1) 45-53-85-20.

STAR QUALITY

Page 150 Frank Lloyd Wright plywood side chair, similar items at Fifty/50, NYC (212) 777-3208. Custom-painted floor, through Gillette-Shadley Designs, NYC (212) 243-6913. Modeline table, similar items at Artery, NYC (212) 925-9100. Lightweight concrete vase, $550, at Campo dei Fiori, Los Angeles (213) 655-9966. Sputnik light fixture in stairwell, similar items at HaRry, Los Angeles (213) 938-3344. **151** Figurative floor lamp, similar items at Skank World, Los Angeles (213) 939-7858. Custom-made Dexalon lampshade, from Bettina Gates, NYC (212) 535-5008. Paul Frankl cocktail tables, similar items at Cadillac Jack, Los Angeles; Fifty/50, NYC. **153** Paul Frankl sofa, club chairs, similar items by appointment at Art Deco LA's Prop House, Los Angeles (213) 462-5474. Iron Cloth cotton/rayon/nylon, to the trade at Brickel, NYC, Chicago, Dallas; Portfolio, Arlington; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ferguson/Rice, Houston; Gillette, Los Angeles; Ryan, Minneapolis; Lear Melick & Assocs., Philadelphia; Johnson Group, Phoenix; Lynam & Co., San Francisco; Bennett, Seattle; Craig Johnson & Assocs., Toronto. Alvar Aalto lounge chair (#400), to the trade at ICF, for showrooms call (914) 365-2500. Sputnik light fixtures, similar items at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673. **154–55** Custom-painted columns, lintel, through Gillette-Shadley Designs, NYC (212) 243-6913. Ebonized plywood chairs, at Artery, NYC (212) 925-9100. Pickled-mahogany table, similar items at Skank World, Los Angeles (213) 939-7858. Smart Set dinnerware in pantry, by Red Wing USA, at Cadillac Jack, Los Angeles (213) 931-8864. CIM painted-aluminum ceiling light fixture, by Nova, 36", $250, at Lightforms, NYC (212) 255-4664. **156** Custom-painted floor, through Gillette-Shadley Designs, NYC (212) 243-6913. Sputnik light fixture, similar items at Skank World, Los Angeles (213) 939-7858. **156–57** Marco Zanuso armchairs, similar items at Artery, NYC (212) 925-9100. Vintage fifties fabric on armchairs and pillow, similar fabrics at Full Swing, Newport (401) 849-9494. Driftwood floor lamp, similar items at Alan Moss, NYC (212) 219-1663. Salvador Dali's Dancing Leaf vintage cotton on two pillows, similar fabrics at Mode Moderne, Philadelphia (215) 627-0299. Querida wool velvet carpet, $60 sq yd, to the trade at Clodan Carpets, NYC (212) 966-9440. Driftwood table lamp, similar items at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673. Custom-made Dexalon lampshades, from Bettina Gates, NYC (212) 535-5008

A DIVERSIFIED PORTFOLIO

Pages 166–67 Viennese Sezession mahogany/inlaid brass pedestal, c. 1905, at Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. Caucasian Karabagh runner, c. 1900, at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. Elizabethan turned-arm ash wood armchair, similar items at James M. Hansen Fine Arts, NYC (212)

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EDWARDIAN REVIVAL

Pages 172–73 Velours Bragance linen/cotton on walls, 130 cm, £95 m, to the trade at H. A. Percheron, London (1) 580-1192. Cunard Weave cotton/fibran on sofa, Lucrezia cotton on armchairs, L'Autrichienne silk on side chairs, to the trade at Claremont, London (1) 437-5502. Mysore silk for curtains, by JAB, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, for showrooms call (212) 691-0700. **174** Custom-made carpet, to the trade at Braquenié, Paris (1) 48-04-30-03. **175** Boiseries, marbleized
Botana and Carolyn Benson, through
a Waymouth Interiors, London (1) 376-
4-4636. **177** R viere En-
schwig (see above for
n for curtains, 51"
amo Fabrics,
nta: Fortune,
s; John
B. Nessen,
Danic: JEH/Denver, Denver; Keith H. McCoy & Assocs., Los Angeles; Delk/Morrison, New Orleans; Ian Wall, NYC; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Regency House, San Francisco; Gerald Earls, Seattle; Marion Kent, Washington, D.C.

ROMANCING THE STONE

Page 189 Renna Suede on armchair, $24 sq ft, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 170). Scrolled-arm armchair, designed by Tony Ingrao, to the trade to order at Henry B. Urban, NYC (212) 679-3511. **190** Giubileo Rigato wool/silk on sofa, approx 60" wide, $315 yd, Sultane cotton on sofa pillows, 53" wide, $84 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 170). Sofa, designed by Tony Ingrao, to the trade to order at Henry B. Urban, NYC (212) 679-3511.

THE RICHARD NEAS TRILOGY

Page 196 Leopard Velvet silk/linen/cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 132–33). Bacchus chintz on ottoman, 54" wide, $27 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Turner-Greenberg, Dania; Keith H. McCoy & Assocs., Los Angeles; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Sloan-Miyasato, San Francisco. **197** Woodgrained Damask cotton on walls, 48" wide, $58.50 yd, Faille Kaleidoscope silk on round-backed armchair, 51" wide, $120 yd, Velours Dugueslin acrylic/cotton with Rocroi gaufré pattern on fauteuil, 51" wide, approx $115.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 170). **198** Victoria Damask cotton/wool on sofa and chair in 1975 room, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 132–33). **199** Adelphi silk for curtains, 50" wide, $100.50 yd, Damasse Rocamadour cotton/viscose on screen in back, 55" wide, $54 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 170). Gabrielle Crete trim on curtains, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 132–33). Reproduction bouillotte brass/lacquer lamp on desk, $840, similar items to the trade at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. **200–01** Pillemont Toile linen, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; JEH/Denver, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. **201** Dorval Figured Moiré cotton/spun rayon on tufted chair in foreground, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 132–33).

ART WITH A VIEW

Page 202 Custom-made wool carpet, to the trade at V'Soske, NYC, San Francisco. **203** Serious Leaves wool carpet, designed by Alan Buchsbaum for V'Soske, to the trade at V'Soske, NYC, San Francisco. **204–05** Custom-made sofa and chaise longues, designed by Michael Taylor, to the trade to order at J. F. Fitzgerald, San Francisco (415) 648-6161. Custom-made handwoven cotton chenille, to the trade to order at Robert Crowder & Assocs., for showrooms call (213) 653-0200. Dried topiary, by Robert Day Flowers, London (1) 824-8655. **206** Meshi silk on chairs, to the trade at Randolph & Hein, San Francisco, Los Angeles, NYC, San Diego; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; Todd Wiggins, Dania; Matches, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. Bourgogne wineglasses, by Baccarat, for stores call (800) 847-3004, in NY (212) 696-1440. **207** Italian c. 1940 sycamore chairs, similar items at Galerie Eric Philippe, Paris (1) 42-33-28-26. **208** Syrie Maugham–inspired custom armchairs, designed by Michael Taylor, bench, to the trade to order from J. F. Fitzgerald, San Francisco (415) 648-
161. Custom handwoven cotton chenille on armchairs, to the trade to order at Robert Crowder & Assocs., for showrooms call (213) 653-0200. Custom sandblasted oak bookcases in library, by Furniture by Gatti, San Francisco (415) 552-0480. **209** Custom bed frame, to the trade to order from J. F. Fitzgerald, San Francisco (415) 648-6161. Madagascar natural straw on headboard, 48" wide, $36 yd, to the trade at Hinson & Co., NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Brandt's, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Duvet cover, European shams, at Sue Fisher King, San Francisco (415) 922-7276.

SAMPLES

Page 210 Pilar lamp, bronze base with silk shade, by Vicente Wolf, for Paul Hanson, $500, available June, to the trade at Paul Hanson, NYC; Macy's, NYC (retail); J. H. Biggar, Pasadena (retail). Fontana Verde one-of-a-kind lamp, glass torchère with cast-iron base, glass shade, by Dez Ryan, $600, similar items at Archon, NYC, for appointment call (212) 581-1909. Head lamp, aluminum base with glass shade, by Nicola, $2,500, limited edition, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 353-3450. Jillb lamp, oxidized brass stem, oxidized gold-leaf base, paper shade, by Robert Lewis, $450, for Jerrystyle, NYC (212) 353-9480. Apostrophe lamp, polished aluminum base with hand-blown glass shade, $195, from Crackle, to order call (707) 275-3300. Egg lamp, earthenware with faux verdigris glaze, by Warren Muller, $250, at Archetype Gallery, NYC; Giles & Co., NYC; Larimore Furniture, Philadelphia. Cybele lamp, marble base with silk-laminated paper shade, by John Hutton, $1,520, to the trade at Donghia Furniture, NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Telio & Cie., Montreal, Toronto; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. Spindle lamp, polished aluminum base with frosted acrylic shade, $295, from Crackle, to order call (707) 275-3300.
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Martha Stewart and I were sitting in the library of her 1805 white shingle house on South Turkey Hill Road in Westport, Connecticut, and she was talking to one of her five cats. "Who threw up all over the couch?" asked Martha. When the cat failed either to fess up or to point a paw at Teeny, Weeny, Oblomov, or Raskolnikov, Martha turned to me. "Are you hungry?"

My hostess then led me to her dining room where her maid, Lucy, served us long strips of grilled tuna and salmon, a pancake-size mushroom, and sesame noodles. The Japanese-style menu was not a complete surprise. When I first arrived at Martha's door, she greeted me carrying a large stainless-steel mixing bowl smeared with the redolent residue of the sesame noodles. Her welcoming words, as she held the bowl out to me, were, "Here's your lunch."

"The nineties are going to be more of a how-to decade than ever before," said Martha, who maneuvers chopsticks with admirable dexterity and wastes no time getting to her point. "People are craving hard information." To satisfy that craving, she has developed a magazine that deals with "everything that goes on in the home—everything. I mean, it's broad." Although a publisher has yet to be found, Martha is nonetheless optimistic about her would-be magazine. She plans an "initial circulation of around one million, and then growing from there." Grand plans notwithstanding, Martha conceded that "you never know the fickle public. But I am filling my magazine with the kind of information that I crave. Just like I write my books. I always write my books for me, not for anybody else."

So far the self-serving tack has worked. During the past seven years she has sold 2 million copies of her eight books, which deal with all the elements of the Martha Stewart lifestyle, from cooking, food presentation, and gardening to entertaining, weddings, and Christmas. "But it should have been a lot more," grumbled Martha, who has big plans for book number nine, *Martha Stewart's Garden Month by Month*, which she describes as a "terrific book" with "absolutely unbelievable photography."

In addition to her demanding publishing agenda, Martha is busier than ever with K Mart, the discount department store for which she is "working on all kinds of stuff." The relationship is high profile, thanks to the 43 "At Home with Martha Stewart" television commercials she has completed for [illegible]. "I produced those myself." She is also at [illegible] boutiques for the store, which will [illegible] sheets, flatware, tumblers, table linens, and towels. I asked if she had taken a lot of heat for her affiliation with K Mart, and K Martha, as cynics have dubbed her, said yes. "But I don't care. It's worth it to me. It has expanded my audience tremendously. It has made a lot more people aware of nice things. That's what I wanted to get out of it. Plus some money. But the money wasn't the major consideration at all, although that's turning out to be a good part."

Quite a good part indeed, some might say, as signs of Martha's material success are not hard to find. Vacations are one. At Christmas, for example, she flew down to Anguilla for some sun. But it didn't work out. "I hated it after 45 minutes, so I just up and left. I chartered a plane and flew myself over to Saint Barts. It was great. The whole *Vanity Fair* crowd was there." Fashion is another: "My closet is almost only Armani. I love his clothes." And then there's the big black Mercedes in her driveway. More impressive, however, is Martha's blue-chip real estate portfolio, which recently expanded to include a Fifth Avenue co-op in Manhattan, now being renovated by the ultra-upscale decorator David Easton. "I think he's a fabulous guy." Also new is a twelve-bedroom summer house in East Hampton. Why a twelve-bedroom house for a woman estranged from her husband? "Oh, I just want one," she said. "It's fun." Meanwhile, back on her eight-acre South Turkey Hill Road compound, Martha is transforming the barn next to the chicken coop on the other side of the pool into a guesthouse. Since the main house is large, I was surprised that additional guest quarters would be needed. But then Martha explained: "I don't like any guests in this house, unless it's a boy guest."



Martha Stewart at home in her chicken coop.

I asked if Martha would give me a tour of the new guesthouse, so she grabbed a coat and we headed out. On the way, we passed the chicken coop, and it was then that she imparted the one piece of how-to information that I will remember for years to come. "Do you know how to kill a turkey?" she asked. I confessed I didn't. Martha said she knew because she had killed five herself last Thanksgiving. The way to do it, she explained, is to force-feed the poor creature tequila until it gets tipsy, then slit its neck and hang it up to bleed dry. I guess a guy can't be too prepared in the nineties. **Charles Gandee**

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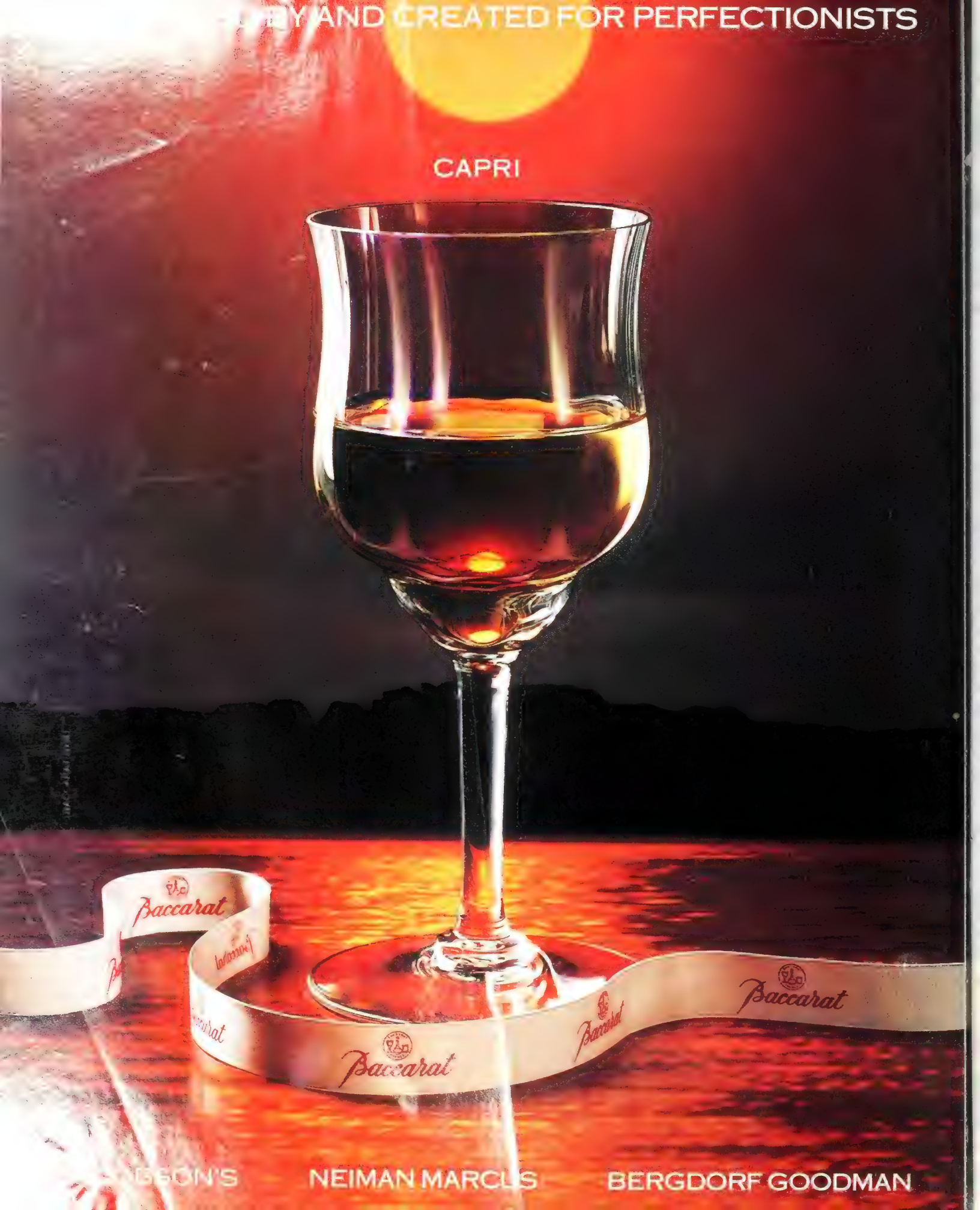
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HG



COVER *View from the living room of Nan and Stephen Swid's Long Island house. Page 90. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*



Robert Denning–decorated entrance hall. Page 140.



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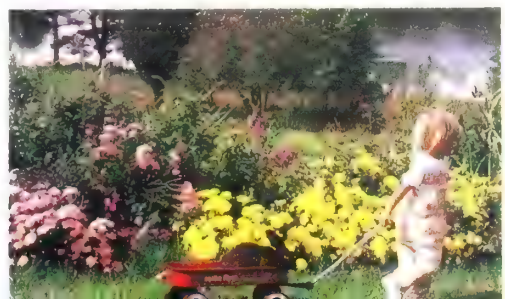
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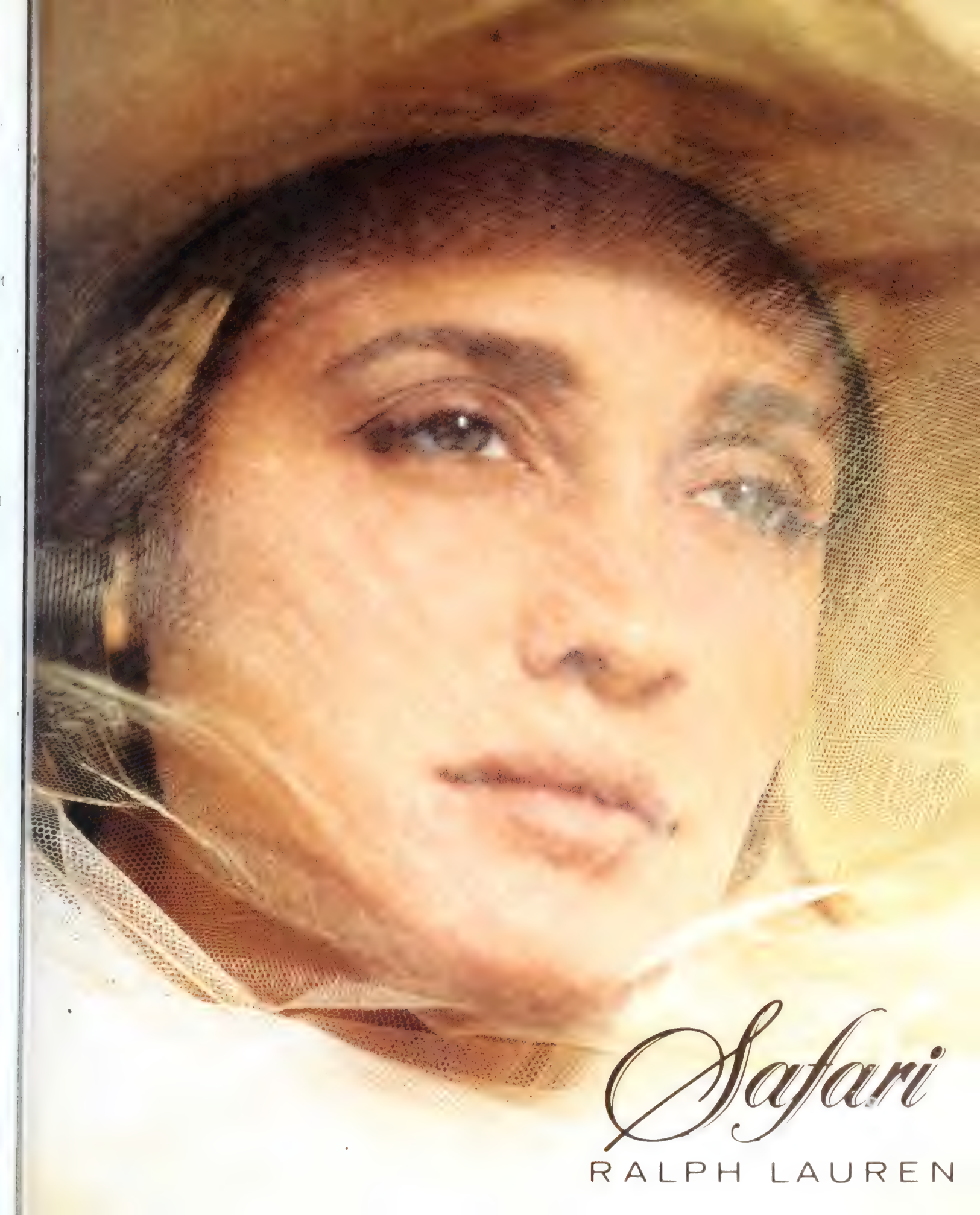
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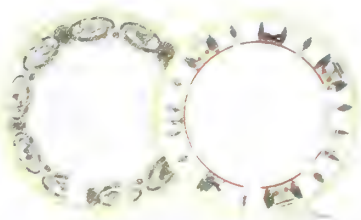
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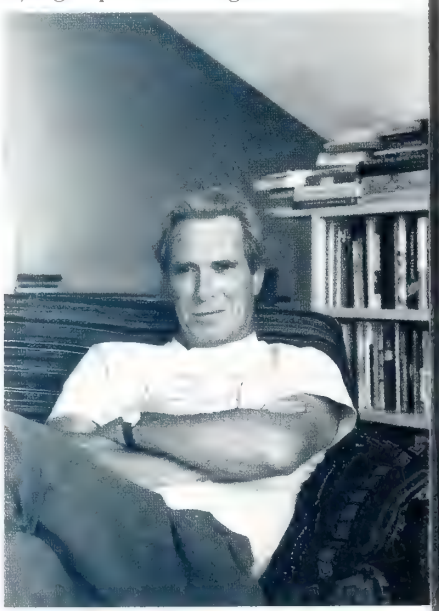
Elliott Erwitt, a photographer whose distinguished career and irreverent eye have earned him a permanent place in many museum collections, says his work isn't without risks: "It can be dangerous sometimes. I was arrested once in Czechoslovakia and once in Egypt for taking pictures in restricted areas." For this issue of HG, Erwitt (shown with his daughters Amy and Sasha) stayed out of trouble by capturing the Westchester County farm that Sotheby's specialists David Nash and Lucy Mitchell-Innes escape to on weekends.



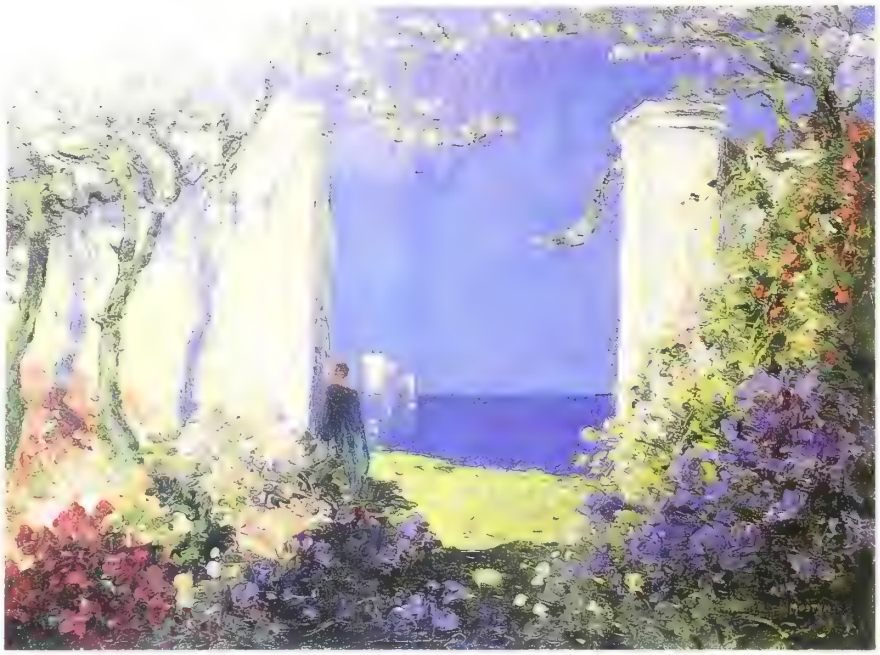
CHRIS SANDERS

Dania Martinez Davey, a former associate art director at Clarkson N. Potter, is HG's new associate design director. Her days are spent selecting typefaces, commissioning illustrations, laying out stories, and poring over film. "Seeing so many interiors inspires me," she says. "Once a day I start to redecorate my apartment—it's undergone dozens of renovations, at least in my own head."

Mark Strand appraises the Maine house and studio of landscape painter Neil Welliver. The two met as art students at Yale in the 1950s and bought a house in Dingle in southwestern Ireland two years ago. Strand, whose home base is Salt Lake City, Utah, is completing his sixth book of poetry, *The Continuous Life*, and plans a change of pace when he finishes. "Recently my interest in painting has been reawakened. Next time I'm in Dingle I'll be trying to paint once again."




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SCOTT MATTHEWSMAN

Jennet Conant, who has profiled New York's movers and shakers for *Manhattan, Inc.,* favorably reviews Joel Siegel's Connecticut log cabin and antique toy collection. "He has the kind of stuff you'd expect to see in a little boy's room from long ago," says Conant, who especially admired the critic's furniture. "I love antique iron beds, and Joel's house is full of them. He filled me in on his source, and now I have the bed I always wanted."

Timothy Hursley recently returned from Eastern Europe, where he focused on party line architecture—a complete turnaround from his Nevada brothels exhibition at the O.K. Harris Gallery in New York last year. For this issue Hursley ventured to the California desert to photograph a house in Joshua Tree: "The structure is so well positioned in the rocky landscape. It's like a magical cave rising among the boulders."



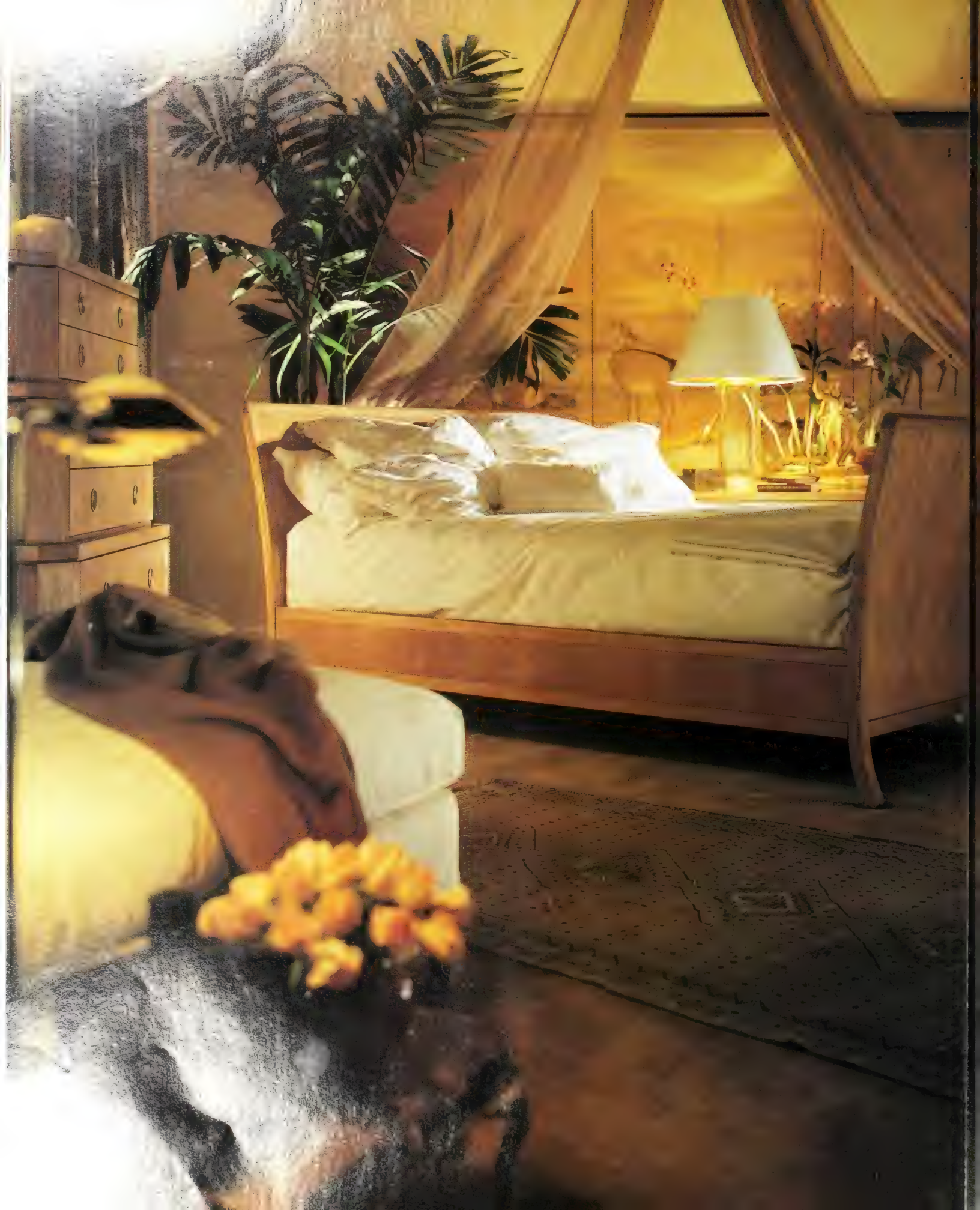
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Amy Abrams and Eric Berthold



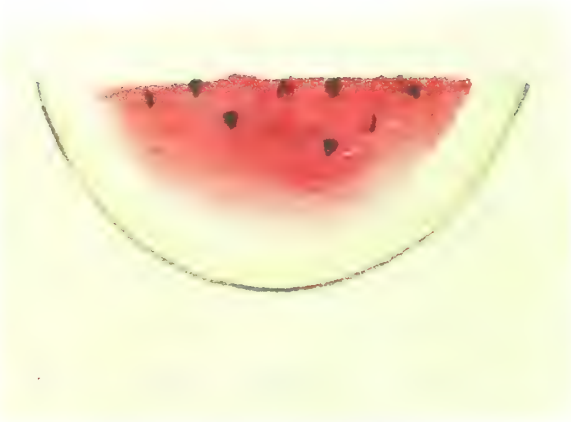


Whispering Pines is less than an hour from New York City, but it could be anyplace where one can still hear the rustling of conifers. The little shop offers everything for the cabin from antique quilts, Beacon blankets, and Adirondack furniture to soaps, scents, and sachets. A children's corner is crammed with raccoon-skin caps and feathered and beaded toy drums; other American Indian crafts include birch bark baskets, lampshades, and picture frames. "My roots are in Wisconsin, and that is the feeling I try to convey," says proprietor Mickey Kelly (*left*), who scours the countryside from Maine to the Midwest in search of such vintage goods as hand-painted trays, souvenir pillows, and 1950s dessert plates (*above*) as well as contemporary items like creamware pitchers and wooden toothpick holders. (Whispering Pines, 516 Main St., Piermont, NY 10968; 914-359-6302)

notes



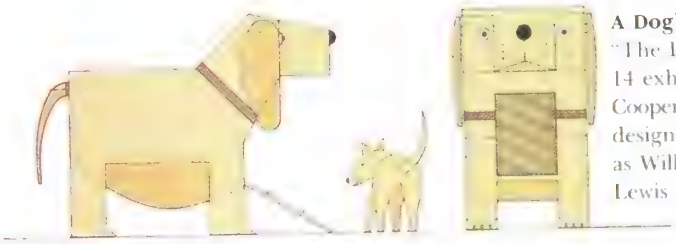
Be Seated
Brizio's cotton Trompe l'Oeil Chair (*left*) is available at Sigillo, Via Lauina 15, Rome (01-361-3469).



Summer Reading Christopher Hewat and more than 100 other artists and writers celebrate the season in *Summer* (*above*), $35, from Addison-Wesley, edited by Alice Gordon and Vincent Virga. Call (800) 447-2226.



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The Prairie Line, a collection of classic all-weather furniture made and painted by hand, includes a hardwood and maple chair (*above*), $400. At Harvey Antiques, (708) 866-6766.



A Dog's Life
"The Doghouse," a June 8–Oct. 14 exhibition at New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum, highlights designers' pads for pooches such as William H. Paxson and Lewis Davis's Trojan Dog (*left*).



Fish for Complements
Hand-carved and hand-painted salmon and fishing flies (*above*) adorn one of wood artist John Bryan's new mantelpieces. Call (207) 829-6447.



Lap of Luxury Joan Olden's polka-dot napkins (*left*) and other hand-painted table linens are great to help glamorize your picnic. Available at Ann Tiedler Creations, 213-838-1857, or call 212-755-5555.

Playtime Richard O'Brien evokes the joy of toys, contemporary and classic, such as a tin riverboat (*below*) in *The Story of American Toys*, published this month by Abbeville Press, $49.95.

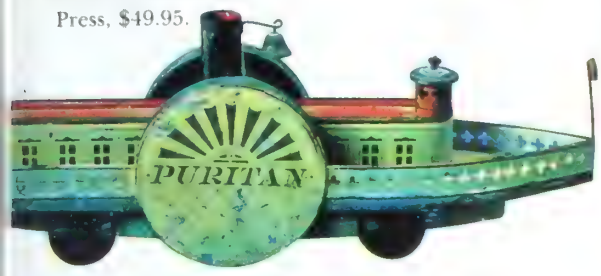




Table Talk
Known for its 18th- and 19th-century English and French pieces, Mill House Antiques in Woodbury, Connecticut, also offers custom-made dining tables (*above*), $3,500–$8,000. Call (203) 263-3446.

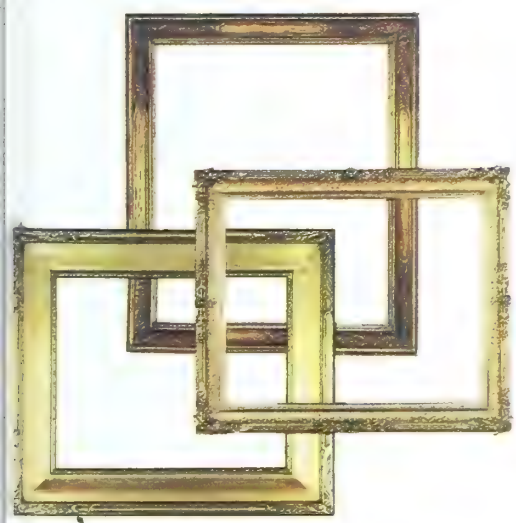
The Well-Dressed Pot
New York florist Ronaldo Maia's fabric-covered flowerpots (*below*) are available in three sizes, $65–$85, not including floral arrangements. Call (212) 288-1049.



Floor Show
Art Underfoot offers rugs that are hooked (*left*), woven, or braided by fiber artists. Fruitspray, $875, is designed by Karlkraft Studios and hooked by Ruth Paull. Jungle Cats, $1,000, is designed by Jean Armstrong and hooked by Yvonne Wood. Call (201) 744-4171.



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Frames of Reference
American picture frames from the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (*above*) are on view June 5–Sept. 2.



Southern Hospitality Henredon's Historic Natchez Collection includes a vintage mahogany and walnut chest of drawers (*above*), $4,500, adapted from an Edgewood Plantation piece. For stores call (800) 444-3682.



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● Important American arts and crafts objects, including a selection of George Ohr pottery, will be auctioned June 9 at Christie's New York. ● England's leading dealers will display their finest antiques and works of art at the Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, June 14–23, Park Lane, London. Call (799) 26699. ● An auction of French fine art, antiques, and decorative objects will be held June 23–24 at the Orangerie of the Château de Cheverny, France. Call (54) 80-33-04.

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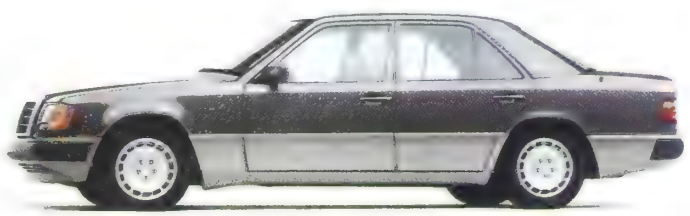
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Moving Heaven and Earth

Topher Delaney leaves no stone unturned in creating her gardens

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC



San Francisco landscape designer and contractor Topher Delaney may have a reputation as a colorful character, but she did not earn it by planting mums and marigolds. "People think landscape design is about flowers, shrubs, and trees," says Delaney. "But it's really about shaping an outdoor space." A masterful hand is more important than a green thumb—with jobs that require contouring the earth, installing drainage and irrigation systems, and layering and orienting materials both hard (stone, concrete) and soft (plant). And if the master is Delaney, the materials and forms will likely be unconventional, reflect collaborations with artists and artisans, and employ an unexpected palette.

Topher Delaney, above left, prefers not to work at a desk. Top: A colorful garden for a colorful client in Marin County. Above: The office mailbox is a postman's leather bag cast in bronze.

While Delaney's use of bright colors has drawn attention, she and partner Andie Cochran, a landscape architect, have higher priorities. "We're not talking about photo opportunities, we're talking about gardens," Delaney says. "Longevity is the key. Gardens should improve with age, and of course the first thing to fade would be a vividly colored stucco wall. A brilliant blue or deep red will only be brilliant or deep for a short time because the organic materials used to achieve the tone are unstable; they react to sun and moisture."

Delaney is happy to provide such explanations: "I insist that clients understand the how and the why, not just the where and when, of all the steps in building a garden." Her interest in process is, one might say, deep-rooted. For the past sixteen years Delaney has maintained a contracting company as well as a design firm. "There is no substitute for getting your hands dirty," she says. "Knowing how something is put together is obviously a great asset in designing a garden, and building it gives you both freedom and control. You can experiment and make choices on a daily basis."

This hands-on approach has grown on Cochran. "I used to be involved with projects on the scale of a new town in Saudi Arabia. When it takes more than five years to complete a project, you feel disassociated from it by the end. Being equipped to design and build means you can adjust to the variables. And working closely with materials makes you open to new ones."

Teacups, for example. For a woman with a "delightful Alice in Wonderland quality," Delaney and Cochran framed a scored concrete patio on one side of a lap pool with walls the color of lapis lazuli and terra-cotta ornamented with teacups; ceramic pears sit atop a procession of piers on the other side. Off the kitchen a tall mosaic figure by artist Martha

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patio enclosed by walls of madrona branches, and colored stucco. den has a different point of view," explains Delaney, "which is as much a reflection of the client as us." For another woman who wanted to take some risks and was interested in natural materials, Delaney and Cochran built a terrace of pink Arizona flagstone punctuated with chunks of granite and fashioned a rail of manzanita branches bound to upright supports with copper wire. A couple in Marin County chose sweeping structural walls with trapezoids of concrete at either end and paving tinted wine, olive, and sulphur.

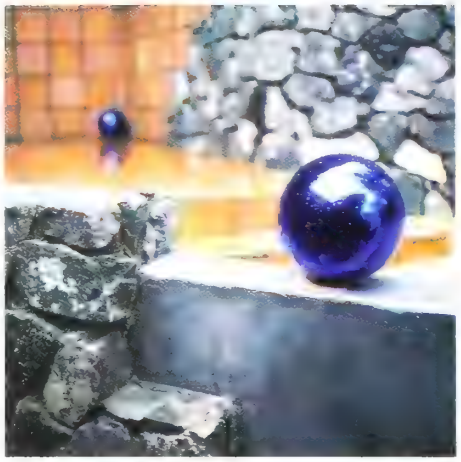
Delaney and Cochran do not confine themselves to the exotic. Another garden in Marin features beds of roses, an arbor constructed around an existing tree, and a gravel room with hedges for walls. And for a law firm's rooftop garden in downtown San Francisco, the partners selected traditional elements for a traditional profession—topiary, rows of plant-



ing, a gazebo—but assembled them in an unconventional manner: thirty spherical planters supporting trellises pro- module around the perimeter of the roof, in gravel surrounding a piazza of concrete pavers modmade by Buddy Rhodes. A steel garden structure has "ice cream cone" feet, and fiberglass boulders made by as trash receptacles. In the middle of it all lies it might help the lawyers relax," deadpans

Delaney is one of know little about. "Topher has hundreds of ideas," says Cochran. "We'll edit them together." Ellis work out a railing detail to the last quarter inch. Topher will refine a detail on-site. Stylistically and personality-wise, I would admit we are unalike, but we have a similar vision."

If you have a bit of turf and never want to see another railroad tie, start by calling Andie Cochran at the office. Topher Delaney may be in Paris hunting garden treasures for Lumbini, the shop opening this month in her office near Potrero Hill. Or she may be meeting with an artist about an installation at Site 375, her open-air gallery next door. Or she may be in Saint Helena directing boom cranes and bulldozers carving out a four-acre lake. But she'll get back to you. ♠



Blue glass gazing balls punctuate a composition of tinted stucco, adoquín pavers, and basalt.

"We're not talking about photo opportunities—we're talking about gardens. Longevity is the key"



Manzanita branches lashed to upright poles with copper wire form the railing for a terrace of Arizona flagstone with blocks of granite, left.



Tinted concrete pavers work equally well at the entrance of a house, above, and as the floor for a law firm's rooftop garden in downtown San Francisco, far left.



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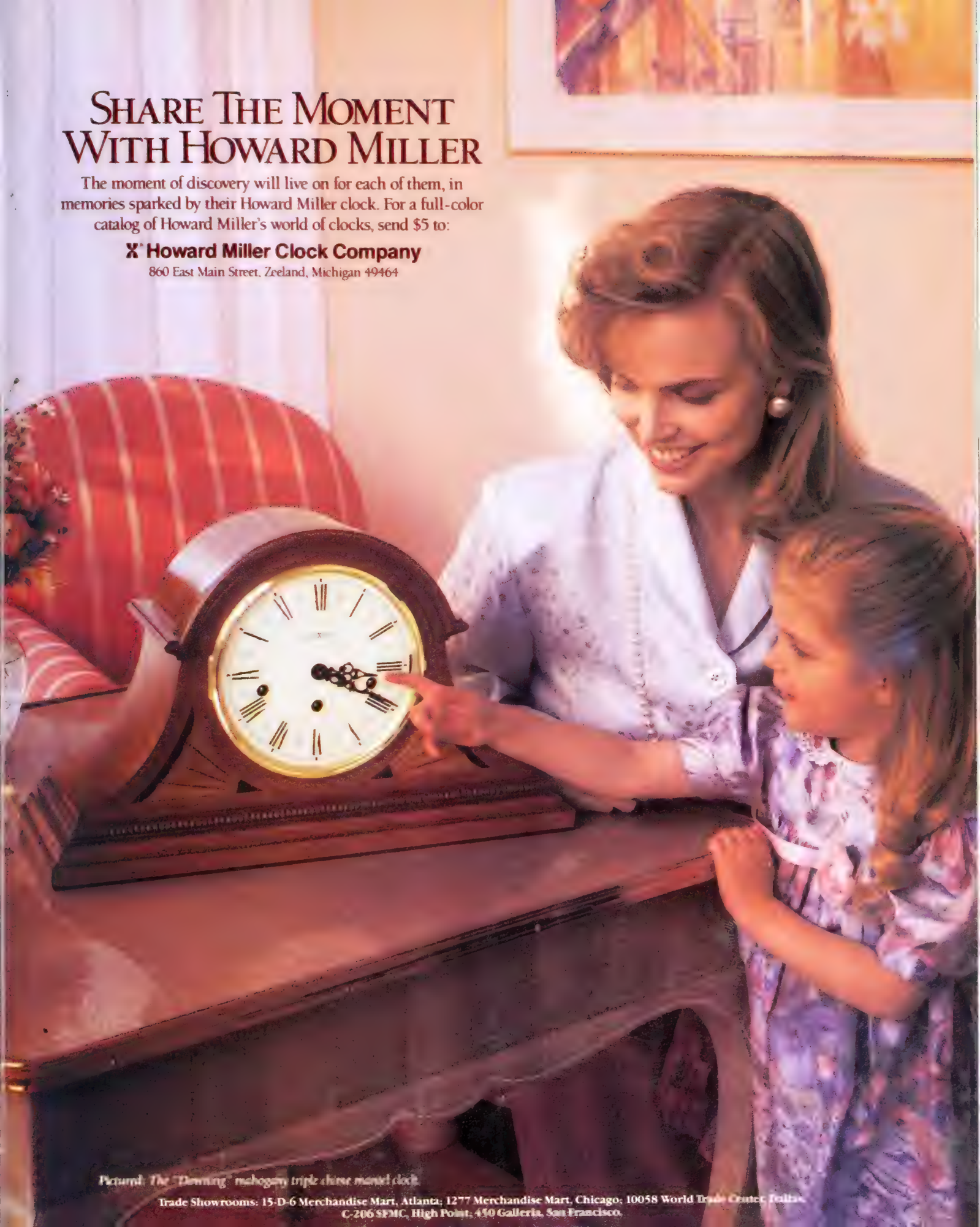
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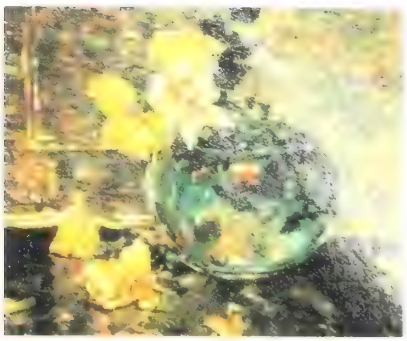
Impressions of an Island

An exhibition illuminates the seaside locale of Childe Hassam's summer muse

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN







Childe Hassam painted *Summer Sunlight*, above, in the Isles of Shoals in 1892. Right: *Mainland from the Isles of Shoals*, c. 1890. Below: A Thaxter bouquet, *Roses in a Vase*, 1890.

Neither Childe Hassam, the artist, nor Celia Thaxter, the writer whose garden and rooms were the subject of his great paintings of the Isles of Shoals, have figured high on recent lists of fin de siècle American geniuses. As experimental as their work was, it has fallen into the void between the gentility of Boston Brahmin landscape painters and the modernity ushered in with New York's 1913 Armory Show. Recently Houghton Mifflin's reprint of Thaxter's last book, *An Island Garden*, originally published in 1894 with illustrations by Hassam, has stirred new interest. Now, with the exhibition "Childe Hassam: An Island Garden Revisited," at the Yale University Art Gallery through June 10, and a companion book by David Park Curry (to be issued in hardcover this fall by W. W. Norton), we have the chance to see and revalue the two artists' honesty and craftsmanship.

The oils, watercolors, and pastels that Hassam created while summering at Appledore Island off the Maine–New Hampshire coast between the mid 1880s and around 1916 represent his finest experiments in American impressionism. But they are really the result of a three-way collaboration. The short, sure brushstrokes, the surprising compositions, and the way the pictures invite light without obscuring the figures, all belong to Hassam. The gardens and the flower-filled drawing room, however, are the work of Celia Thaxter's hands, and the light itself belongs to Appledore, whose full range of colors and moods found its purest expression in Thaxter's *An Island Garden* and *Among the Isles of Shoals*.

When the painter met the writer in the early 1880s, she was already a well-known poet, and her book about her upbringing as the lighthouse keeper's daughter on the Isles of Shoals was a best-seller. Twenty-four years Hassam's senior, she enrolled in his watercolors class in Boston in the mid 1880s, after which he pursued his own studies in Paris for several years. Their friendship blossomed when he began his seasonal stays on Appledore at the hotel founded by Thaxter's father and run by her brothers. There is no record of Hassam's first visit with Thaxter at her cottage near the hotel, but at his first glimpse of her jumbled, riotous garden, he must have known that he

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From glimpses of the island garden, Hassam must have known he had found his Giverny



had found his Giverny. Backed by the simple curves of sea and land, the spikes of hollyhocks, the masses of nasturtiums, the coreopsis, marigolds, poppies, dahlias, lilies, roses, larkspur, and all the rest were a living study in the play of color and form. Indoors, too, in the parlor where Thaxter entertained a distinguished group of artists, musicians, and writers, she arranged flowers everywhere, rising at five in the morning to cut blooms from the garden a hundred at a time and place them in successions of tone on every surface of the green-upholstered room.

A kind of illuminated accuracy was the strength Thaxter and Hassam shared. True, most of her poems are strangled by insistent rhymes, and his later efforts to put allegorical or classical themes into painting were almost always disastrous, but for pure seeing and the craft to transmit it, this pair had few equals in their time. In his paintings of island and sea, Hassam could make browns burn and scarlets seem to dissolve among the greens and yellows. He could roughen his brushstrokes so the bare headlands were as full of motion as the waves; he could make a smooth timeless calm for the ephemeral poppies.



***The Room of Flowers*, above, captures the artistic clutter of Celia Thaxter's cottage parlor on Appledore Island in 1894, the year of her death. Above left: *The South Ledges, Appledore*, 1913.**

Thaxter compelled sight through her prose. Writing of a barrel of walnuts her family had rescued from their overturned supply boat one autumn and laid out to dry in their cottage, she recalled, "Before [the nuts] were gathered up came a terrible storm from the southeast. It raved and tore at lighthouse and cottage; the sea broke into the windows of that eastern chamber where the walnuts lay, and washed them out till they came dancing down the stairs in briny foam!"

Thaxter died in late summer 1894. Hassam laid her bier on a bed of sweet bay in the famous parlor and helped carry her coffin to her island grave. He would keep coming to Appledore, elaborating his vision of it, for another two decades. The later pictures turn to the sea and the wild grasses and rocks along the island's fringes, but perhaps the finest of the whole suite is not a landscape at all. *The Room of Flowers* was painted shortly before Thaxter's death. So various is the light through the windows and the welter of flowers and picture frames that this interior still has the tone of a plein air painting. And hidden gently among the colors is the figure of an unidentified young woman. (So well was she hidden that a French critic concluded the picture should have been called *Cherchez la femme.*) The surprise of finding her—much as we rediscover two neglected artists through this exhibition—is what makes the painting so memorable. ♠

"Childe Hassam: An Island Garden Revisited" will also be on view at the Denver Art Museum (July 5–Sept. 9) and the National Museum of American Art in Washington (Oct. 5–Jan. 6, 1991).


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Reluctant Regionalists

Architects across America question whether traditional forms are always appropriate. BY PILAR VILADAS



Once upon a time, modern architecture was going to save the world. But when its hard-edged second- and third-generation boxes of steel, glass, and concrete threatened to overrun the planet, modernism was voted out of office. Postmodernism, with its [illegible] architecture's [illegible] every 'historic' style from classical Greek to [illegible]. And one of the [illegible] was its willingness to [illegible]

the return to regional or vernacular architecture in order to recapture an area's particular sense of place. Soon architects were creating neo-adobe ranch houses in New Mexico, log cabins in Wyoming, tile-roofed haciendas in San Diego, and shingle-style cottages in Newport. For a few brief moments, it seemed that the only good architect was a regionalist architect. A very few moments. Regionalism got commercialized; suddenly there were adobe office buildings and Williamsburg colonial car washes. And local traditions began to wander far from home with puzzling results such as the Arizona shopping center modeled after a medieval Italian town.

Even well-regarded regionalists now resent the very word; they feel ghettoized by it, as their big-city peers land increasingly large national and international commissions. "Anything that's not in New York is considered regional," jokes W. G. Clark, a partner in the Charleston, South Carolina, firm of Clark & Menefee and chairman of the Department of Architecture at the University of Virginia. Moreover, regionalism has become a convenient catchall for the kind of superficial cribbing of local vernaculars that borders on kitsch. "It has become the equivalent of the mansard roof on a McDonald's," contends Burlington, Vermont, architect Turner Brooks, whose quirky interpretations of rural New England buildings may have done him more harm than good: "People sometimes refer to my houses as farmhouses, and I hate it."

Even Albuquerque, New Mexico, architect Antoine Predock, who *The New York Times* critic Paul Goldberger said "shows signs of being the one architect in the country most likely to break out of the regionalist curse and move into what we might call the architectural 'big time,'" still feels the sting of being too closely identified with a particular regional tradition. "No more Mr. Adobe," he warns, whenever the R-word is mentioned. In any event, regionalism's godfather, postmodernism, has lately been shoved out of the spotlight of critical and popular adoration by deconstructivism, a movement that has at its center a renewed interest in—you guessed it—modernism. Getting dizzy yet? That is precisely the problem. This merry-go-round of isms based mainly on historical styles ignores the central problem of our architectural present: how to build in a global culture of increasingly sophisticated technology and communications without severing a culture's ties to its history. You can laugh at a faux château going up on a scrubby hillside in Malibu, but its cultural message is no joke. "When people buy these houses in ludicrous styles, it's a search for meaning," says Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, who, with her husband and partner, Andres Duany, demonstrated the value of traditional town planning in their design for Seaside, Florida. "You can't just write it off; it's a serious psychological need," she says.

But just whose need is it anyway? The California missions were built by Spaniards who were speaking their architectural mother tongue. To the Indians who were already there, these buildings must have looked as if they'd dropped from the sky; today we revere them as ancient monuments, suitable for emulation as mini malls. If a family moves from Georgia

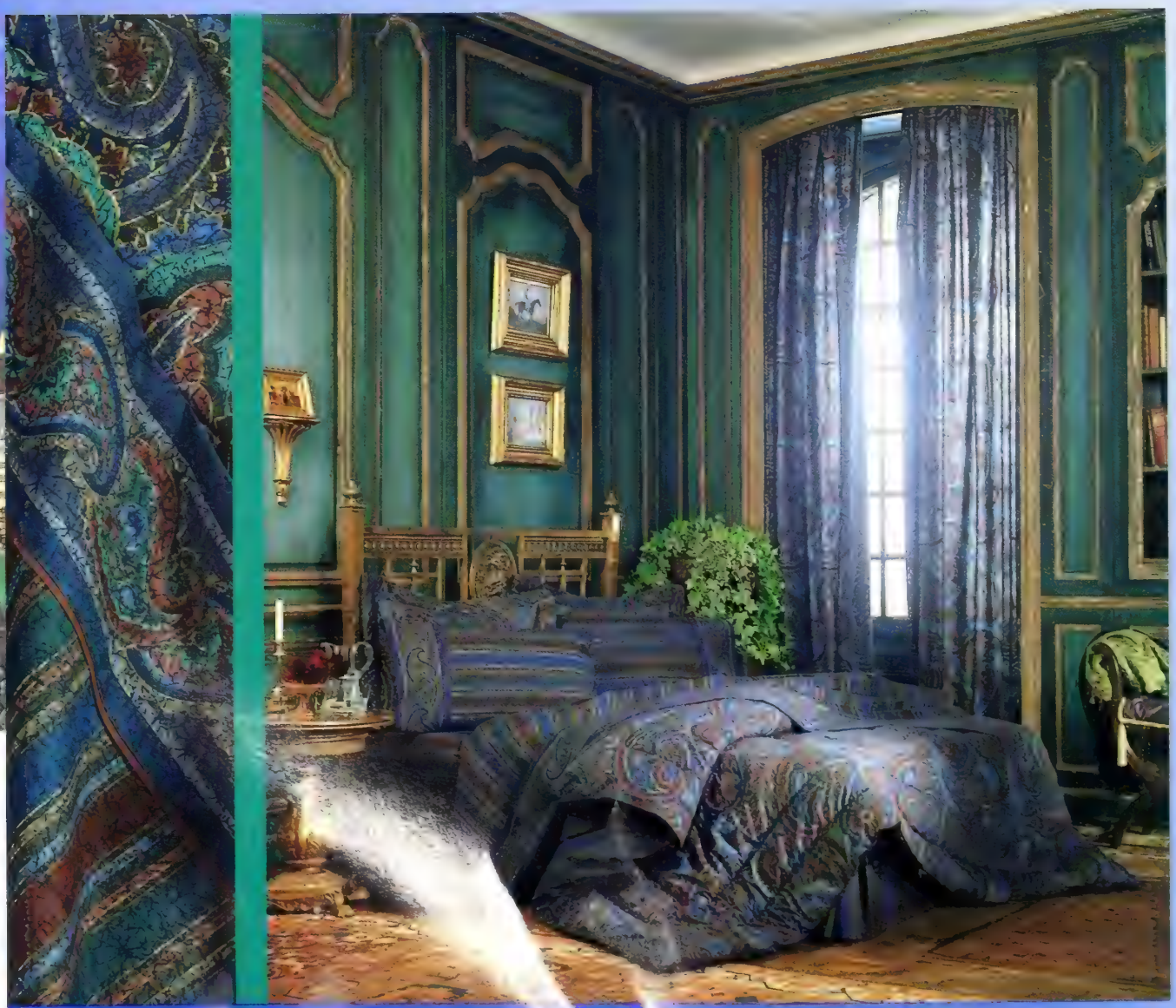


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to Seattle, can you blame them for putting up Tara in the cedar groves?

Thomas Beeby, partner in the Chicago firm of Hammond Beeby & Babka and dean of the School of Architecture at Yale, says, "You have a pact with the users of a building, and you can best understand this pact when you live in the community. But architects are working all over the place, which can be a problem." It doesn't seem to be a problem for Beeby, whose firm designed the western-style Hole-in-the-Wall Gang Camp for Paul Newman and who speaks the local vernacular in places ranging from Santa Fe (an adobe ranch house) to Connecticut (an English country house). Others, not as talented, risk becoming architectural carpetbaggers who, in W. G. Clark's words, "go from one place to another doing architecture they think is appropriate but which is a cartoon of what the region is supposed to be."

What more and more architects are realizing—and the best ones have known all along—is that regionalism isn't the real issue; sensitivity is. James Cutler, whose office is near Seattle, argues passionately for a truly ecological approach to building, preferring to let his houses burrow into the earth or bridge streams rather than overrun a pristine site. "Just making a flat spot on the land and putting a house there isn't regional architecture. It isn't moral architecture either," he maintains. By ignoring the subtleties of even the smallest plot of land, Cutler says, you've already gone a step further toward creating the architectural equivalent of a Holiday Inn, no matter how "regional" its style.

Clark believes that a "strict response to a very localized place" produces the best buildings and that every place is really about three places: the physical (topography, light), the cultural (local culture and traditions), and the evocative or spiritual (qualities that call up the area's historical or mythic past). His firm's widely acclaimed design for the Middleton Inn in South Carolina is a case in point: an uncompromisingly modern building set on the terraced outline of an old phosphate mine near a historic plantation, its materials, colors, and details all refer to local traditions.

For Antoine Predock, who recently opened a second office in Los Angeles, the issue boils down to two kinds of regionalist design: nostalgic, which dwells on superficial forms, and spiritual, which "transcends that easy stylistic hit." The latter, which "connects ancient presences to what's out there now," may include everything on a building site from "Precambrian granite to 1930s hubcaps to the vapor of UFOs," Predock explains. Like W. G. Clark, he considers himself a modern architect who believes that architecture can be of its time *and* of its place.

Still, the road to genuinely regional architecture is a rocky one. Consider the case of a well-known Los Angeles firm that was commissioned to design a building in Japan. When the architects told the client they wanted to spend time studying native building traditions, they were told, "Forget about that. We want a California building." How do you say hacienda in Japanese? ▲



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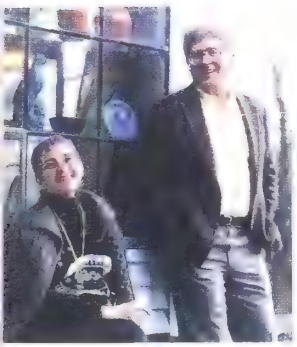
East by Northeast

A saltbox in the Connecticut countryside is one of New England's best sources for oriental wares

BY CELIA MCGEE



For centuries, Chinese art has been globe-trotting its way into collections all over the world. The trade routes in and out of China deposited objects in unexpected places: South Africa by way of the perilous Cape of Good Hope; Mexico as a transfer point between Canton and Seville; and Wilton, Connecticut, as one final destination. Wilton, Connecticut?



In an eighteenth-century white clapboard saltbox, overlooking the Norwalk River where it's still just a stream winding through groves of trees, Vallin Galleries is marking its fiftieth anniversary in the oriental art business. Ducks and geese hustle around two Japanese Buddhist stone lions by the entrance gate and strike an occasional pose in the terraced garden reminiscent of a Chinese landscape painting. Dealer Peter Rosenberg and his wife, Louise, keep the birds fat and happy. The lions, which have withstood the elements for almost three centuries, take care of themselves.



Peter Rosenberg, who has an encyclopedic familiarity with oriental art (and a library to match), came by his knowledge "by osmosis" and through decades of reading, attending lectures, and visiting exhibitions, which he and Louise continue to do from London to New York, San Francisco, and New Haven. The gallery was founded by Peter's mother, Josephine Vallin Rosenberg, and he remembers helping out in the shop, then in Greenwich Village, from the age of ten. "I've always been infatuated with Chinese forms and colors," he says. Louise is responsible for integrating the shop's fluid inventory into smart displays. "It's an oriental antiques department store," jokes Peter.

Well maybe, if museums and serious collectors went shopping in department stores. The dozens of Buddhas alone that make their beneficent presence known from tabletops, shelves, cupboards, and windowsills on the gallery's two floors represent nearly every country and culture in which Buddhism has flourished. A Chinese Neolithic pot looks down on an exceptional thirteenth-century Majapahit elephant from Indonesia. For $1,200 you can buy a hexagonal porcelain bowl on which a carp metamorphoses into the celestial dragon that Chinese mythology teaches brings rain. A small seventeenth-century covered jar bearing the emperor's reign mark (and the cachet of having a twin in the National Palace Museum in Taipei) was recently purchased by a Hong Kong dealer for a tidy sum. Its imprimatur, says Peter, "allows collectors to go a little mad with desire."



A Japanese granite lantern and 17th-century stone lions, top right, mark the entrance to Vallin Galleries, where owners Peter and Louise Rosenberg, top left, carry on a family tradition of selling oriental art. Above: A bowl of pomegranates embellishes a c. 1730 famille verte plate. Left: Blanc de chine vases on a 17th-century Chinese scholar's desk.

His own madness runs toward "furniture and sculpture and puzzling over Chinese porcelain, which is the most intellectually challenging because of the complexity of the Chinese porcelain trade and manufacture. Jingdezhen, with the largest deposit of white clay in the world, had 3,000 kilns and a million people making porcelain in the sixteenth century." From the whitest of white clay came the Rosenbergs' collection of blanc de chine altar vases. "Much of what we collect in the West are pieces of Chinese altar garniture," Peter points out. "The Chinese also gave the world many of its ornamental flowers—varieties of peonies, chrysanthemums, azaleas—and those vases held some of them." Quite rare is the Rosenbergs' pair of ceramic Buddhist guard-



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ian lions. Despite their fragility, they survived rampaging warlords, riots, natural disasters, and the desperate mood of famine. "China," says Peter, "is a country where everything happens on an epic scale."

This larger-than-life quality fascinates him. It's a matter of what he calls the context of Chinese art and artifacts in which he includes the history of orientalist collecting. Living in Connecticut, he's well situated to take advantage of the legacy of New England's China trade, which saw clipper ships return with tea sets for Boston's Beacon Hill, embroidered silks for the ladies of Providence, and exotic figures for the curio cabinets of merchant princes up and down the East Coast. "Many of our things belonged to families whose ancestors were missionaries, businessmen, or diplomats in the Far East," Peter says. "These are people we've known for years, who originally came to my mother."

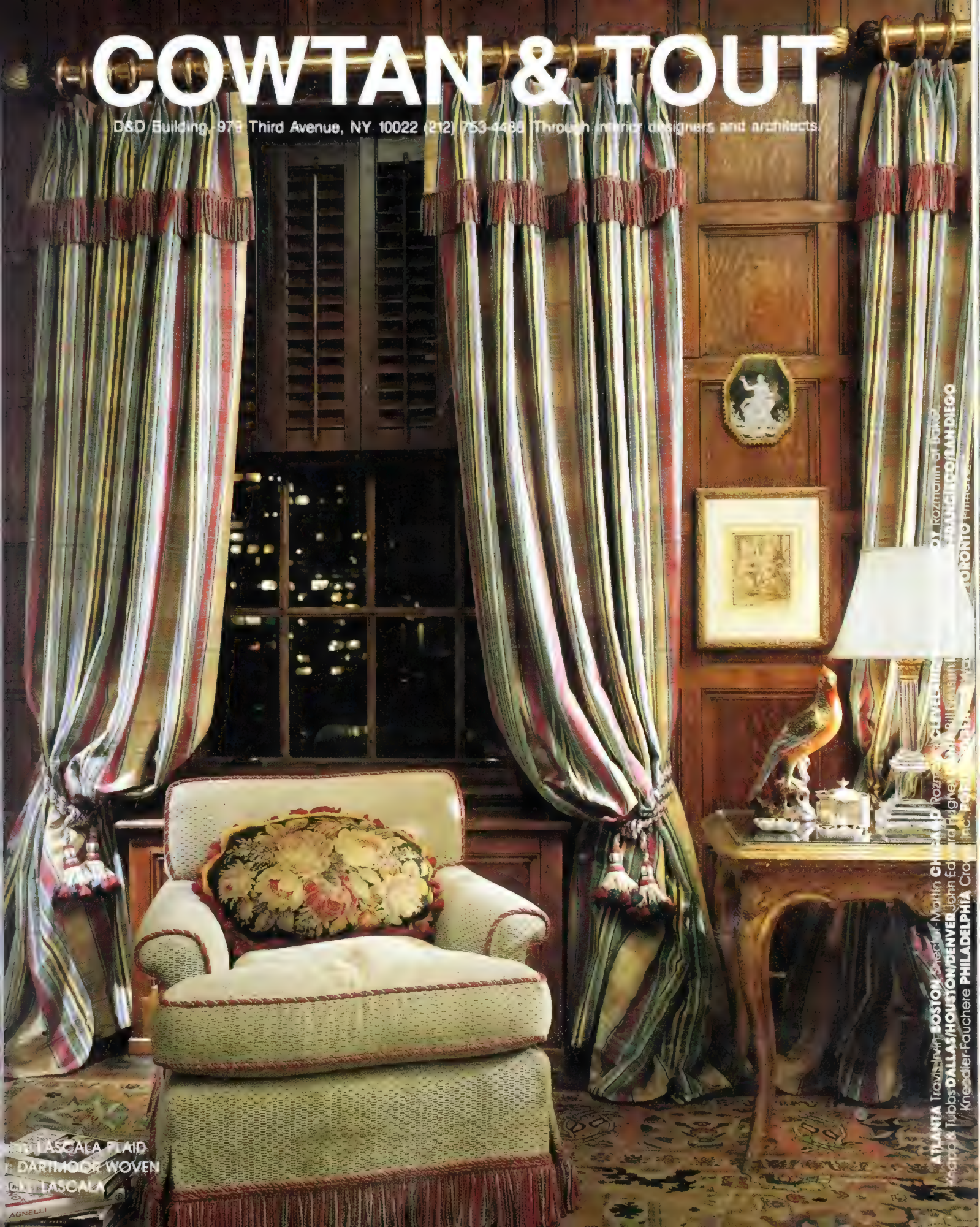
After the fall of China's monarchy, treasures were also sold off by the last emperor in order to maintain himself and his vast entourage in the pomp and decadence to which they were accustomed. And well into the 1930s, digs yielded the great Tang burial figures that were supposed to accompany the dead to the next world. A terra-cotta Bactrian camel stands at attention in the gallery, its saddlebags fully packed. The Rosenbergs' several Northern Wei soldiers served a similar purpose. "I love these figures because there's a freshness and spontaneity to the modeling that was sometimes lost later on," Peter says.

Peter Rosenberg has brought his ancient objects back from the dead. "My role is to preserve tradition and to dispense pleasure to people who care about these things the way I do," he says. "China was the only country in the world where the value of artistic ability was institutionalized. Until 1906 the civil service exam required a knowledge of poetry, calligraphy, and literature. It was a meritocracy within a monarchy. If you were successful, you could end up sitting next to the emperor yourself."

Wait. Up there. Just to the left of the emperor. Isn't that Peter Rosenberg? ♠






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Critic's Choice

Off the air, Joel Siegel shifts his focus to a log cabin filled with pop Americana. BY JENNET CONANT

For nine years, Joel Siegel, the mustachioed entertainment critic for *Good Morning America* and WABC's *Eyewitness News*, thought his cozy cottage in Falls Village, Connecticut, was an idyllic country retreat. As it happens, his new wife, Melissa, did not agree. The square modern structure, with its two walls of solid glass and two of cedar, had been home to Siegel and his former wife, Jane, and Melissa could not be reconciled to Jane's abode. "So Melissa went house hunting," recalls Siegel with a sigh, still bewildered by this infelicitous display of female territoriality (he and Melissa have since divorced). "She wanted something Victorian and rambling. I wanted something new. We looked all over Litchfield County before we found something we could agree on."



Joel Siegel relaxes on the porch of his log cabin, top left, home to his collection of Americana, including porcelain RCA dogs and vintage windup cars, top right and above.

Their compromise was admittedly peculiar—a rustic log cabin in Connecticut's tame wilderness. But they both fell for the cabin's dark dramatic air of authenticity. "The logs were even taken from hemlock trees on the grounds," says Siegel, sounding breathless as a small boy smitten by tales of Daniel Boone. The large two-story log cabin was built in the 1890s as a hunting lodge on the 1,200-acre estate of a wealthy Guatemalan banana king with a fondness for blood sports; the main house, a big old colonial mansion, still dominates the top of the grassy knoll. The cabin, appropriately named Brook Hollow, is tucked away in a shady dip of land by a storybook babbling brook. "There are trout in the stream, which I won't catch," says Siegel, "because I feel too paternal about them."

By the time the Siegels acquired the cabin in 1985, it had changed hands three times and had once even been the site of a summer camp. The interior, with its heavy beams and wood walls, was as dark as a dungeon and almost as cold. Friends who stopped by to see the romantic getaway were politely horrified, but the Siegels were determined to turn the lofty five-bedroom lodge into a comfortable country home. They did everything short of removing the roof to brighten the space. They added skylights, cut new windows, installed glass-paned doors, sanded the floors, and painted the ceilings and every scrap of wall space white. In addition, the kitchen was gutted, several walls were moved, and the master bedroom was redone to



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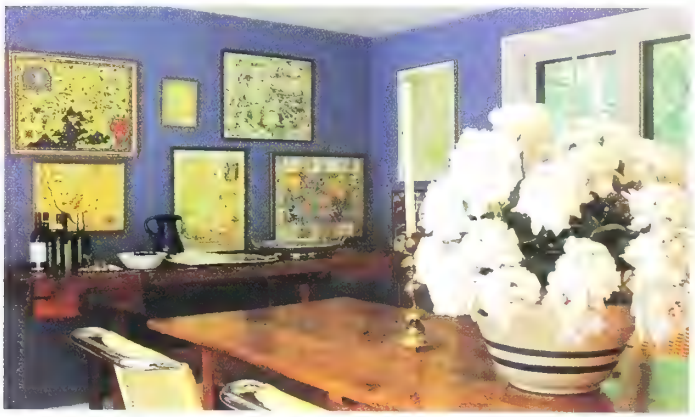
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Siegel scoured antiques shops and auction houses all over Connecticut and Massachusetts to find one-of-a-kind objects. A native Californian, he has an eye for southwestern-style furnishings and picks up unusual pieces on his jaunts to Arizona and Los Angeles. At a Santa Monica shop owned by an old school chum, he acquired several Navajo rugs. "Every one of these was woven by hand by women, some of whom were genuine artists," says Siegel. "The rugs are asymmetrical and have imperfections. But in today's world, where everything is polished chrome and plastic, they're real."

Siegel has been fascinated with pop culture since his days as a history graduate student at UCLA, and his collections of Americana fill every nook and cranny of the cabin: a set of old Horatio Alger books; a dozen or more porcelain RCA dogs; vintage tin windup cars of every size and shape; framed children's maps from the 1930s and '40s depicting the adventures of radio show heroes such as the Lone Ranger, Little Orphan Annie, and Buck Rogers; and a baseball card collection that he put together in 1954 and now estimates is "probably worth more than anything in the house." His latest acquisition is an assortment of framed western handkerchiefs. "I really believe the essence of America is not to be found in the writings of our philosophers but in the things that people really use," says Siegel.





Siegel is as breathless about the place as a small boy smitten by tales of Daniel Boone



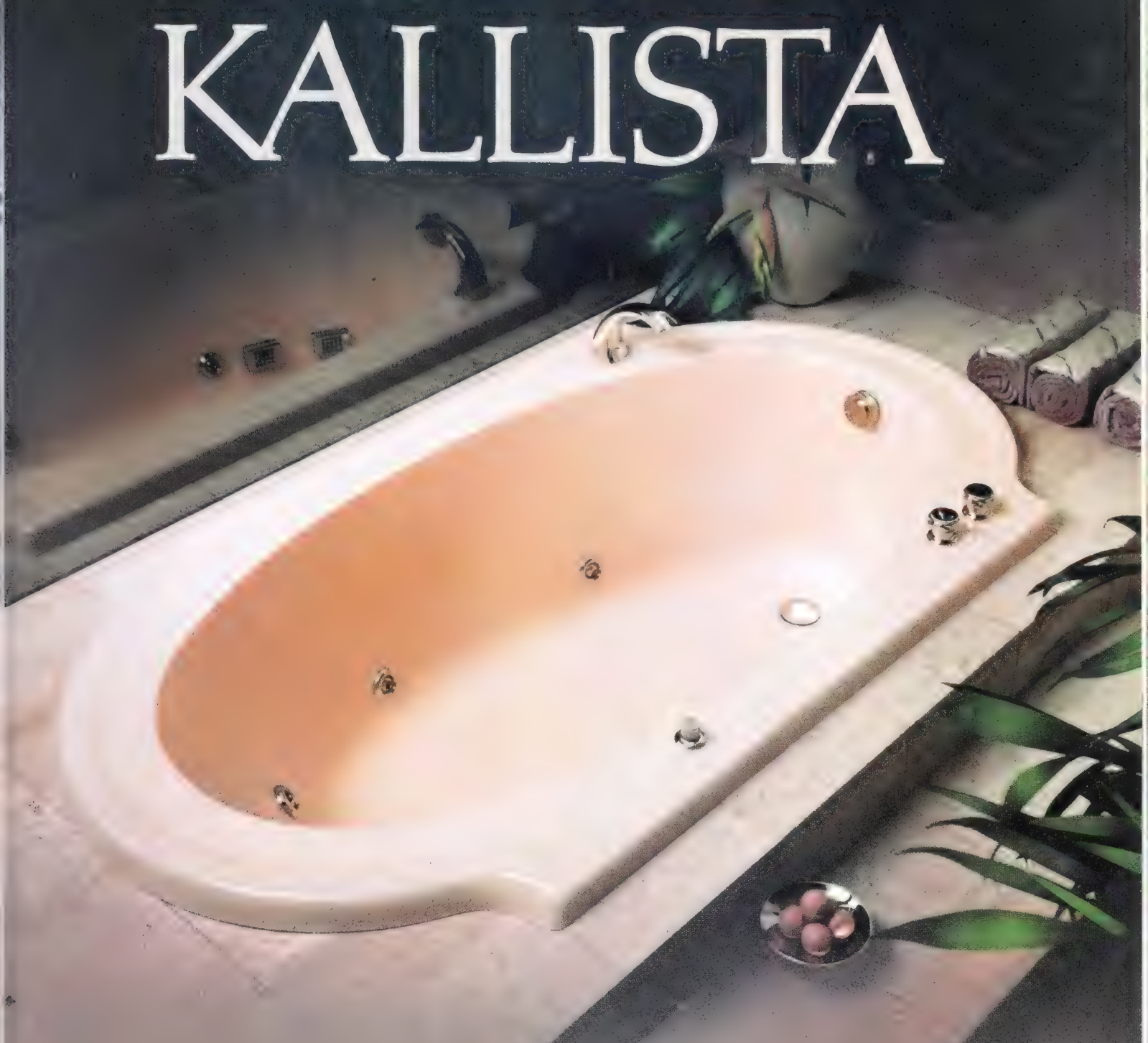
Horatio Alger books, above, are another passion of Siegel's. Framed children's maps from the 1930s and '40s line the dining room walls, left. Below: The living room, with its heavy beams and wooden walls, is brightened with Navajo rugs and plaid upholstery.

His own prose has been immortalized on some of those everyday items. After graduate school and a stint in the army reserves, Siegel wrote advertising copy for a living; his contributions to our commercial history have appeared on Cheer and Brillo boxes. It was in 1971 while pursuing one of his hobbies—playing his library of old radio shows for a local Los Angeles station—that Siegel received his break in show business: he got fired. Another radio station gave him a shot at reading the news, and not long afterwards he landed a job as a feature reporter for Channel 2 news in New York. In 1976 he moved to ABC and soon became its film critic. "I admit it, I get paid to have fun," Siegel says. "Even when I'm watching a terrible movie, it's fun because I'm thinking of all the terrible things I'm going to say about the people who made it."

Like many collectors, Siegel is quick to defend his hoarded treasures as professionally handy. For example, there was the day his stack of 78 records gave him a unique advantage when he was taping a story about the fiftieth anniversary of the historic Lindbergh flight. "I was the only reporter who could play Vernon Dalhart's hit song 'Lindbergh (the Eagle of the USA),'" he says, humming the tune. "Remember that one?"

Siegel has one problem, though. Space. His collections have already overflowed from his country house to his city apartment, where antique toys cram every shelf and ledge and all manner of framed memorabilia lean against the wall in the hallway. "I tend to acquire stuff," he says modestly. "But I just do it for fun, not in any systematic way. And I do limit myself. For example, I don't collect toy tractors." Since his divorce, Siegel has been redoing the apartment as a bachelor pad. In addition to making room for his toys, he is re-covering some pale pink chairs in a more masculine fabric. He has also been dating again, but whatever happens this time, he's sticking with the cabin. ♠

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Do the Light Thing

A refreshing seasonal menu takes the heat off summer cooking

BY GENE HOVIS



Chilled cucumber avocado watercress soup and artichokes vinaigrette whet warm-weather appetites.

The advent of warm weather always sends my thoughts about food in the direction of quick, easy, light dishes that call for a minimum of cooking. Rising temperatures find me increasingly attracted to crisp salads of every kind, fresh fruits, and lots of liquids—cold soups, herbal teas, and chilled springwater. My summer eating habits are inevitably rewarded, for, without denying myself, I invariably lose a few pounds.

The joys of summer growing up in a small town in North Carolina loom large in my memory. With no school for two months, each day had the feeling of a holiday. Our family had all its meals out-of-doors or on the screened-in back porch that overlooked an enormous vegetable and flower garden flanked by peach, pear, and apple trees and trellises supporting deep purple Concord grapes destined for jelly jars. I can still recall the fragrance of the honeysuckle vines and the mint bed that perfumed the air.

My parents were talented gardeners. Every evening after dinner (or did we call it supper?) they went into the garden and planted, weeded, and staked, according to what needed to be done, until nightfall. The vegetables and fruits were my father's domain, the flowers my mother's. Neither of them had ever had any horticultural training, but guided by their instinctive feeling for what had to be done, and a little help from the *Farmer's Almanac*, they performed wonders.

My mother's area of the garden abounded with zinnias, her favorite flowers, their warm golden color providing dramatic contrast to the deep green leaves that surrounded them. She had wonderful arrangements in every room of the house, and each Sunday she decorated the church altar with them. Queen Zeen, her friends lovingly called her.

My father called his plot the Victory garden. I never found out which victory he had in mind although perhaps he felt he had triumphed over the inimical forces of nature. He was enormously proud of his garden, and to protect it from predators (and his family of four small boys who might trample seedlings during some roughhouse), he surrounded it with a lovely picket fence. Since I was my mother's official kitchen helper, I had a special dispensation to enter the otherwise off-limits territory to gather vegetables in the family laundry basket. There was no shortage of treasures to collect from the immaculate rows of string beans, carrots, potatoes, cabbage, squash, okra, tomatoes, turnip and mustard greens, kale, and cress, all in perfect alignment like a well-trained army on parade. Without a doubt my favorite vegetable was corn on the cob. Can anything compare to the crisp sweetness of an ear of corn cooked within minutes of its being picked and slathered with freshly churned butter?

The precise, unwavering lines of the vegetable plants were no accident. They represented a cooperative effort between my father and the Old Mare, an undistinguished brown horse with not much in the way of personality or charm. Regardless of her temperament, she always fulfilled her duties at planting time; pulling the plow with my father in the driver's seat, the Old Mare could certainly walk a straight line.

The summer's harvest also provided us with food reserves for winter meals. My mother was a master at canning and preserving, spending weeks preparing produce for cold-weather consumption. Behind the kitchen was a pantry closet that my father had built. Red and white checked oilcloth lined the floor-to-ceiling shelves, providing a cheerful setting for the colorful rows of jars containing corn, tomatoes, beets, peaches, pears, and assorted jams and jellies. Potatoes and apples were wrapped in newspapers and stored in the cool root cellar. Peanuts dried in the summer sun and then roasted in

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produce. The vegetables in the following recipes can be easily found at nearby farms or local greengrocers. For summer dinner parties you may want to prepare something special for your main course. I recommend marinated fillet of beef, a hearty—but not heavy—complement to chilled appetizers.

CUCUMBER AVOCADO WATERCRESS SOUP

2 bunches watercress
2 large ripe avocados, peeled and sliced
6 Kirby cucumbers, peeled and sliced
1 small red pepper, seeded and cut in pieces
1 small green pepper, seeded and cut in pieces
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 cup sour cream
Chicken broth
Salt and freshly ground pepper
Sliced red radishes

Rinse watercress and trim away the thickest stems. Place in a food processor with the steel blade in place. Add the remaining ingredients, except the last three. Process until pureed. Transfer to a bowl, add chicken broth if necessary to thin soup, and season with salt and pepper. Chill well. Garnish with sliced red radishes. Serves 6.

ARTICHOKES VINAIGRETTE

4 artichokes
Chicken broth
½ cup sherry wine vinegar
2 cloves garlic, peeled
1 teaspoon salt (optional)
1 lemon

Dressing

1 cup vegetable oil
½ cup sherry wine vinegar
½ cup water
3 tablespoons Dijon mustard
½ cup finely chopped red onion
1 teaspoon sugar
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Rinse the artichokes. With a sharp knife, cut off the stem end flush with the petal base so that each artichoke stands firmly upright. Pull off any tough outer petals at the base. Place each artichoke on its side and slice ½ inch or more from the top. With scissors, shorten the rest of the leaves neatly and evenly, trimming them to about ⅔ of their original height.

Place artichokes bottom down in a deep pot so they fit snugly together. Cover with boiling chicken broth and add vinegar, garlic, and salt (the amount of salt needed depends on the saltiness of the chicken broth). Cover the pot and cook 30–45 minutes. As liquid evaporates, add enough boiling water or broth to cover artichokes. Test for doneness after 30 minutes by piercing bottoms with a sharp-pointed knife. When knife encounters no resistance, artichokes are done.

Remove from water with kitchen tongs or two long-handled spoons. Place upside down and allow to drain 10 minutes. To remove the choke, spread the center leaves of the artichoke and twist out the center cone. Discard. With a pointed teaspoon, scoop out any remaining fuzzy pieces on the artichoke bottom. Rub the bottom with a lemon wedge to prevent darkening. Chill in the refrigerator. Serve cold with vinaigrette dressing. Serves 4.

Dressing. Place all ingredients in a jar with a tight-fitting lid. Shake well and keep refrigerated.

CARROT GINGER SOUP

4 cups sliced carrots
2 cups coarsely chopped onions
1 celery root, peeled and thinly sliced
2 parsnips, peeled and sliced
6 cups chicken broth, canned or fresh
4 tablespoons chopped ginger
Salt and freshly ground pepper
Crème fraîche, plain yogurt, or sour cream





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Place all ingredients except last in a large pot, bring to a boil, cover, and cook until vegetables are tender (about 30 minutes). Transfer to food processor with steel blade in place and process until vegetables are pureed. Strain through a fine strainer into a bowl. Serve hot or cold. Garnish each portion with a dollop of crème fraîche, yogurt, or sour cream. Serves 4.

MARINATED FILLET OF BEEF

4½–5 pound fillet of beef
Marinade
½ cup soy sauce
½ cup honey
2 tablespoons chopped ginger
¼ cup balsamic vinegar
⅓ cup dry red wine
2 tablespoons coarse black pepper, freshly ground
2 tablespoons chopped garlic
3 tablespoons cornstarch
Bay leaf

Have the butcher trim fat from the fillet and tie the meat. Combine all marinade ingredients in a heavy saucepan. Mix well and bring just to the boiling point. Remove from heat and let cool.

Place fillet in a glass, enamel, or stainless steel pan. Pour cooled marinade over fillet, cover, and marinate in the refrigerator overnight. Remove from refrigerator several hours before roasting.

Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Place meat in a shallow baking pan and pour marinade over it. Roast 20 minutes, basting with marinade from time to time. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue roasting another 20 minutes or until meat reaches desired degree of doneness. Remove from oven and let cool in marinade. Cut into thin slices and serve at room temperature with English mustard. Serves 6–8.

FRIED TOMATOES

4 large tomatoes, green if available
2 eggs, beaten
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup finely chopped onions
Salt and freshly ground pepper
1 cup fine dry breadcrumbs
Vegetable oil

Wash and dry tomatoes. Slice away the flat stem end. Cut each tomato horizontally into about 4 thick slices. In a shallow bowl, combine eggs, parsley, onions, salt, and pepper. Spread a layer of breadcrumbs on a square of waxed paper. Dip both sides of the tomato slices in egg mixture, allowing excess to drain off, then in breadcrumbs. Add more crumbs as needed.

Line a cookie sheet with waxed paper and arrange slices in a single layer. Refrigerate 30 minutes. Pour 3–4 tablespoons oil



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into a large skillet. Sauté tomatoes on both sides over medium heat, until golden (about 2–3 minutes per side). Add more oil as needed. Place on paper towels to drain and keep warm. Serves 6–8.

SUCCOTASH

2 packages frozen baby lima beans, each 10½ ounces
3 cups corn kernels, fresh or frozen
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup half-and-half
Salt and freshly ground pepper
Parsley, chopped

Combine lima beans and corn kernels in a large skillet. Add butter and half-and-half. Cover pan and cook over low heat until vegetables are tender, creamy, and hot. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Transfer to serving bowl and sprinkle with fresh parsley. Serves 6.

FROZEN ORANGE PUDDING

8 egg yolks
¾ cup granulated sugar
½ cup orange juice, freshly squeezed
Grated rind of 3 oranges
¼ cup Grand Marnier
4 cups heavy cream, whipped
24 ladyfingers
3 tablespoons brandy
Shaved chocolate or cocoa

Separate eggs, placing yolks in a medium-size mixing bowl. Beat the egg yolks until thick and light-colored. In a heavy-bottomed saucepan, combine sugar, orange juice, and grated rind, and bring to a boil. Continue boiling 5 minutes. Very slowly add the hot syrup to egg yolks, beating with an electric beater. Let mixture cool, then beat in Grand Marnier. Whip the heavy cream until soft peaks form. Set aside ½ cup for garnish.

Brush both sides of ladyfingers with brandy. Line sides and bottom of springform pan with ladyfingers. Split and break remainder and set aside. Fold whipped cream into egg yolk mixture and blend thoroughly to form a custard. Pour about a third of the custard mixture into the springform pan. Distribute a few of the broken ladyfingers on top and continue to layer, alternating custard and ladyfingers, ending with the custard. Cover pan tightly with plastic wrap and place in freezer for several hours. Transfer from freezer to refrigerator about ½ hour before serving. When ready to serve, remove sides from springform pan. Garnish with whipped cream rosettes and shaved chocolate or a sprinkling of cocoa. Serves 10. ♠

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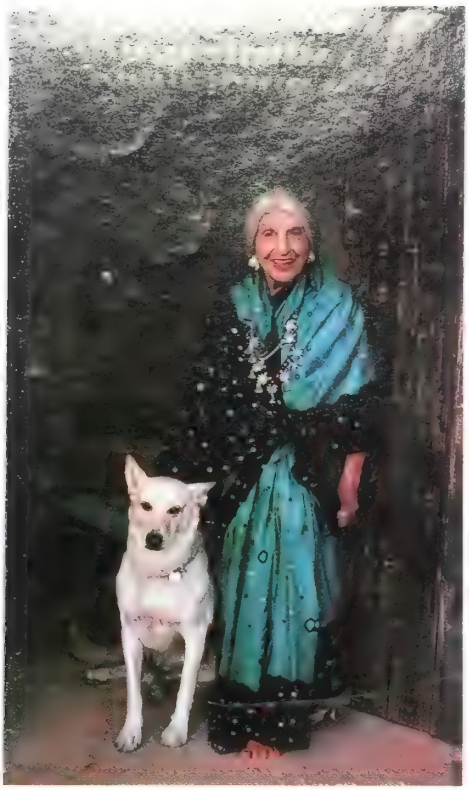


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Luster for Life

At 97, ceramist Beatrice Wood is still glazing new trails. BY FRANCIS M. NAUMANN









Beatrice Wood and her dog, Rajah, top left, in the doorway of her kiln room. Above left: *To the White House*, Wood's commentary on the 1988 presidential race. Above: An earthenware chalice bearing her trademark luster glaze. Above right: Topa Topa, a majestic peak in the Santa Ynez Mountains, looms beyond Wood's patio.

Beatrice Wood is in love with a mountain. But it's not just any mountain, it's what the Chumash Indians of southern California called Topa Topa, one of the most magnificent peaks in the Santa Ynez range. For most of us, no matter how beautiful, a mountain is too formidable an entity to warrant more than a passing fancy. But to 97-year-old Beatrice Wood—who over the years has seen a host of friends and lovers come and go—Topa Topa represents perhaps her most reliable and enduring relationship.

Wood's first view of Topa Topa comes from the glass enclosures to her bedroom, its swelling form seemingly awakened by the glow of a warm morning sun. Although not visible from every room in her house, its presence is felt throughout the day, as Beatrice diligently engages in her work, answering correspondence, greeting visitors, and, when time allows, working in her studio on the ceramic creations that have made her an international figure in the art world. Her sprawling ranch-style house and studio is located just outside the relatively remote rural community of Ojai, a resort town about eighty miles north of Los Angeles best known for the music festival it hosts every summer. Most of Wood's visitors come to see her brightly glazed lusterware pottery, the culmination of nearly forty years of experimentation with metallic glazes. "Water poured from one of her jars would taste like wine," wrote Anaïs Nin. But, considering the impressive prices paid for these artifacts (Wood once advertised her wares with the sign PRICES BOTH REASONABLE AND UNREASONABLE), few who acquire her bowls, cups, and plates would consider reducing them to the utilitarian functions suggested by their design. "I am one of the only people I know," Wood remarks with characteristic irony, "who can afford to eat off my plates."

Wood's showroom radiates like the treasure room in a sultan's palace. Myriad iridescent surfaces dance around the room as if in competition for the eye: deep intoxicating reds, shimmering blues and greens, and rustic silvers and golds that steal the show. Here and there, as you peruse the dozens of vessels on display, a primitive, almost cartoonlike ceramic figure will peer out from behind a bowl or plate to catch your attention. Closer inspection allows you to read its title (either inscribed on the piece itself or provided on a makeshift label): embracing, recumbent, but fully dressed figures are entitled


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mustachioed, [illegible] is inscribed [illegible]*ugh;* while a Janus-like figure—a woman from one side, a man from the other—rides the back of a preposterous bright orange beast. Entitled *To the White House* and created during the presidential race of 1988, this work represents a candidate and his wife trotting toward their political goal.

These and other equally sardonic figures are the focus of the exhibition "Intimate Appeal: The Figurative Art of Beatrice Wood," organized by the Oakland Museum and on view June 20–October 28 at the Craft and Folk Art Museum in Los Angeles. This is the first comprehensive exhibition of Wood's figurative work, even though she has been actively involved in the creation of ceramic sculpture for over fifty years and has been drawing since she enrolled in life classes at the Julian Academy in Paris in 1910. Sixty-six pieces—drawings, collages, watercolors, lithographs, ceramic tiles, and sculptures—make up this impressive exhibition.

Like her work, the basis for Wood's irresistible charm is her marvelous sense of humor and controlled innocence. Appearances, however, can be misleading. She has taken to wearing only colorful saris and heavy decorative jewelry,

"Never do the commonplace," Duchamp told her. "Rules are fatal to the progress of art"

bulky bracelets and necklaces purchased during the course of three visits to India during the 1960s and early 1970s. When asked if her practice of wearing saris was inspired by any religious or spiritual convictions (I knew she was a close friend of the Indian philosopher Krishnamurti, who made Ojai his home in the early 1920s), she replied, "I love chocolate and young men, and for those reasons I wear saris"—whereupon she leaned over and whispered, "Don't tell anyone, but I'm fat under here."

Get her on the subject of romance and the first thing she'll tell you is something that would ring the alarm of betrayal in the ear of any self-respecting feminist. "In the home," she has often been quoted as saying, "a woman should be content to kiss the feet of her man." In actual practice, Wood has never done anything of the kind. In fact, ever since she left the comfort of her mother's house well over seventy years ago, she has been entirely self-reliant; no man has ever been empowered with the ability to control her destiny. Although two relationships took her to the justice of the peace, her most fulfilling liaisons were those carried from momentary infatuation to lifelong friendship. In all, Beatrice claims to have fallen in love five times, an achievement she found so remarkable she insisted on the title *I Shock Myself* for her autobiography.

Among these lovers, perhaps none of-



OPENING CEREMONIES,
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fered a more shocking liberation from Wood's conservative upbringing than the first: Henri Pierre Roché, French author and art collector, who, when they met in New York during the years of the First World War, served temporarily in the diplomatic service. Nearly forty years later, Roché became a well-known novelist, using the events of his life for a series of books, one of which—*Jules and Jim*—became famous through François Truffaut's film version. Many believe that the complex love triangle in the book was based on Beatrice and Roché and Roché's closest friend of this period, Marcel Duchamp. The three were an inseparable team for a number of years, and although Wood did eventually take up with Duchamp, she maintains that Roché's novel bears only passing resemblance to the actual events.

Even though 75 years have passed, Wood often reflects upon those days in New York, for it was the continued encouragement of Duchamp and Roché that nurtured her instinct to follow an artistic life. "Never do the commonplace," Duchamp told her. "Rules are fatal to the progress of art." These words have not only left their mark on Wood's creative work, but they reaffirm her approach to a number of important social issues that continue to concern her, from animal rights to the amounts of money spent on military defense.



A luster-glazed vessel

It is Wood's outlook on the future that keeps her forever young. After being treated to a vegetarian meal—served, of course, on her radiant plates—guests are often asked to retire to the sitting room, where, surrounded by her staggering collection of Indian folk art, Wood will tell visitors that the ultimate cure for all world problems is education. This conviction has led her to establish trust funds for the education of children, sons and daughters of certain close friends, and the proceeds from her estate are bequeathed to the Happy Valley Foundation, an organization in Ojai devoted to the aims of progressive education.

Before retiring in the evening, Wood catches her last glimpse of Topa Topa from her studio, the setting sun causing its southwestern face to glow with colors that curiously resemble those of her pottery. Slowly, as night approaches, its majestic form quietly slips from sight like the memory of a love long past. (Beatrice Wood's work is available from Garth Clark Gallery, Los Angeles, 213-939-2189; NYC 212-246-2205.) ▲



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The World Next Door

Princeton Pastoral

The view from the novelist's window provides new perspectives on the blank page. By Joyce Carol Oates

It is a spring morning and a whitish sunshine floods the atrium outside my study window giving the tulips my husband has planted a stark painterly beauty. Enriching their reds, yellows, yellows streaked with orange, and pale crimson is the brilliant white of the dogwood tree newly blooming but still leafless. On the slate terrace a half dozen red and pink geraniums in clay pots are as vivid yet soft as a pastel drawing.

As I stand by the wall of glass that is my study window, I can see the glass wall of our living room on the far side of the atrium, through there into the living room, then into the solarium and through the solarium's glass walls to a leafy wooded area leading to a pond. This particular midmorning several New Jersey white-tailed deer have come there to drink. At times like these the house seems to have crystallized around me like a dream. I have the sense that there are no true walls, that time itself is fluid and effortless. The solace this house provides strikes me anew as I return to it—to this particular room—after an overnight lecture trip to Ohio, after the accelerated pace of Newark International Airport, the congested traffic of the New Jersey Turnpike and Route 1 from New Brunswick. However modest in dimensions and in appointments it might appear in others' eyes and, indeed, in its affluent Princeton context, *this is home. I am home.* For what is "home," except a place unreasonably loved, indefensibly cherished?

Here in this quiet place, my "career" self rapidly fades, like a projected image on a screen when the lights come up. My husband has welcomed me home by putting a vase of apple boughs on my desk; it makes me think of Andrew Marvell's line that all that is extraneous can be annihilated "to a green thought in a green shade."

There are houses whose façades, like actual faces, look out openly at the world—at the street, at passersby. Then there are houses—like the one in which my husband, Raymond Smith, and I have lived since 1978—that turn inward, showing no façade or face at all. This single-story house of white stucco, plate glass, and wood was built in Hopewell Township in 1962 by Philip Sheridan Collins, a man we have never met and know nothing about. The building consists of eight modules, each measuring 12 by 16 feet, surrounding an open atrium hidden from the driveway.



The sight of a blue heron nudges me out of a tortuous sentence

Four doors open out into the atrium; the house has twelve in all. Conventions of front and back don't apply here. Instead, airy, light-filled rectangular spaces that comprise the house form a circle of sorts, with the atrium as its center. In a sense the atrium is its center of gravity; one's eye is always drawn to it or to a similarly open unimpeded space beyond the glass walls of the living room. Consciousness flies outward toward external distractions: gradations of light, subtle alterations of weather, the activities of wild creatures outside.

Some writers might be distracted by so open a house, but I am not one of them: being nudged out of a tortuous sentence by the occasional sight of a blue heron at our pond or deer browsing outside my study window is fine with me. Nor does it disturb me to realize I've wasted unclocked minutes simply staring at the activity of the wind in the evergreens. In fact it was to enjoy such distractions that I returned to a typewriter from the word processor I'd had for two years whose luminous electronic screen and finely trembling green letters interfered with my daydreaming.

For one born in rural surroundings in upstate New York, whose most prized childhood books were Lewis Carroll's

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Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and *Through the Looking Glass* and Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden*, such a house—with its air of being hidden, ever reclusive—has the appeal of a child's paradise regained.

My husband and I were shown this property, and bought it in May 1978, in a single fevered afternoon, the way we seem to make most of the crucial decisions of our lives. Of the numerous Princeton-area properties we were shown, this was the most compact, the most reasonably priced. Somehow it didn't look like a house at all. With the dreary associations of conventional façade and front lawn, it seemed rather more an artful structuring of space. Each of the modules has a cathedral ceiling and an opaque skylight. The main part of the house, the living/dining room area, has outer walls of plate glass. Not only was there space for my husband, a city-born romantic with a love of nature, to have a garden but there was also the pond, a small brook leading into it, and about 200 yards behind the house a narrow deep-set creek in a wooded area wholly wild and tenantless.

In human relations, love at first sight is usually a mistake. In house buying, it is usually the only reliable guide. So we bought the house and moved into it. And when visitors say, as they sometimes do, "Your house is just like you," I take it as a compliment instead of dwelling on what they might mean in terms of secrecy or exposure (All that glass! So many doors!), let alone deception (sometimes visitors wander about the outside of the house unable even to find their way into the courtyard, or finding the courtyard, they stand indecisively pondering which of the four doors is *the* door).

If this house is a writer's dream house, it is not by this writer's design, only by this writer's good fortune. In fact, since my husband, an editor and publisher, lives here too, and arguably does more to keep it presentable than I do, it is not even solely a writer's house. Indeed, home is a serial narrative that goes on and on, a collaborative effort about which it is more natural to think "our" than merely "my."

Since August 1978, when we moved in, we have made a number of significant additions to the property. There is my husband's garden, an ambitious mixture of vegetables and flowers, measuring 20 by 30 feet; a solarium that opens off the living room and overlooks the pond; and, in what had been our garage, a fairly large guest room. White-walled, book-lined, with much glass and a skylight bubble, this new room has a long white Parsons table at which, in a typically convalescent mood after having finished one of my novels, I sit and read and try to write poetry, for nothing so restores the shredded soul. All of the

> I would be distinctly unhappy to see someone else cleaning our house, dreamily vacuuming, washing windows, usurping my place



out-of-doors is my husband's happy domain. He has had the pond dredged and stocked with handsome Japanese carp, clams, and tadpoles and has planted countless trees, shrubs, flowers, and bulbs with the same sort of meticulous enthusiasm he brings to his professional work. I, on the other hand, oversee the interior of the house or, at any rate, do the housework. I hope I don't sound disingenuous by saying I enjoy housework; its very repetitiveness and the solace of its tangible qualities are in such contrast to the uncontrollable movements of the imagination. Picasso may not have been talking about the eccentric pleasures of housework when he said nothing interested him more than the movement of his own thoughts, or Oscar Wilde when he asserted he was never bored when by himself, but they were certainly speaking of the eccentric urgings of the introverted personality: happiest in a "home" of its own invention. Indeed I would be distinctly unhappy to see someone else cleaning our house, dreamily vacuuming, washing windows, usurping my place, my solitude.

There is an ironic, darker side to all this, of course. A glass house *is* a glass house—and glass can break. To visitors especially, glass can be lethally deceptive: one believes his way in is unobstructed but in fact meets a very hard wall. There is also a constant play of reflections, ghost images reflected in a multiple vertigo: thus you stare fascinated as a figure moves in a window reflected from another figure moving in another window reflected from another figure moving in another window—superimposed upon the actual figure, moving. Our house is pictured, virtually every detail intact, in my novel *American Appetites* in which a man inadvertently causes his wife's death by pushing her through the glass wall of what is in fact our dining room. As the novel's doomed woman thinks at the outset of the book, our lives are made of glass and there is nothing we can do to protect ourselves.

On this almost too dazzling May afternoon we are walking around the pond, whose surface is agitated by the activities of a school of fish, most of them black with here and there some gold. Not unlike the deceptions of glass is the riddle of why our pond is larger in reality than I envision it: larger, more complicated, more populated with life. Moreover, rarely has its surface a mirrorlike quality. On the contrary it is often stippled with leaves, seeds, a fine film of organic procreation. An envelope fiercely involved with its own interior teeming life, like the skin of a living organism, it yields few of its secrets to human eyes.

The cattails my husband planted a few years ago have multiplied richly. A bullfrog leaps into the water, alerted by our steps. One of our four cats, Misty, the part-Persian, is approaching us through the underbrush with her characteristic querulous mew. From the southeast bank of the pond we look up at the house, our house on its hill, which seems to us exactly as it did when we first saw it (and had then no realistic hope of acquiring it). It struck our dazed eyes as idiosyncratic, reassuringly undomestic, its beauty small-scale enough to be, for us, navigable—and so it was. And so it is, the last of four houses we will ever buy, the last, the most precious of the structures we've owned that will outlive us. ♠

The lighter was Sandoz, the jewelry Cartier, and a martini was the perfect accessory.

It was a game really. From her handbag the woman would reveal her silver Chaumet cigarette case. Slowly she'd roll a cigarette through her fingers giving him just enough time to reach for his gold Sandoz lighter. Then, just as the tip of the cigarette would part her lips, he'd strike the lighter illuminating her face for the entire room to see.

It was a game played out in restaurants, ballrooms and clubs every night.

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America Bound

Three books explore our national horticultural heritage

BY MAC GRISWOLD

Nantucket roses, above left, from *Gardening America*. A nymph at Middleton Place, above center, in South Carolina and, below, the Italian Garden at Sonnenberg in New York from *Gardens of America*. Above right: Gladiolus in Wyoming from *America's Cottage Gardens*.

Spring garden books often bring on guilt trips—"I should have pruned in February"—but three of this year's publications are purely pleasure trips, literary excursions across America that define the American garden. After at least ten years of garden consciousness-raising, we are now used to the idea of having our own gardens—American gardens instead of English, French, Italian, etc.—but what does that mean? Patricia Thorpe and Eve Sonneman, Diane Kostial McGuire, and Ogden Tanner have different answers.



For this reviewer, the most interesting book of the three is Patricia Thorpe's **America's Cottage Gardens: Imaginative Variations on the Classic Garden Style** (Random House, $29.95), an insightful text accompanied by what amounts to a major photographic essay by Eve Sonneman. "America's cottage gardens" is a term Thorpe takes some twenty pages to explain because, until the recent craze for English chintz and Gertrude Jekyll, cottage gardens weren't part of the American canon. Oh, we may have quoted a Whitman line or two about lilacs and dooryards, but this is not at all what Thorpe and Sonneman are up to. Theirs is a trip through the un-yupped-up plots usually seen only in the pages of *National Gardening*, if at all. The book captures the mixed flower and vegetable gardens behind and in front of mobile homes and asbestos-shingled houses, as well as those in bungalow suburbs, around middle-aged Victorians and fifties ranchers, and on farms whose silos are still very much in use.

Because of their choice of subject, the authors unsentimentally face the connection between money and gardens that is usually politely submerged in a stream of horticultural and historical information. In general, who the gardeners we read about are—and the standard assumption is they are white, and middle class at the very least—is something we are supposed to know before stripping the shrink-wrap off the newest garden tome. So at first glance Thorpe seems oddly insistent on who her gardeners are: many of them are black, poor, elderly. Is she being patronizing—or what? No is the answer, but she *is* saying things that are customarily left unsaid about taste and class in America.

Sonneman's 106 beautiful photographs show chain link fences and hoses as well as golden glow and roses, broccoli alongside bachelor's buttons, amaryllis growing outdoors, teasel, gladiolus, and wildflowers. Thorpe, a consummate gardener, notes the major and minor differences—and some fascinating similarities—in what grows and how people grow it in every region of the United States. The single best aspect of the design, especially in a book that covers so many zones, is the mention, in each picture caption, of the month the photograph was taken. Overall, the book is handsome and uncrowded: 192 pages later you will have been somewhere vivid and exhilarating in America.

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In **Gardens of America: Three Centuries of Design** (Thomasson-Grant, $34.95) Diane Kostial McGuire, a garden historian as well as landscape architect, examines the other kind of garden, those that are commonly recognized as the preeminent historic examples of design. Such gardens are the beneficiaries of all the lucky breaks that go into the making of masterpieces: money, horticultural zeal, site and climate, generations of care, or transcendent restoration. Refreshingly, of 38 places shown, 13 are treated in depth (five or more pictures each). Almost all are open to the public, and with the exception of Sonnenberg in Canandaigua, New York, there are few surprises. The surprises are in the text and the intelligent choice of pictures. McGuire's eleven short essays (with titles like "Early Gardens of Useful Plants," "Victorian Flower Gardens," or "Modern California Gardens") are penetratingly clear, and she easily leads her readers through the thickets of stylistic nomenclature (picturesque, gardenesque, etc.).

Captions are a delight because they make unexpected connections. When she says of Rockwood in Delaware, "While the 'Japanese' garden, complete with rocks, streams, and wooden temples, was soon to attract the eye of many Victorian gardeners, Rockwood's solemn naturalism is actually much closer to Oriental gardening principles," the photograph changes before your eyes. There are unusual aerial shots of gardens that are often reduced to commonplaces—Mount Vernon, Dumbarton Oaks—and detail shots of plants that will renew your idea of what a black maple or a trumpet vine (this one is yellow and red) can be. Of the three books this has the most resplendent color printing, deep, nuanced, and believable. Thorpe and Sonneman were ill-served by the choice of matte paper, which absorbs ink; Ogden Tanner's illustrations are often poster-bright.

For Tanner the sun is always blazing and the retreats are always cool. How hard it is to generalize about American horticulture today without resorting to clichés becomes clear on reading **Gardening America: Regional and Historical Influences in the Contemporary Garden** (Viking Studio Books, $40). Though reliable on gardening practices, Tanner nonetheless promotes some of the old-chestnut errors of garden history. For example, eighteenth-century Americans did not have gardens planted exclusively with herbs in fancy patterns; they are a colonial revival invention. On the upside, Tanner's emphasis on ecologically sound gardening takes him to some beautiful, inventive sites: torrents of gaillardias at the Brandywine River Museum in Pennsylvania, a drought-resistant blue and silver border in Big Sur, California, a Tucson "garden" of lapidary squares of lawn set in wide mowing strips—if you must have lawn in the Southwest, that's how to do it. And there are 300 photographs (a number are of the same gardens as McGuire's). On balance, setting jibes about literary style aside, this is a good choice for anyone curious to put mainstream American garden styles in perspective in one comprehensive volume. The other books are a splendid pair that depict the two faces of American gardens—the everyday life and the historical canon. ♠

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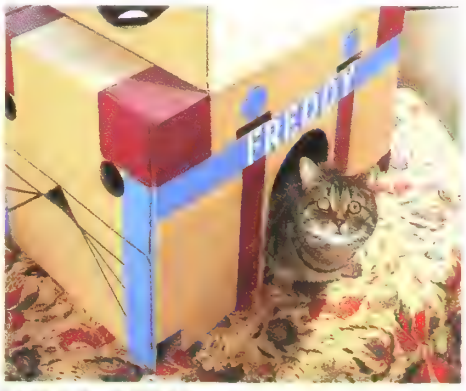
The Cat's Meow

Artist John Willenbecher creates model homes that make his clients purr

BY IRIS OWENS

It is slander to suggest that my prime motive in acquiring a pure-bred Manx kitten was to see him established in his very own John Willenbecher corrugated house for exceptionally privileged cats. I don't deny I fell in love with the miniature Italianate villa (or so it appeared to me) that the artist happened to be finishing one afternoon when I visited him in his SoHo studio. I watched as Willenbecher meticulously stenciled the names of the future occupants—Lily and Tony—clear across the front of the streamlined structure he had crafted from a discarded cardboard carton. It was pure coincidence that at that moment I became aware of how lamentably deprived I was of the affectionate companionship of a sweet pussycat. Within weeks of my spontaneous revelation Freddy had joined my single-occupancy household, and it seemed only natural to share the good news with John Willenbecher, premier architect to the domestic cat.







Freddy the Manx awaits company from the arched entryway of his custom-designed John Willenbecher cat house.

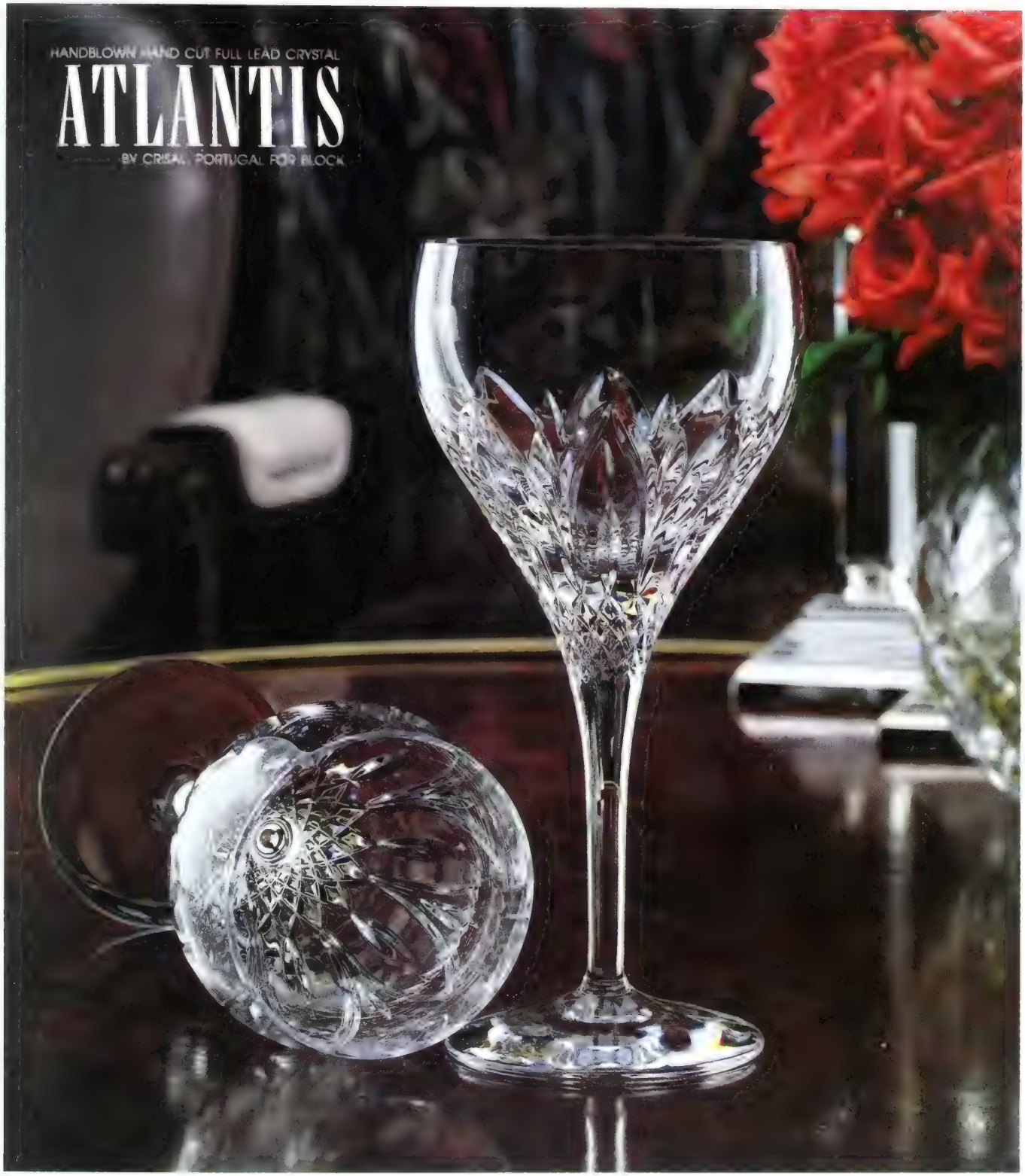
Like the proverbial shoeless shoemaker, Willenbecher goes catless, but he takes pleasure in creating one-of-a-kind geometric cat paradises for a select group of his cat-owning friends, who are more than happy to grant him unlimited cat visitation rights in return.

To the best of his recollection, John made the first of his houses out of discarded Christmas boxes as a teenager, back in the town of Macungie, Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1936 and raised with his sister Nancy (who currently keeps five cats) and an assortment of household pets. Like most children who are obliged to inhabit an adult-size world, John must have imagined how nice it would be for the family cat to have a residence scaled to its own dimensions, ceilings that did not loom out of sight, walls that provided dark and cozy seclusion, thresholds no human could cross, an enclosure with plenty of slits and peepholes for unrestricted spying. However, this was no ordinary kid punching holes into hatboxes but an emerging artist whose work would ultimately be represented in museums throughout the country, including the Whitney, the Guggenheim, the Albright-Knox, and the Art Institute of Chicago.

Although Willenbecher makes it clear he regards his maisons-minou (as he calls them) as amusements, they are designed and constructed with all the precision and invention a creator of his stature lavishes on any effort. He succeeds brilliantly in producing a sanctum that keeps the cat as happy to be on the inside looking out as the owner is to be on the outside looking in. These vividly decorated, practically weightless, completely portable three-dimensional flights of architectural fantasy are evidence of art's power to transform the humblest material into a magical universe the fussiest feline would be proud to inhabit.

"What I end up with is primarily dependent on the shape of the carton I find. Nothing is added, nothing is wasted," Willenbecher explained to me the day I discovered how desperately I wanted a cat. All of his houses, and alas there are fewer than a dozen in existence, measure approximately two feet square, and with the addition of cupolas, porticoes, haylofts, inverted pyramids, buttresses, and unidentifiable structural details, each takes on a style of its own. Whether it suggests a section of a medieval wall, an austere Shaker barn, a Mediterranean villa, a spireless church, or a building that has never existed anywhere except in the imagination of an astral mathematician, each house bears the authority of a perfectly rendered design. The surfaces are punctured with squares, spirals, circles, triangles, and slits worked into the design to the perpetual fascination of the occupant. And that is only what is visible from the outside. Concealed within the walls, with their Mondrianesque bands and fields of flat color, are

DAVID FRAZIER



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hidden labyrinths that go from entrance to rooftop and surprise apertures cut into the floors, puzzles so dear to the explorative cat.

John stopped producing his houses in the sixties and seventies, and it was only in the early eighties, his career as a painter and sculptor established, that he succumbed to the importuning of needy friends and resumed his role as master builder to the cat. Since these treasures are not available at any price, I could only wait in choiceless suspense for John to find the time and the container essential to his inspiration.

My kitten was a full-grown year-old magnificent fellow worthy of the most

> Each house measures two feet square and comes with hidden labyrinths, surprise apertures, and a style all its own

elegant quarters when Willenbecher called and asked the question I had been longing to hear: Is Freddy spelled with a "y" or an "ie"? Either way was fine with me. I could picture the letters luminescent above an arched doorway. Freddy's house, with its flattened pyramid of a roof, was hand-delivered by its beneficent maker not a moment too soon. True to his feline nature, my cat had co-opted every inch of carpeted, cushioned, and vinyl space, none of which he was about to surrender unless supplied with superior digs of his own. And that is exactly what he received.

The two-story edifice, which to me has the appearance of a make-believe temple from some extremely witty alien culture, seems to float above my polished floorboards, weightless as a dream. The sides of the house are imprinted with the grinning faces of contented cats, and in the upstairs loft with portholes cut out of the sloping roof sleeps the real thing, the cat I'd always wanted. ♠


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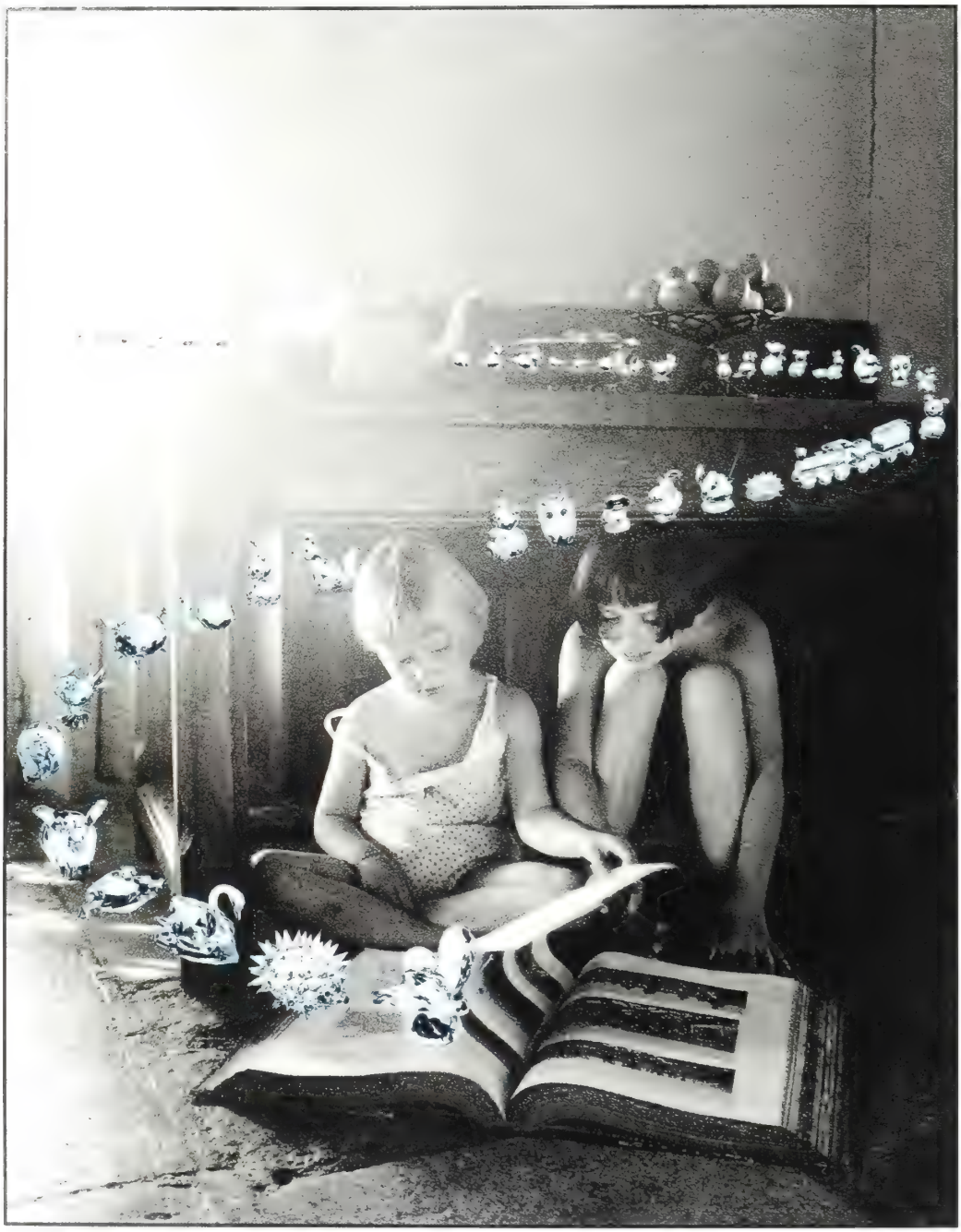
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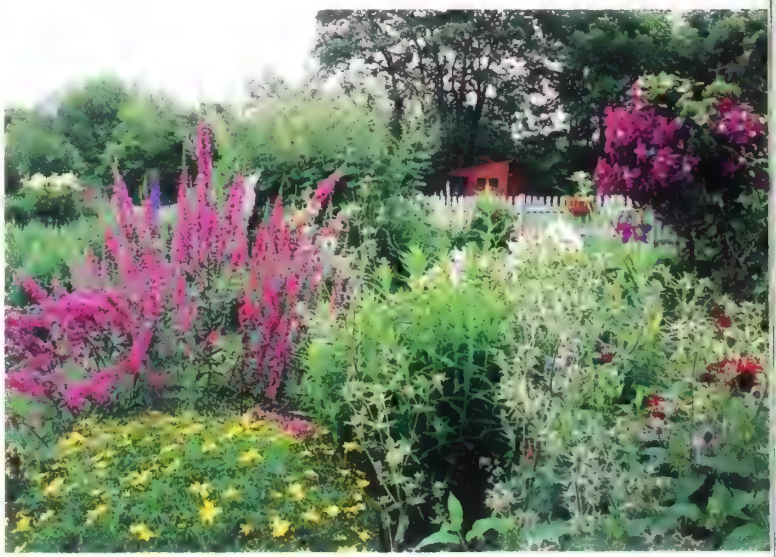
SWAROVSKI
SILVER CRYSTAL

Creative Business Photo: Franck Horvat

Editor's Page

JUNE 1990

COME FRIDAY NIGHT, WINTER, SPRING, SUMMER, OR FALL, THE NOVOGROD FAMILY heads for the country, driving two hours in almost any weather, transporting at least a few scraps of clothing (in spite of all efforts at self-sufficient wardrobes), books, magazines, food. It's a classic story, with enough variations on our yellow-painted New England farmhouse to fill the pages of HG for years. For Nan and Stephen Swid, country is a turn-of-the-century clapboard house on South Main Street in Southampton, decorated in a romantic light-filled 1990s style by Stephen Sills. An 1807 sea captain's house on Nantucket is another highly cultivated statement, in this case by decorator Robert Denning. Landscape painter Neil Welliver has composed a tour de force of color and line in a simple wooden house in Maine, while across the continent the young L.A. architect Josh Schweitzer has devised an otherworldly group of pavilions as a weekend escape in the California desert. Renowned architect Richard Meier's classic modernist house in New Jersey is an altogether different interpretation of a rural retreat. The June issue zeroes in as well on the old-line Michigan resort of Mackinac Island (revisited by native son Edmund White), the private zoo that a pair of Sotheby's art experts keep on their Westchester farm, and the playfully designed cottage of singer Belinda Carlisle and her husband, producer Morgan Mason. There's also an unconventional garden in Connecticut and the charming house of garden designer Nancy McCabe. In a lighter vein, Billy Norwich reflects on the meaning of country to the very rich. Granted, leaking roofs, faulty plumbing, and plant-eating bugs and vermin are well outside the picture-perfect domain of HG, but the ideal is eternally seductive. And the reality, even with traffic and travel, still fulfills a basic human need.



A weathered picket fence sets off the brilliant color of purple loosestrife, coreopsis, clematis, and other perennials in a Connecticut garden.

Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Every Friday afternoon from Memorial Day to Labor Day, Nan and Stephen Swid abandon their Park Avenue apartment for a turn-of-the-century house on South Main Street in Southampton. *Opposite:* Nan Swid in her cutting garden.

Country's New Light



The luminous interiors of a Southampton house decorated by Stephen Sills are a haven for design entrepreneur Nan Swid and her family

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Oberto Gili

ARCHITECTURE, DESIGN, AND THE DECORATIVE ARTS ARE Nan Swid's business and her pleasure. Five days a week, between the hours of nine and five, she is president of Swid Powell, the New York–based company responsible for introducing an international roster of A-list architects to what's known as the tabletop market. Though the idea was considered novel when Swid conceived it in the early eighties, time has borne out the commercial wisdom of inviting such high-profile talents as Michael Graves, Richard Meier, Ettore Sottsass, Stanley Tigerman, and Robert Venturi to try their hands at china, crystal, silver, and, most recently, sheets.

Swid's commitment to contemporary design, and to contemporary design talent, does not end when her workday is done. On the contrary, when she meets architects, designers, or decorators she likes, she takes them home. Over the past decade Swid and her husband, Stephen, the chairman and CEO of SCS Communications, have worked with architects Charles Gwathmey and Robert Siegel on four projects, with designer Joe D'Urso on three projects, and with decorator Andrée Putman on two projects. The couple's loyalty is matched only by their personal design needs. Happily for Nan Swid, Stephen shares her enthusiasm for aesthetic adventure—and her eye for talent. Tellingly, he oversees his film company (Cinecom), his magazine (*Spin*), and his publishing house (Westview Press) from behind a Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann macassar ebony desk in a Gwathmey Siegel–designed office lined with art by Anthony Caro, Ellsworth Kelly, Robert Moskowitz, and Kenneth Noland.

The latest addition to the couple's personal design roster is Stephen Sills, a young Manhattan decorator whose career recently moved into the fast lane. Nan Swid was introduced to this self-described "hillbilly from Durant, Oklahoma," through her friend Ian Schrager, the hotel mogul who had enlisted Sills in 1988 to help soften the hard edges of Philippe Starck's scheme for the Royalton Hotel. She was sufficiently impressed with the discreet elegance of Sills's portfolio to sign him up instantly to decorate her new offices on two floors of an East 49th Street town house. Swid liked what she got. So much so that she invited Sills and his partner, James Huniford, for a weekend in Southampton, where she happened to mention that she might be interested, just in case he had any ideas, in "freshening things up" around the grand turn-of-the-century house that Joe D'Urso had decorated, once in 1981 and again in 1985. Although Sills interpreted freshening things up to mean a new paint schedule for the living room, Huniford was savvier. As he understood it, Swid essentially wanted to start all over again. Huniford was right.

There are people in this world who consider decorating a

A generous center hall, *right,* **with a colonial revival staircase and wainscoting bisects the house. Stephen Sills modeled the entry's blue and white wallpaper after a classic pattern by Louis Comfort Tiffany.** *Opposite above:* **A hand-carved marble mantel embedded with tiny mosaic tiles is the focal point of the living room.** *Opposite below:* **In one of the three downstairs sitting rooms, Sills mixed contemporary upholstered furniture with vintage wicker and wood. Details see Resources.**













Sills laid a new wide-plank floor in the living room and had it stenciled in a pastel honeycomb pattern as a backdrop for the Swids' collection of American hooked rugs. He then filled the white-on-white room with an intriguing assemblage of furniture that ranges from an 18th-century Italian painted table to a 19th-century Heywood-Wakefield wicker chaise longue and a pair of Mies van der Rohe side tables from Knoll. The two iron floor lamps date from the thirties.



"I wanted it

el like the country, but I'm a modernist at heart. I like things simple and pure"



Rather than obstruct the view of the dining room fireplace, *opposite,* Sills extended a slab of marble from a side wall to form a table, leaving the center of the room open. *Above:* Nan Swid combines traditional silver with tableware designed by architects Robert A. M. Stern and Robert Venturi, which she produces through her company, Swid Powell. The c. 1900 bentwood chairs are Thonet. *Right:* The Orchid dinner plates, also from Swid Powell, were designed in 1987 by Robert Mapplethorpe.







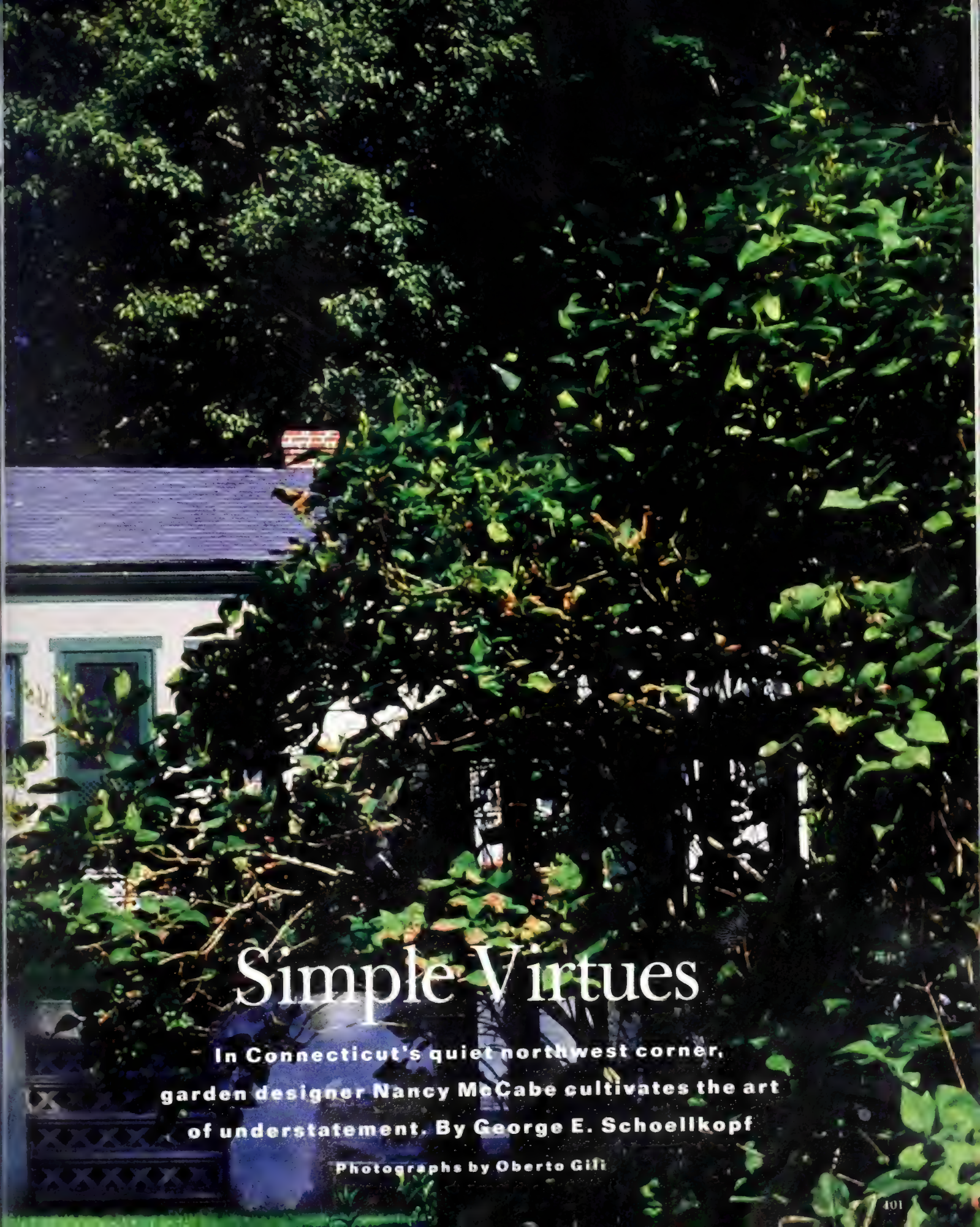
costly and time-consuming ordeal, but Nan Swid is not one of them. For her it is a "stimulating learning experience." Which explains why every four or five years she grows restless with her domestic environments—on Park Avenue in Manhattan and on South Main Street in Southampton—and, eager to continue her education, cleans house. Though Swid usually returns to designers to redo what they have already done once (and sometimes twice), she had to break with her custom two years ago when it came time for the third transformation of the summer place: Joe D'Urso, then living in Europe, was unavailable for another encore. Which was sad for Swid, considering that she regards D'Urso not only as part of the family but also as one of the great design talents practicing today. Nonetheless, Sills was a good choice to follow D'Urso, especially since Swid was eager to spread her stylistic wings, to expand her long-standing classic modern repertoire, to change the temperature, so to speak, of the house from cool to warm. And Sills's quiet flair for mixing colors, patterns, textures, and periods seemed just right, *(Text continued on page 172)*

Sills's partner, James Huniford, found the master bedroom's Egyptian revival armoire and bedside tables, *above,* in a small antiques shop in Maine. The curtain fabric is from Clarence House. *Left:* In the upstairs sitting room, a 19th-century book-shaped table stands near a wicker armchair. *Opposite:* The Swids prefer lunch alfresco on their flagstone terrace.





The stuccoed walls of the farmhouse set off luxuriant clematis overhanging a doorway onto the south-facing terrace. In warm weather Nancy Metcalf brings out terra-cotta pots holding plants that winter over in her greenhouse.



Simple Virtues

In Connecticut's quiet northwest corner, garden designer Nancy McCabe cultivates the art of understatement. By George E. Schoellkopf

Photographs by Oberto Gili

NANCY MCCABE'S HOUSE IN CONnecticut is not the sort of place you might normally expect to find illustrated in the pages of a magazine devoted to decorating. This is because the house hasn't been designed in the usual professional sense of the word, and interest is much more involved here than decoration. Nancy's surroundings, indoors and out, are not just pretty—they poetically express a very personal style and sensitivity. Almost from the moment I arrived, I had the bizarre sensation of coming back to someplace I had lived in long ago but couldn't quite recall. Everything seemed strangely familiar and yet fresh, as if I were being given a second chance to see all the wonderful things I had missed the first time around. I was thoroughly intrigued.

First there was the kitchen garden, which won me over as soon as I stepped into it from the drive. Nancy is a well-known garden designer and consultant with highly important clients on both the East and West coasts, but there was no hint of self-importance or pretension in the little plot before me. It was orderly but irregular, with paths of old brick unevenly laid and edged with antique scalloped tiles, which Nancy told me she had found in Savannah. She was brought up in Georgia but received her education in France, where she learned to appreciate farmhouse gardens and developed a taste for all manner of things European.

In Nancy's kitchen dooryard I found vegetables, flowers, and herbs grown together in the style of a French potager. Old garden paraphernalia, such as several three-foot-tall terra-cotta rhubarb forcers and a pair of handblown glass forcing bells, or cloches, added to the air of civilized rusticity. Various flowerpots were filled with herbs and special plants, some of which—Japanese morning glories, for instance—are blue-flow-



Sievert, Spalding, and Nancy McCabe, *right*, **in the kitchen with their terriers, Polly and Nell. Shelves display Fiesta ware, English creamware, and Canton porcelain. The tablecloth is Porthault.** *Opposite:* **A screen of espaliered apple trees borders the kitchen garden.** *Opposite below:* **American children's chairs are placed near a Louis XVI bergère in the living room. Details, see Resources.**





ered species of maurandya—I had never seen before. Everything was neat and trim, but not compulsively so; here and there a few creepers had even been allowed to grow among the bricks. Everywhere the plants seemed to be enjoying themselves, and [illegible] were never so vigorously restrained as to suggest that the garden design was more important than they were.

Picturesquely situated on a rise overlooking an old canal, the circa 1790 house is just large enough for Nancy, her husband, Spalding McCabe, their two sons, Wesley, aged nine, and Sievert, six, and two terriers, Polly and Nell. Although the architecture has basic good proportions, it is quite modest, with no frills or claims to high style. Sometime around 1920 the clapboard exterior was faced with stucco, long since mellowed to an attractive mottled patina that gives the place a curiously Mediterranean feeling—especially now that fruit trees have been espaliered on one wall and spring-, summer-, and fall-blooming clematis trained on another.

Nancy says that when she first saw the house it reminded her of France. Fortunately the property was also convenient to her husband's business, Lion's Head Books, in nearby Salisbury, and so they decided to buy it. That was nine years ago, and Nancy has been refining and rearranging things ever since. The interior is deceptively simple, still recognizably a New England farmhouse. There is a kitchen table with an old-fashioned tablecloth next to a large open cupboard filled with crockery and plates hanging on the wall; in the living room there are pictures and knickknacks and comfortable upholstered chairs—everything you would expect to find in a well-run American

(Text continued on page 172)

The living room's linen valances are trimmed with antique French petit point and red fabric from a dress Nancy McCabe wore as a child. Red also appears in French botanical watercolors, the Liberty floral cotton Petronella, a fan-shaped lacquer tray, and the English needlepoint carpet. [illegible] patterns adorn the American grained table below a Dutch tortoiseshell and [illegible] mirror frame. The ladder-back chair came from nearby Sharon, Connecticut.







Her democratic way of mixing the valuable with the simply charmin





An 18th-century French sunflower clock, *above left,* beside an Italian still life of quinces and acorns. *Above:* Reproduction Lutyens chairs on the terrace. Spalding McCabe made the table. *Far left:* A painted wood vase and a cane basket. *Left:* An Italian Louis XVI–style cabinet. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Sievert with a Mark Catesby print of a squirrel and a tole vase on an English document tablecloth. Below three framed crewelwork chair seats, Scandinavian chairs flank the hall table. A garden cloche. An English joint stool stands at the foot of a bed covered in Porthault linens and heirloom lace and voile; the carpets are Aubusson.

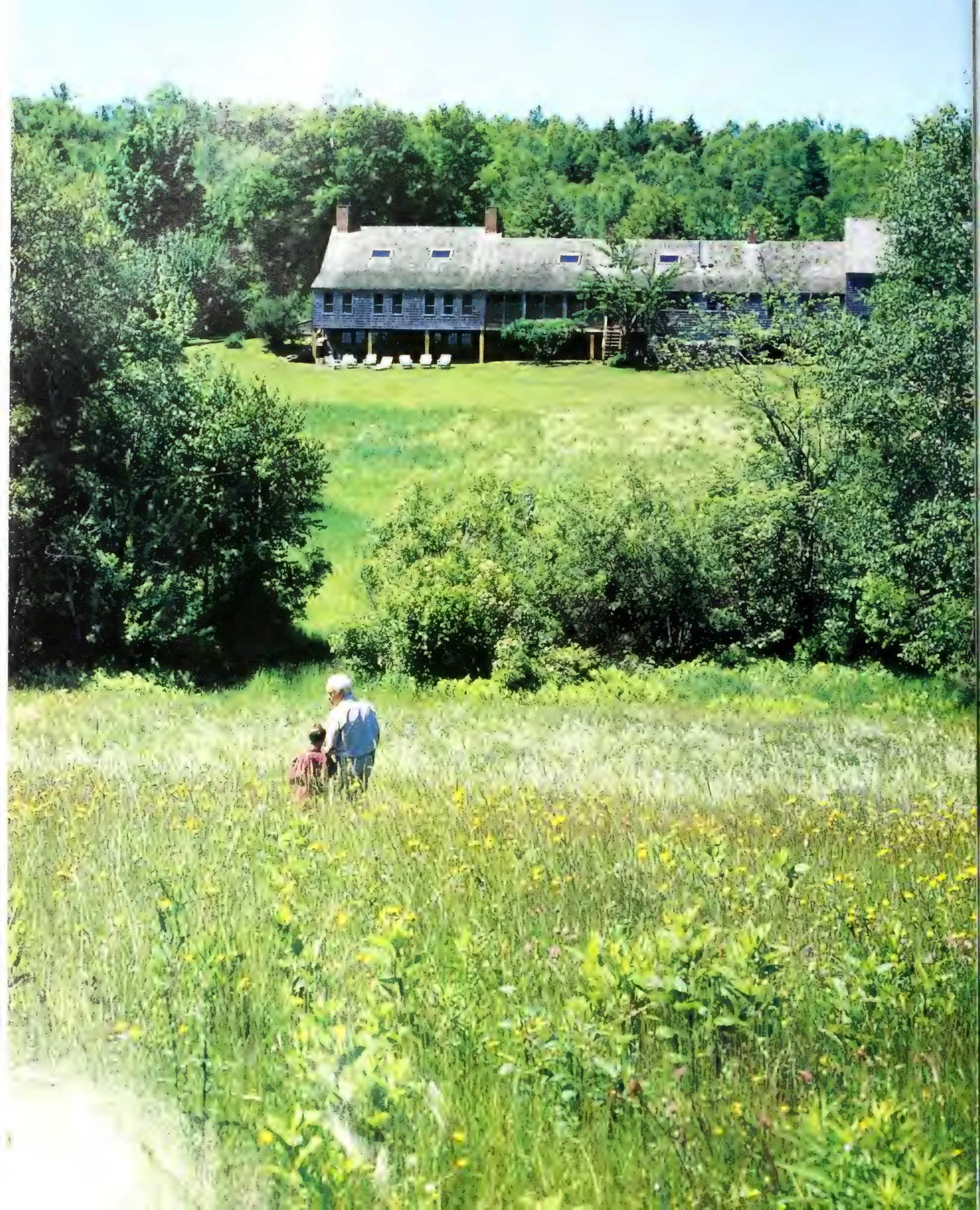




eases the viewer into looking more carefully than he otherwise might







Nature Study

The Maine woods provide a fertile landscape for painter Neil Welliver

By Mark Strand

Photographs by William Waldron



Neil Welliver in his studio, a renovated barn in central Maine. *Opposite:* The artist and his son John in a meadow behind the 19th-century "continuous" building that he restored.



COURTESY MARLBOROUGH GALLERY

NEIL WELLIVER IS SHORT AND STOCKY, WITH NEATLY combed white hair and a trim black mustache. He looks straight at you when he speaks—and he doesn't mince words. In all his transactions with the world he displays a scrupulous honesty that contributes to his being both a powerful presence and one of the best landscape painters in America.

Welliver's large paintings of the Maine woods set us in the midst of a world from which we have become increasingly estranged. Gazing into their vivid stillness, we discover an essential part of ourselves, a basic humanness, a creaturehood that we seem to have lost. They are direct, even confrontational, representations, and yet they are highly nuanced; their world—the feel of it, the light of it—is fastidiously rendered, and we register the weight of Welliver's attention as a kind of rescuing operation. For if nature is rapidly disappearing, we at least can imagine what it was like, picture it as Welliver has pictured it.

Welliver's preoccupation with the Maine woods began in 1962. He was searching for a landscape he wanted to paint, and he found it in central Maine, where he bought a rundown house on 106 acres for $2,500. Over the next few years, when he had accumulated $500 or so from the sale of paintings, he would buy another hundred acres of adjoining woodland; eventually he had 1,200 acres. Then, in 1975, the artist returned from a trip to town to discover that his house had burned down in an electrical fire. He lost not only the house but everything in it: hundreds of paintings, portfolios of wa-

Old windows were replicated, and hewn posts and rafters were installed to restore the house's original timber structure. In the living room, *right*, cowhide rugs from Chile enliven a sofa and chairs in a Schumacher white canvas, a Shaker bentwood rocker, and a Wassily chair available from Knoll. *Above:* Welliver's *Fissures*, 1987. Details see Resources.





The air of calm that permeates Welliver's house exists i



Low rafter ceilings in the master bedroom and throughout the large house temper its scale. The quilt is turn-of-the-century American.

istinct contrast to his dense, *energized* paintings

tercolors and drawings, an enormous library, scores of nineteenth-century Caucasian rugs, and a good deal of Shaker furniture, including fifteen Shaker blanket chests filled with valuable quilts. A few paintings stored in the barn were saved, but that was all.

Welliver combed the area for a house to replace the one he had lost, and in a few weeks located a set of buildings of the same vintage in the woods nearby. He bought the entire set for $750. "I went in and marked every stick, every floorboard, every timber," he says. "I had a crew of young guys, a number of whom had been wooden boat builders, who really knew what they were doing, and I knew what I was doing, since I come from a long line of cabinetmakers. We marked the whole set of buildings, took them all apart, put them on a flatbed truck, brought them here, and set them up on the same foundation. We didn't have to do anything to the barn. It was perfect."

The house, however, was less than perfect. A tree had fallen on one part, and over the years the occupants had altered its original timber structure. In order to restore the place, Welliver bought another old house that was going to be demolished and used it to replace the missing pieces. All the wood—the posts, the long plates that support the rafters, even the rafters themselves—is ax-hewn. There is not a single screw or nail in the frame; everything is held together with pegs. "There's stuff restored in the walls that only a lunatic would do," says Welliver. "Being a lunatic, I did it." He had the original windows copied, for example, and put them back where they were meant to be. Even the cellar, which had been destroyed, was rebuilt with rocks dug out of a field in the area. The cellar walls were recapped with granite picked up from yet other abandoned house sites. It took ten to fifteen men working six days a week for a year to restore the old house.





There is a self-sufficiency, an integrity, about Welliver's residence. It is not just its isolation, the way it sits in a clearing across the road from a garden, a chicken coop, a windmill, and a couple of cars in the middle of nowhere. Nor is it the way the house claims its ground, gracefully and at length, as "continuous" farm buildings throughout New England have since the early nineteenth century. It is its assertion of plainness, its resolute resistance to cuteness, to being anything but what it is—a long plain house down a dirt road somewhere in central Maine. It is not painted, and its weathered spruce siding is somewhere between dead gray and dulled silver. Yet it is undeniably elegant, even beautiful.

The garden across the road adds to the aura of independence that surrounds the house. It covers an acre on which everything from cantaloupe to corn is organically grown, supplying Welliver, his wife, Sheila, their sons, and many of their neighbors with fresh vegetables throughout the growing season. Welliver describes how his garden grows: "It is turned up each year. I get spoiled hay—hay that's been rained on, bales of it—and I lay the garden out, covering it with a foot to eighteen inches of the hay, leaving rows that are two inches wide. Then I plant the rows. I don't do anything to them, don't weed them or *(Text continued on page 172)*

The artist keeps his files in a 19th-century mahogany apothecary cabinet, *left*. *Above: Islands Allagash*, 1988. *Opposite:* A papier-mâché washtub sits next to an 18th-century pine desk, sponged to resemble mahogany, in a corner of the master bedroom.

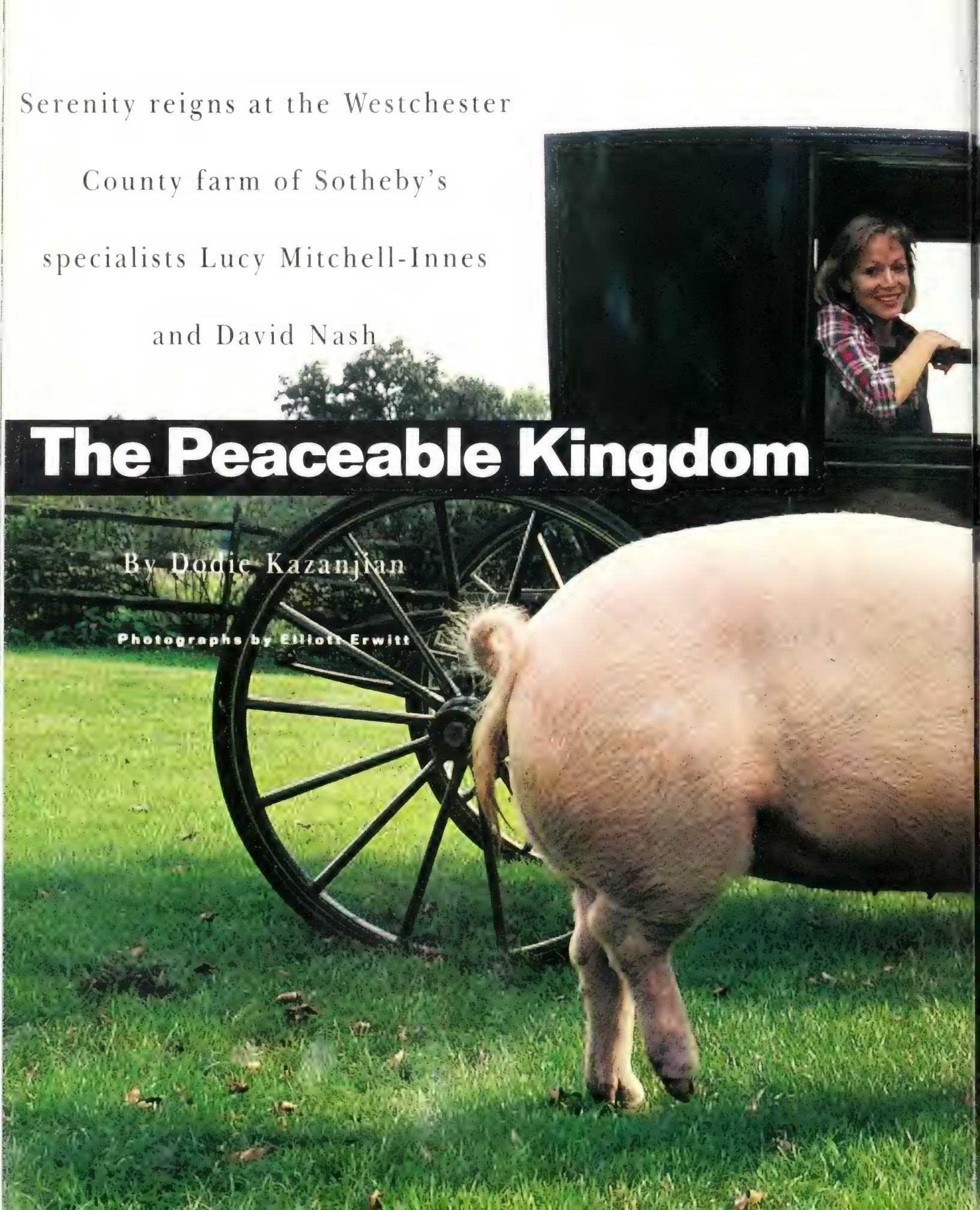


Serenity reigns at the Westchester County farm of Sotheby's specialists Lucy Mitchell-Innes and David Nash

The Peaceable Kingdom

By Dodie Kazanjian

Photographs by Elliott Erwitt





Alice the pig poses in front of Lucy Mitchell-Innes, David Nash, and their daughter, Josephine, in the c. 1830 brougham that David bought three years ago at a Sussex carriage auction.



Miles of Northleach's *The Garden of Eden*, a 19th-century painting in the living room, *left*. *Below:* The lake reflects the 18th-century house. *Bottom:* Preparing to saddle up in the barn.

Lucy Mitchell-Innes, whose delicate blend beauty has never stopped her from getting what she wants, is pondering a new purchase. "I would be very keen on a pair of wallabies," she says in her upper-class British accent as we skirt the mud puddles on the way to the henhouse at Horsefly Farm. She's not talking about the shoes, she's talking about the animal. "I see them advertised in *Llamas* magazine all the time. I'd like a dromedary, too."

Lucy already owns a llama, two donkeys, a flock of golden pheasants, pygmy goats, sheep, horses, doves, and a pig, to name a few. They live on and about the farm in Westchester County, New York, where she and her husband, David Nash, go every weekend to get away from their fast-track high-tension jobs at Sotheby's. Lucy is head of the contemporary art department. David, Sotheby's expert on impressionist and modern art, is in charge of all fine art sales. "It's quite a necessary antidote," Lucy says of the farm and the menagerie. "There's always something being hatched in the incubator, some offspring being produced. I love for Josephine to see all these different animals." Josephine is their two-year-old daughter; they're expecting a second child.

Lucy gave Manuel the llama to David for his birthday in 1987. "There were always horses around," she says, "and sheep, goats, and donkeys. They all predated me." David had the farm for quite a few years before he met Lucy. "The doves were my initiative. I like white doves flying around the house. We have about twelve and it's wonderful to see them in the snow."

The couple met in England in 1982 at Sutton Place, the Tudor house that had belonged to J. Paul Getty. David was already a major force at Sotheby's in New York, and Lucy was running the firm's contemporary art department in London. They had come to Sutton Place to appraise the most recent owner's collection. "Lucy impressed me right there with her seriousness about the paintings," says David. "She had a much more art historical approach to contemporary art than anybody else I'd ever talked to."





In 1970 David Nash had put together the first sale at auction anywhere devoted exclusively to contemporary paintings, and for years Sotheby's was the only place in New York that held sales of contemporary art. But in 1977 Christie's arrived in New York, and it had its first contemporary paintings sale the next year. By 1982 Sotheby's was losing ground to its new rival in the contemporary field. Christie's had hired Martha Baer, who knew all the collectors and all the dealers and who was so knowledgeable that she nearly cornered the market. When the person who ran Sotheby's contemporary art department in New York resigned, David began looking desperately for a replacement. The meeting at Sutton Place stuck in his mind. But bringing Lucy to New York, he says, "was a big risk. She knew very little about the United States. She'd only been here a couple of times. She knew a lot about the paintings and knew a lot of the collectors, but her experience and knowledge were nothing compared to Martha Baer's."

When Lucy took over contemporary art at Sotheby's in New York, David made a point of introducing her to the principal dealers. He was particularly eager for her to strike up a relationship with André Emmerich. "I regard him as an elder statesman, a father figure, in the business," says David. Emmerich remembers the meeting vividly: "David brought this very pretty young girl fresh from England whom I would have hired in a minute for the front desk. She had charm and presence, but I thought to myself, well, well, Martha Baer is going to eat this one for breakfast." (Baer had once worked for Emmerich.) "I was *really* wrong," says Emmerich. "I had no idea of her intelligence. Not only is Lucy glamorous and beautiful, she is also tough, persis-

tent, and very capable." David was so struck by her qualities that he proposed marriage.

Lucy Mitchell-Innes arrived in New York at the outset of the tremendous boom in contemporary art prices at auction—a boom in which she has played a significant part. Christie's contemporary sales were more than triple Sotheby's in 1982: $10,300,730 to Sotheby's $3,408,900. Last year the figures were $250,526,100 for Sotheby's and $133,837,000 for Christie's. Contemporary art sales at Sotheby's have now surpassed all other categories except impressionist and modern art ($738,500,000 in 1989). "That's a dramatic change," says David. "Almost unbelievable."



One of Lucy's big coups was persuading both Ethel Scull and the estate of her late husband, Robert, to consign their paintings to Sotheby's. The Sculls had been through an acrimonious divorce, the paintings had been divided after much litigation, and each side was so hostile to the other that it took a miracle of diplomacy to get them both under Sotheby's roof. The sale was a whopping success and helped to give Sotheby's the upper hand in the intensifying competition for recent art. Lucy set out aggressively after other important paintings, and more often than not she got them. "I know what's out there," she says. "I know what's in these collections—all of them. And I have a sixth sense for what's going to happen. I'm astounded how often I'm absolutely right. The secret is being able to anticipate. David and I both feel that that is the key to our business." Larry Gagosian, a New York art dealer, says, "Whenever I'm told that Lucy is in L.A., I have this gnawing feeling that I'm in the wrong town."



A Julian Schnabel plate painting—the first Schnabel ever at auction—was included in Lucy's first sale in 1983; it brought $93,500, a startling price at that time. "I think that really grabbed the attention of the contemporary art world," she says. "And changed the rules of the game. Nobody had ever thought that such a recent work could do so well at auction." Since then prices have gone through the roof. Last November a Japanese collector paid $20.68 million at Sotheby's for Willem de Kooning's 1955 *Interchange*. (The Japanese seem to be broadening their field of vision to include contemporary *(Text continued on page 176)*







Lucy at Sotheby's, *above*, with a Jasper Johns. *Left:* With Josephine. *Below:* A family portrait at Horsefly Farm. *Bottom right:* A 19th-century painting of an Englishman and his Indian servant on a camel, by C. H. Wittenbury. *Bottom left:* Lucy auctioning a Morris Louis.



The New Frontier

A pioneering design spirit led six friends from Los Angeles to a valle



the high desert. By Charles Gandee Photographs by Timothy Hursley

JOSHUA TREE, CALIFORNIA, IS located somewhere between the moon and the end of the world. Or so it seems driving through the surreal high desert terrain of rocks, rubble, and, it is said, rattlesnakes. Although the Irish rock group U2 immortalized the tiny community of 2,580 and the tortured cactus from which it takes its name on their 1987 Grammy Award–winning album (entitled, appropriately enough, *The Joshua Tree*), for the average passerby this is one landscape that most definitely does not inspire song.



Architect Josh Schweitzer, *left*, likens the fiery orange stucco structure he built in Joshua Tree, California, to a gazebo, though the quirky pavilion, *below*, part of a three-part house he shares with five friends, is about as close to a traditional folly as the desert is to an English garden.

Josh Schweitzer feels differently. With his long drop earring, bohemian sense of fashion, and curious haircut (very long on top, very short on the sides and back), the 37-year-old architect is the picture of hip L.A. In other words, he, like Bono and the boys in the U2 band, finds the desert's existential splendor inspiring. As do Susan Feniger, Gai Gherardi, Barbara McReynolds, Mary Sue Milliken, and Rhonda Saboff—five women who with Schweitzer form a sort of California-style New Age family.

In 1984, after the six friends had come together around two highly successful professional ventures—L.A. Eyeworks and City Restaurant—they began making regular forays, en famille, to the desert. As time passed and the weekend jaunts increased in frequency and duration, it seemed only natural to seek more dependable and aesthetically appropriate accommodations in a communal house. So three years ago the group pooled its resources, bought ten acres of land, and Schweitzer sat down at his drafting board in Hollywood to design what he and his friends decided to call a "monument to ourselves and to our own personal pleasure."

From a distance it appears like some otherworldly architectural mirage—three proud little pavilions huddled together on a craggy shelf between a mountain of boulders and a dustbin of a valley. The arresting image—is it a winsome garden folly or a menacing UFO?—is made all the more riveting by its vivid palette, allegedly drawn from nature: blue for sky, orange for sunset, and green for lichen. The intense colors heighten the already dramatic effect of the taut tripartite assemblage rising so defiantly above the rocks. The final curiosity is the medley of erratic and irregular cutouts for window and door openings that appear to follow no established logic. "I wanted to create a sense of shelter without enclosure," explains Schweitzer. "When you're inside the house, you're outside, and you're inside a cave in the rocks. The windows are the crevices that frame the view."

If that's the case, then it's a peculiar house. Which is strangely fitting. After all, shouldn't a house be like [illegible] secrets. ▲

PORTRAIT: DEWEY NICKS





"When you're inside, you should feel as if you're outside"







Like some 3-D cubist triptych, the house rises dramatically above the rugged rock outcropping from which Schweitzer says he drew his architectural inspiration. *Opposite:* Irregular window and door openings are intended to recall the crevices between the surrounding rocks. The dining table and chairs were designed by Schweitzer. The sculpture is by Rhonda Saboff. Details see Resources.


Comment a-t-on osé faire
un film de LOLITA ?
LOLITA
JAMES MASON
PETER SELLERS SUE LYON



Double Billing

PRODUCER MORGAN MASON AND SINGER BELINDA CARLISLE COLLABORATE WITH DESIGNER BRIAN MURPHY IN DECORATING A CALIFORNIA COTTAGE

BY PILAR VILADAS **Photographs by Oberto Gili**

ON THE OUTSIDE, IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEthing from a storybook: a wood-shingled cottage covered with wisteria and bougainvillea. On the inside, however, the fairy tale takes a few twists and turns. Instead of a hand-stitched sampler, you're greeted in the entry by portraits of Elvis. Sofas and chairs that might have come from Granny's attic are covered in prints that would have raised Granny's eyebrows. In the kitchen, none of the doorknobs or drawer pulls match, and it looks as if someone's jewelry got stuck in the tiled floor while the grout was still wet. This is Home, Sweet Home with an edge.

Which is entirely appropriate when you consider its owners. She is Belinda Carlisle, former lead singer for the Go-Go's, the definitive girl group of the eighties, and now a successful solo performer; her latest album, *Runaway Horses*, has gone platinum. He is Morgan Mason, who, growing up in Europe and Hollywood as the son of James and Pamela Mason, has had "every job you can have in the movie business," from child actor to assistant director, and who was a producer of the hit film *Sex, Lies, and Videotape*. And this cottage, nestled in one of the canyons of Los Angeles, is their dream house.

The couple spotted the cottage from their car one afternoon and drove past it every day for a year. "I knew this was the house we had to have," recalls Carlisle, but it took some time for them to persuade the owner to sell. Meanwhile, they had seen and admired the work of BAM Construction & Design, the Santa Monica firm whose founder, Brian Murphy, is known for his imaginative pairings of unlikely materials and objects. When the deal was finally closed, Carlisle and Mason asked Murphy to help with the house.

Help was what it needed. The cottage, which was built in 1937 by actress Carole Lombard and which ultimately served as the scene of her clandestine courtship with Clark Gable, had certainly seen better days. The kitchen, Carlisle says, was "really scary, like something out of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*." You could see the foundations of the house through its floorboards, and the amenities consisted of a microwave oven, a hot plate, and a hornet's nest.

After making the house a bit more habitable, Murphy set about making it fun. He had a fair amount of leeway in this, since the lady of the house was going for a look that she describes as "Alice in Wonderland on LSD." Murphy transformed the kitchen from fright to fantasy, adding a third skylight to the exposed ceiling structure, installing conventional cabinets but subverting them with those mismatched knobs and pulls, and, with tile artist Linda Beau-



Cherubs in a trompe l'oeil frame, *above*, were painted directly on the dining room wall by Art Mortimer. *Right:* In the living room, Paul Frankl chairs flank a standing lamp on skateboard wheels by Brian Murphy, and another Mortimer wall painting overlooks a Victorian love seat. *Below:* Carlisle's latest album.

COURTESY MCA RECORDS



After making the house habitable, the designer set about making it fun



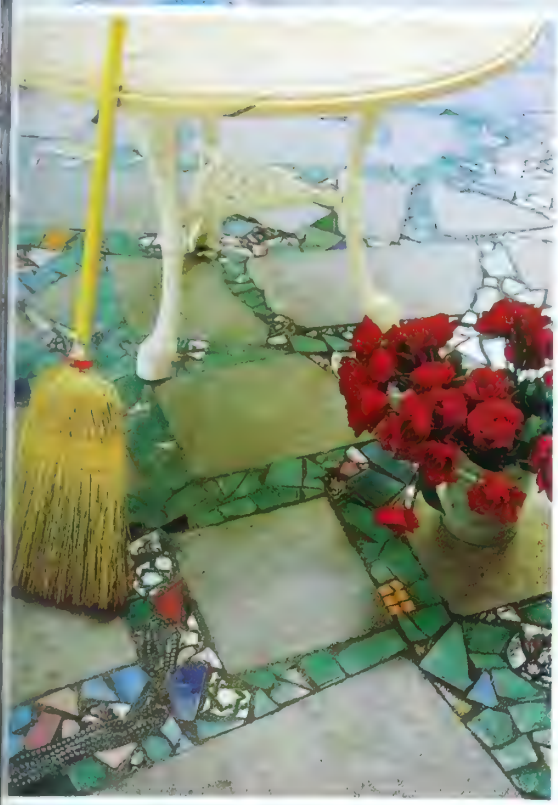
mont, designing a floor of granite pavers inlaid with a mosaic of colorful tile fragments, pottery shards, and anything else that happened to fall in, including some of Carlisle's old jewelry. "It sort of looks like a scavenger hunt," observes Murphy.

Furnishing the house was a group effort. The nineteenth-century sleigh bed in the living room belonged to Mason's father and grandfather. A pair of armchairs that Carlisle found in a secondhand store turned out to have been designed by Paul Frankl. Carlisle, a thrift shop and flea market addict, loves the idea of "taking something that's a nightmare and making it nice"—which is just what Murphy did when he covered the sofas and chairs in zebra stripes or giant roses or made tables out of eucalyptus tree stumps.

In her days as a Go-Go, Carlisle lived in a succession of houses that might politely be described as colorful, while Mason spent many years living out of suitcases, once installing himself for a year at the Jefferson Hotel when he served in the unlikely post of deputy chief of protocol in the Reagan administration. Now, although the two travel frequently—she's on a world tour; he's promoting his latest movie, *No Secrets*—they value their time at home with their five dogs and African gray parrot, Humbert Humbert, named for the character in *Lolita* who provided Mason's father with one of his finest screen roles. While Carlisle hopes that one day they can just get away from it all and move to Europe to lead a "totally bohemian existence," they aren't exactly languishing in suburbia. Above the slightly zany clutter of their kitchen/family room, a high-tech "media center" hangs from the ceiling, its television screen flickering with the black and white images of a movie. Aptly enough, it's *La Dolce Vita.* ♠

Editor: Joyce MacRae

The kitchen, *above*, has a wildly patterned tile backsplash, an exposed skylit ceiling structure, and a mosaic floor that incorporates Carole Lombard's footprints, *opposite*, and, *opposite above left*, bits of china, tile, and jewelry. *Opposite above right:* The family room contains a fanciful mixture of furnishings, including glass-topped eucalyptus stumps. *Opposite below right:* A large cow from Richard Mulligan in Los Angeles graces the front yard of the cottage.







The kitchen, says Murphy, "kind of looks like a scavenger hunt." This is Home, Sweet Home with an edge

Out of Bounds

Designer Peter Wooster disregards the conventions of rural gentility o



s Connecticut compound. By Mac Griswold **Photographs by Lizzie Himmel**




POE



An old-time spray job for the Morris Minor, *left*, is a [illegible] mullein, daylily. Purple loosestrife, yellow coreopsis, and orange butterfly weed—chromatic [illegible] and sweet lilies, mulleins, and *Eryngium planum*.

I DON'T CONSIDER MY GARDEN A SUCCESS UNLESS IT GROSSES somebody out," says Peter Wooster, surveying his kitchen-garden-size rectangle fenced with gray pickets. His neighbors in northwest Connecticut, masters of the pink and blue English school of horticulture, wouldn't set foot in the place for two years after he started his project. "It's coming along," they'd say carefully, one hand firmly on the garden gate to restrain themselves from any contact with the chaos within. For Wooster, the designer of such seductively low-key environments as the New York restaurant Orso, making a garden was a new venture. But in this day of totally available professional advice on garden design, he never read a book, ignored all the rules—"What rules?"—and laid out the plot himself with strings and pegs. He learned to grow the regulation lilies, roses, phlox, and yarrow, but with them he plants things most gardeners love to hate: orange and nearly black cannas, love-lies-bleeding with its long maroon chenille strings, fleshy-crested cockscombs. Conventional rules were something he'd learned to mistrust in a checkered educational career—ten schools before Pratt Institute.

But Wooster is not an innocent savage, nor does he play at being one. He is funny, sophisticated, sardonic, wistful, impatient, and a wary guardian of his own impulsive eye. He was raised in upstate New York, near Albany, that part of the United States where good junk collectors go when they die. For twenty years he has amassed wonderful worn-out things, putting them together in collagelike arrangements all over the windowsills, shelves, and ledges of his house. Hundreds of birds' eggs sit on tufts of hot pink cotton in the drawers of two handsome collector's cabinets; a black and gold chest is heavy with old tools—fifty different kinds of jigsaw blades, massive leather punches, and honey-colored folding carpenter's rules. The bedrooms are furnished with gorgeous and hilarious secondhand items. He drives a 1967 Morris Minor. Twenty years later, now that the rest of us have learned to love flaking paint, threadbare nineteenth-century American blankets, Bakelite, and rust, Wooster has moved outdoors to do something new in the garden.

He says, "I wanted to be inside the garden—not looking at the border from the other side of the lawn." This seems ordinary enough until we discover, slaves of perspective that we are, how hard it is to make a garden that doesn't lead to an eye-catcher or present a view. Inside, in Wooster's case, means being surrounded by a forest of unevenly sized verticals—standards writhing with Hall's honeysuckle or clematis, birdhouses, a weather vane, a stand of sunflowers—none of which is the focal point of the plan. Along with four 'Skyrocket' junipers, tall bundles of grasses, and a few large shrubs or small trees, these oddball uprights add height, color, and a sense of shelter, but without making a pattern.

Nor does Wooster's garden tell a story, in the sense of a carefully planned succession of garden spaces. There is no "right" way to go round; the only narrative is that the beds are named A, B, C, D, E, and F. The roughly similar oblongs set in a grid of wide grass paths are meant to be seen simultaneous-



There is no "right" way to go round Wooster's wild green menagerie

ly: over, through, and beyond each other. Granted, a flock of Adirondack chairs has migrated to the middle of the garden where a dilapidated shingled parasol, the remains of a gazebo scavenged from a nearby turn-of-the-century garden, marks the center, but the real story is the gigantic and well-grown display of plants. They fill the beds and the Bold Border, a collision of brilliant colors and huge leaves—giant hogweed, castor bean, elephant's ear. There are no linear waves or carefully orchestrated drifts. "The point is to have one of everything," Wooster says happily, "though occasionally we do have three." In theory this may be true, but it's a theory shouted down by the vivid counterpoint of plants that habitually reseed themselves: *Nicotiana sylvestris,* all kinds of thalictrums, violas, and the pink and cream plumes of *Salvia sclarea turkestanica,* among many others.

Why do so many plants reseed here; why does the temperamental crocosmia grow to five feet? First of all, for a dozen years the previous occupant of the cottage threw all the manure three cows could produce into his vegetable garden, to- [illegible] site of this wild green menagerie. Second, good things [illegible] get a chance because Wooster has learned the dif- [illegible] etween a seedling and a weed. He has also engaged [illegible], a graduate of Longwood Gardens' two-year pro- [illegible] rdeners training program, to come three days a week. Wooster and Keim egg each other on—their current projects include putting everything they grow on a computer list and starting 150 kinds of plants from seed.

Outside the garden a fifteen-acre mown field widens to a pond. It reflects what feels like one of the biggest expanses of sky in Connecticut, where so much is closed in by second-growth timber. Visible from the garden is a little red shack, once the bedroom of the three cows. So small the cows must have had to turn over all at once, it measures only ten by twenty feet and has now been renamed the Thunder House. It is Wooster's summer palace, where he sleeps from May to November, where thunder rattles the roof and rains sweep through the wide-open (but screened) end, which looks out at both garden and field. The bed is at the snug end where three tiny glass windows keep out the weather and the wind—very

Wooster's "Russian constructivist rowboat—it's painted red, cream, and black," *above,* waits by the pond. *Above right:* The florid scale of the grass *Miscanthus sacchariflorus,* at right, is balanced by orange cannas and red hibiscus in the background. In front, a flood of pink phlox, three kinds of asters, and the white- and red-flowered annual flax *Linum grandiflorum* 'Bright Eyes'. *Right:* In early summer, the varied verticals of grasses, cedars, and birdhouses can be seen over the Bold Border in the foreground where the hay-scented fern *Dennstaedtia punctilobula* begins to cover the wall.











important in a house lit only by candlelight. No phone, no TV, but no Boy Scout would be happy here—it's too comfortable. All garden follies invoke the idea of playing house; the extraordinary pleasure of the Thunder House is that it's a place where a grown-up or two can play house for real. The minute you walk in, you're struck with envy, wanting the romance of a Thunder House all your very own. (Wooster insists the name is patented.)

He has designed and built another version of the same thing, known simply as the barn, far away on the other side of a ridge. "The object was to create something that had always been there, abandoned in the woods," he says. He began with the chestnut framing of a small storage barn and went on to assemble siding, flooring, windows, and an Eastlake door, in what must be his biggest collage to date.

An observant friend once remarked that Wooster's Brooklyn apartment is a Joseph Cornell, a box full of boxes and surprises, all arranged with something of that artist's enigmatic allusiveness. Here in Roxbury, after you see the birds' eggs, you begin to notice the birds' nests. They are perched all over the Thunder House, the barn, and the cottage, made of straw, string, tinfoil, hair—the usual bird salvage. Boxes, containers—as well as the garden—all the nests that Peter Wooster makes to play around in until it's time to go to sleep in the red cow shed now become, as the poet Octavio Paz once wrote of a work of Cornell's, a "hotel of crickets and constellations." ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



Trees shade a summer breakfast in the Thunder House, a converted cow shed where Wooster spends the nights from May to November. *Left:* The bed in the Thunder House. *Far left:* In the barn in the woods, another of Wooster's nests, an 18th-century daybed and Adirondack chairs catch the western sun. *Below left:* "A gate like a vine" is what Wooster commissioned from artist Bob Keating.



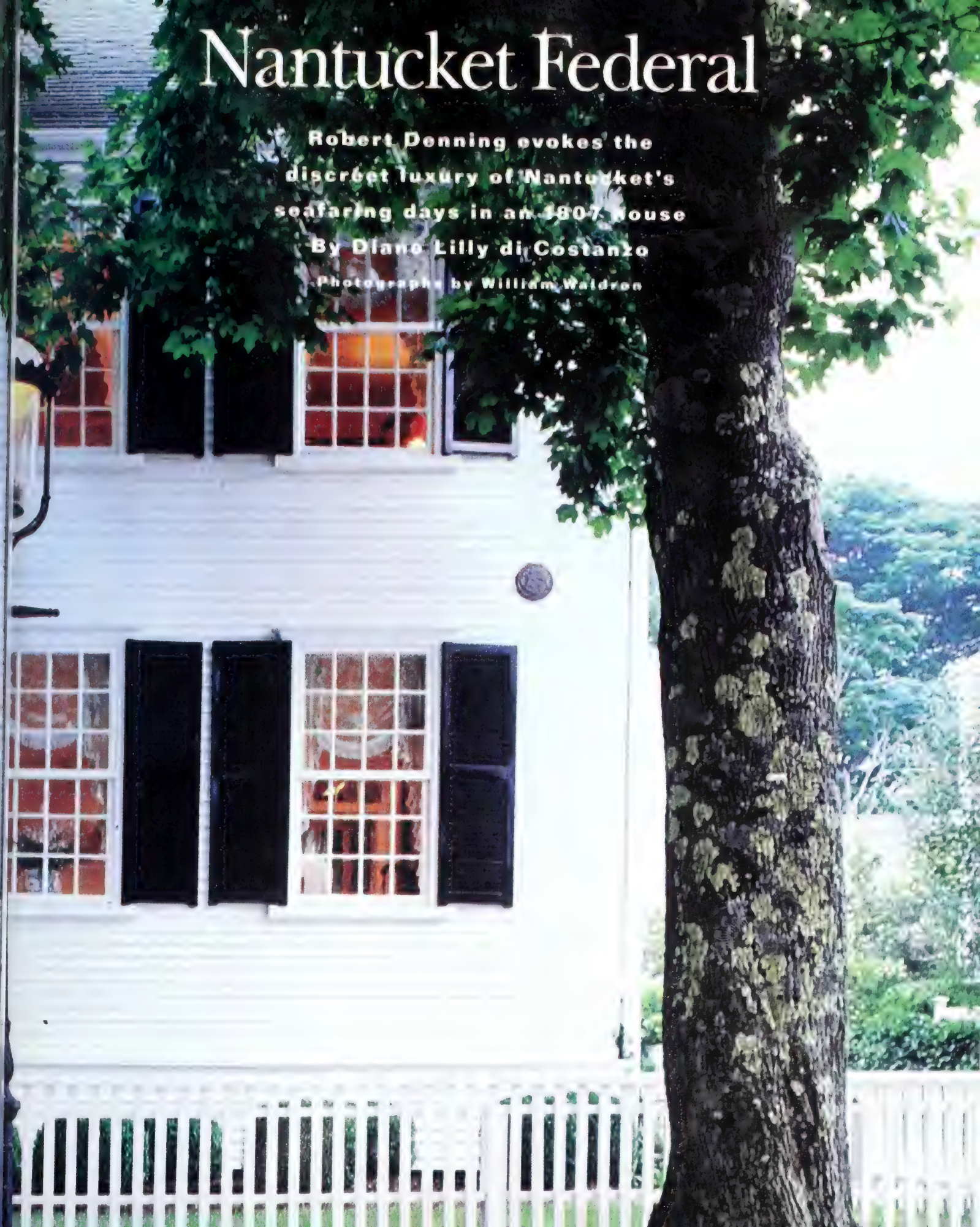
Built for a Nantucket
ea captain, this Federal
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Nantucket Federal

Robert Denning evokes the discreet luxury of Nantucket's seafaring days in an 1807 house

By Diane Lilly di Costanzo

Photographs by William Waldron









IT'S SPRING ON NANTUCKET AND THE FIRST BLUSH OF COLor has come to the island. Daffodils spill like sunlight across her low flat expanse. Shutters shine with fresh paint. There's a quickening on Main Street: shopkeepers take down those signs, pinned all winter to locked doors, that read SEE YOU IN MAY! And among the ranks of the Main Street mansions one house in particular is in fine form for the season.

A flag flies from the white clapboard façade, and its front door is distinguished by a gleaming silver handle, once a sign of affluence among prosperous sea captains. In back, rose vines have begun their slow pink creep across the weathered shingles so common on Nantucket.

When the owners of the house bought it eight years ago, they turned directly to decorator Robert Denning of Denning & Fourcade. He had worked with them over the course of two decades on other projects, and he, the clients knew, would help them make a "happy, colorful" place to gather family and friends, one that respected the house's rather august heritage but also accommodated easy summer living.

One year later Denning had accomplished just that. "We work well together in part because none of us pretends to be a perfectionist," he says, laughing. "If a decision we make together seems right, and we agree, then that's perfect enough for us. But we're also not afraid to change our minds well after others might think a decision is cast in stone."

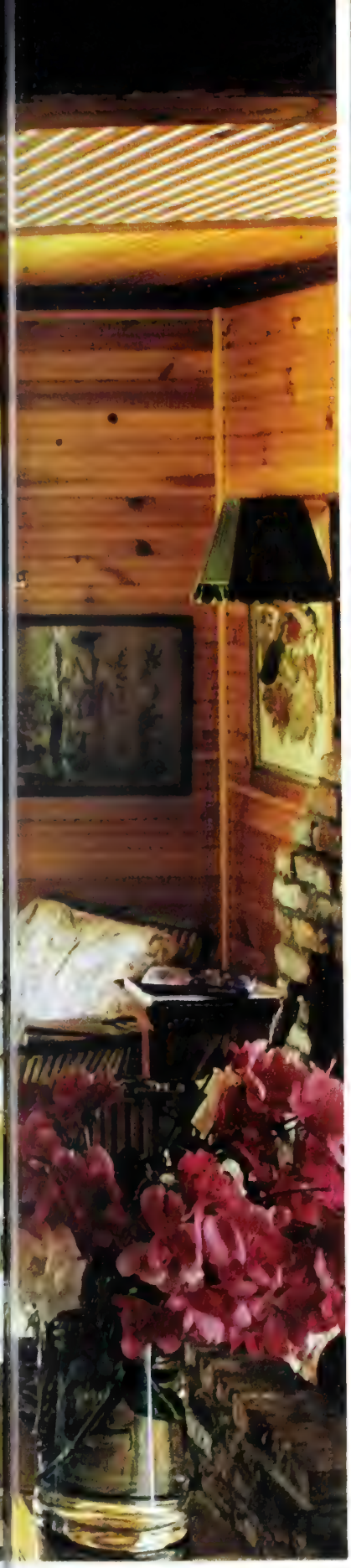
He cites the wood trim throughout much of the house, painted shades of blue that shift subtly from room to room: the kitchen and its hallway tend toward lavender, the dining room falls somewhere between aqua and robin's egg, and the trim in the canopy bedroom is so soft that its paleness merely suggests blue. "It took some trial and error," says Denning. "Sometimes we started with white paint, then tried yellow, and finally wound up going with blue."

Today the house stands as a two and a half story testimony to Denning's unerring sense of appropriate design. Furnishings and decorative details chosen with an eye to the island's past rest so comfortably in its restored interior that a nineteenth-century Nantucket native could wander in without experiencing culture shock. Built in 1807 at the height of the island's federal period, the house belonged to Captain Thomas Paddack, who, like his neighbors on Main Street, made his living voyaging around Cape Horn and into the Pa-

In the entry hall, *opposite above*, floral swags and a ceiling lined with a Brunschwig & Fils stripe create a lighthearted setting for the room's late 18th century furnishings. The c. 1840 portrait is by Joseph Whiting Stock. *Opposite below:* Decorator Robert Denning carried the swags and stripes into the living room where antiques true to Nantucket's past—Chinese export porcelain, Chippendale tea tables, a Regency récamier, and a hand-stitched rug—join a collection of 19th-century primitive paintings. The camelback sofa is covered in a Scalamandré fabric. The curtains are made of lace from E. C. Carter. *Above:* In a corner of the dining room a suite of 1930s cane furniture surrounds a table where morning coffee is served. Details see Resources.



native could enter the house today without experiencin



Matchboard paneling casts a honey-colored glow in the kitchen, opposite, where wide pine floorboards were painted with oversize black and white squares and edged with blue baseboards. *Below:* Under a pair of portraits, c. 1840, by Samuel Miller, an American Windsor chair, c. 1750, is pulled up to a French provincial table.

ulture shock



cific hunting whales. Once an outpost of simple Quaker purity, the face of Nantucket was changed when its port boomed. Ships arrived bearing whale oil as well as loads of exotica, and soon the ladies of the house were serving tea in Chinese export teacups, wearing corsets rigid with scrimshaw busks, and dressing beds with Irish linen.

Denning, in concert with his clients, scoured auction houses and thrift shops to achieve a mix of fine antiques, vernacular Yankee-crafted furniture, oriental decorative arts, and nautical flourishes fit for a stately Nantucket manse. But the house's strongest feature is the art on the walls, part of the owner's collection of American primitive paintings that hangs in nearly every room. The couple favors simple stern portraits by nineteenth-century itinerant artists such as Ammi Phillips and Joseph Whiting Stock. A fine example of Stock's work hangs behind the camelback sofa in the living room. Depicted are a brother and sister in their Sunday best, and though they stiffly pose in a formal parlor, their faces are [illegible] with high color, as if they had just run in from a [illegible]

[illegible] rk was required Denning could [illegible] finer details." In the kitch- [illegible] ds were painted with oversize [illegible] walls were lined with golden-colored matchboard paneling. The old brick hearth is stacked with birch logs, lit these days to warm the breakfast room in winter. Just beyond the kitchen, the formal dining room was made less so when its walls were covered with a warm floral fabric imprinted with oriental figures bearing parasols. One end of the long room is given over to a pair of 1930s cane chairs and a sofa set around a tea table. "This is where we have neighbors in for coffee in the mornings," says the hostess of the house. "Nantucket is a sociable place."

The house is sociable, too. The cane sofa's ample cushions invite you to settle in fast and deep, and once you do, you realize there's a recess in its arm to hold a glass of something tall and cold. Next to the beds upstairs are low tables set with crystal decanters and drinking glasses and, if you're in luck, a plate of cookies. But most sociable of all are the benches by the front door where, under the flap of their flag, the couple likes to sit and watch the world walk by. ♠ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

A New England maple canopy bed, c. 1800, *above,* dominates a bedroom papered in a reproduction 18th-century print and border from Scalamandré. Sweaters for cool Nantucket nights are piled on a Queen Anne–style walnut chairback bench. *Opposite:* A pair of flounced slipper chairs, Currier & Ives prints, and a pictorial hooked rug entitled *Homeward Bound* surround federal-style beds with acorn finials in another bedroom.



Country Life



De trop is de rigueur at the weekend retreats of the rich and famous

By William Norwich

DRAWINGS BY DAVID CROLAND

AH YES, GOING TO THE COUNTRY WHERE the water tastes like wine. Sounds so simple, but it rarely is. "Do come down to the beach," friends will say. You imagine yourself off to a shack by the sea which, at best, will be like something in Malibu. But no, it is Green Acres time in the Cashamptons, where the buffalo mozzarella groans. "We'll meet you at the train; we drive a jeep," your hosts might say. The jeep arrives and it is a $50,000 Range Rover with leather jump seats and a CD player. "Do you ride? Well, then, you must come racing," pals from a different direction might suggest. You pack your breeches or bring along your bike, but Marylou Whitney meant the turf at Saratoga, and all you need are a pair of field glasses and a dinner jacket.

American-style country babble began in Newport. "Come down to my cottage," meant, say, a week with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish in an umpteen-room palazzo where your dinner partner might well be a monkey passing for a prince. Now, as in Mrs. Fish's day, one goes *down* to the country and *up* to the city, and there are other subtleties of phrase one need decode. The sure sign of a nouveau social sort is asking someone down to Palm Beach. The Old Guard will invite you to Florida because it is redundant to say Palm Beach. Where else is there, except Hobe Sound, which shares the same airport? The coding is similar when one mentions Maine. It means Northeast Harbor, not Portland. "Lunch at Brooke's" doesn't indicate a snack at a chain drugstore. It is a meal overlooking [illegible] with Mrs. Vincent Astor.

An invitation to ca[illegible] might mean something especially [illegible] on Upper Saint Regis Lake in the Adirondacks, once the summer spot for cereal heiress Marjorie Merriweather Post, or fishing in splendor with the Engelhard family in Canada. And when Alfred Taubman asks if you shoot, the shopping mall magnate doesn't mean pool. He means bagging birds, preferably with titled guns abroad.

Duck if you crave rest and some hostess asks you to a "small dinner" in the country. A small dinner is a euphemism for a convergence of overly dressed city people amid an enormous expanse of mechanically watered lawns. "Small," you will come to see, refers to the number of musicians in the orchestra hired to blast forth such summer classics as "Jeremiah Was a Bullfrog" at least seven times before dessert hits the chintz-covered table and you are free to "motor" home. America's more established families put great effort into downplaying the elaborate state of their sanctuaries in the midst of nature. Decorator Mario Buatta remembers the time he was asked by a banking couple who had just acquired a grand house in Southampton: "Can you give us the 'poor look'?" Buatta passed on the job. As Nelson Aldrich explains in his book *Old Money*, "The task undertaken by the Old Money curriculum is to teach beneficiaries how to *manage* envy, not merely to arouse it."



Pat Buckley



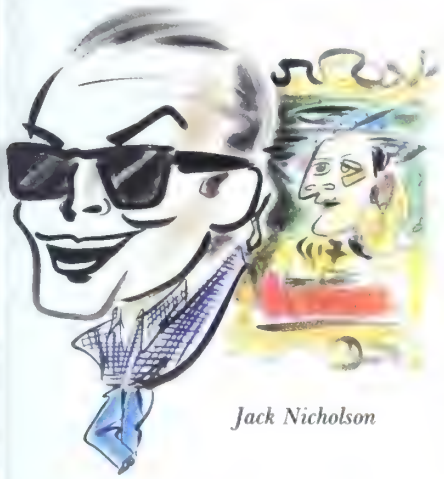
Carolyne Roehm

The Kennedy compound, for instance, might surprise the uninitiated. The houses are rather simply decorated—the luxe is in the history of the place and the framed photographs. Creature comforts are more evident at Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's place on Martha's Vineyard, but it is still a beach house and not a Petit Trianon. "Jackie who?" the posh natives in the hunt country of Far Hills, New Jersey, will say to confuse a day-tripper wondering where their neighbor Mrs. Onassis lives. A questioner will fare no better in Middleburgh, Virginia, where



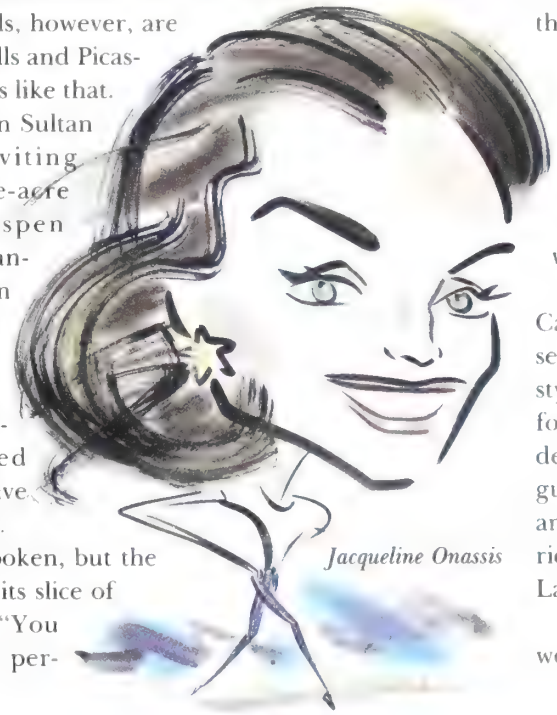
Mrs. O. rides to hounds and stays near Paul and Bunny Mellon's estate. That is another preserve of understatement. Flying there in the family's private jet is simple fare until lights go on in a field in the middle of nowhere and it turns out to be the Mellon landing strip.

"Oh, come for a quiet little weekend in the country—you can just fly right in," the pharmaceuticals heiress Elizabeth Ross Johnson will tell friends. Libbet, as she is called, has a place on something like 2,000 acres in Millbrook, New York, where most people are desperate for 20 acres. Her property has its own landing strip, too. Hollywood film producer Joel Silver—*Lethal Weapon* and *Lethal Weapon 2*—thinks nothing of flying on Friday from L.A. for a few days at his Frank Lloyd Wright plantation in the Deep South. In Texas, Oscar and Lynn Wyatt use a private helicopter to take guests on coyote-hunting jaunts. In Saint Moritz, Princess Caroline of Monaco and her husband, Stefano Casiraghi, bought a helicopter because the best snow was higher up in the Alps.



Jack Nicholson

With or without the latest technology, mountain hideaways are favored by the high-profile recluse. David Bowie never ventures into so-called society from his retreat in Gstaad. Bowie's houseguests must content themselves with a state-of-the-art electronics system. Jack Nicholson feeds friends a line about his simple place in Aspen. To hear him describe it, it is just a heigh-ho shelter for ski boots and snow bunnies. The walls, however, are laden with Chagalls and Picassos. Well, Aspen is like that. Prince Bandar bin Sultan will soon be inviting guests to his one-acre house in the Aspen woods. Prince Bandar doesn't live on a one-acre lot. The house itself takes up an acre. So far, Prince Bandar hasn't asked Mario Buatta to give him the poor look.



Jacqueline Onassis

It may go unspoken, but the upper crust likes its slice of country pie big. "You are not a normal person," decorator Richard Himmel told Leslie Wexner when the tycoon went shopping for something big in Vail. Peter Marino encourages his clients similarly. He is now installing a giant aquarium in the living room of Ronald and Claudia Perelman's Palm Beach retreat on Raider Row. Tycoons of all stripes are consumed by this spirit of space possession. Consider the rock star Prince and his friend Kim Basinger. She recently bought herself a town in Georgia. He dwells and dwells in a complex of studios and soundstages outside Minneapolis. Prince calls his estate Paisley Park, and it is mostly purple. Mick Jagger alternates summer stays at his château in the Loire Valley (where neighbors report seeing Jagger's head pass above their hedges as he jogs backward, which is good for the rock-star derrière) and his place on Mustique, a string of pavilions and covered walkways designed by Jed Johnson and Alan Wanzenberg. Distance can lend enchantment to a stay in the country. When Steve and Courtney Ross leave their retreat in East Hampton, they are likely to hop somewhere farther afield, fully packed, along with an expert to explain foreign sights. For a trip to Turkey last summer with Barbra Streisand, the Rosses included an archaeologist in their party. Pat Buckley, on the other hand, doesn't venture far from Manhattan. Her escape is a pink house on Long Island Sound in Stamford, Connecticut, where she can tend to her rose garden wearing a bikini.



Princess Caroline



David Bowie

Perhaps the ultimate beyond-nature couple is Henry and Carolyne Roehm Kravis. Besides a grand chalet in Vail with a seventeenth-century French hearth, they have a Japanese-style house on the bay in Southampton which they transformed into a series of air-tight, sand-free chambers. Fashion designer Carolyne chose to be photographed in the Portuguese tile-lined living room for one of her dressy ads, but she and her husband prefer their Connecticut farm where she rides in an indoor manège and drives a tractor. The Kravises' Labrador retriever at the farm is called Nabisco. Guess why?

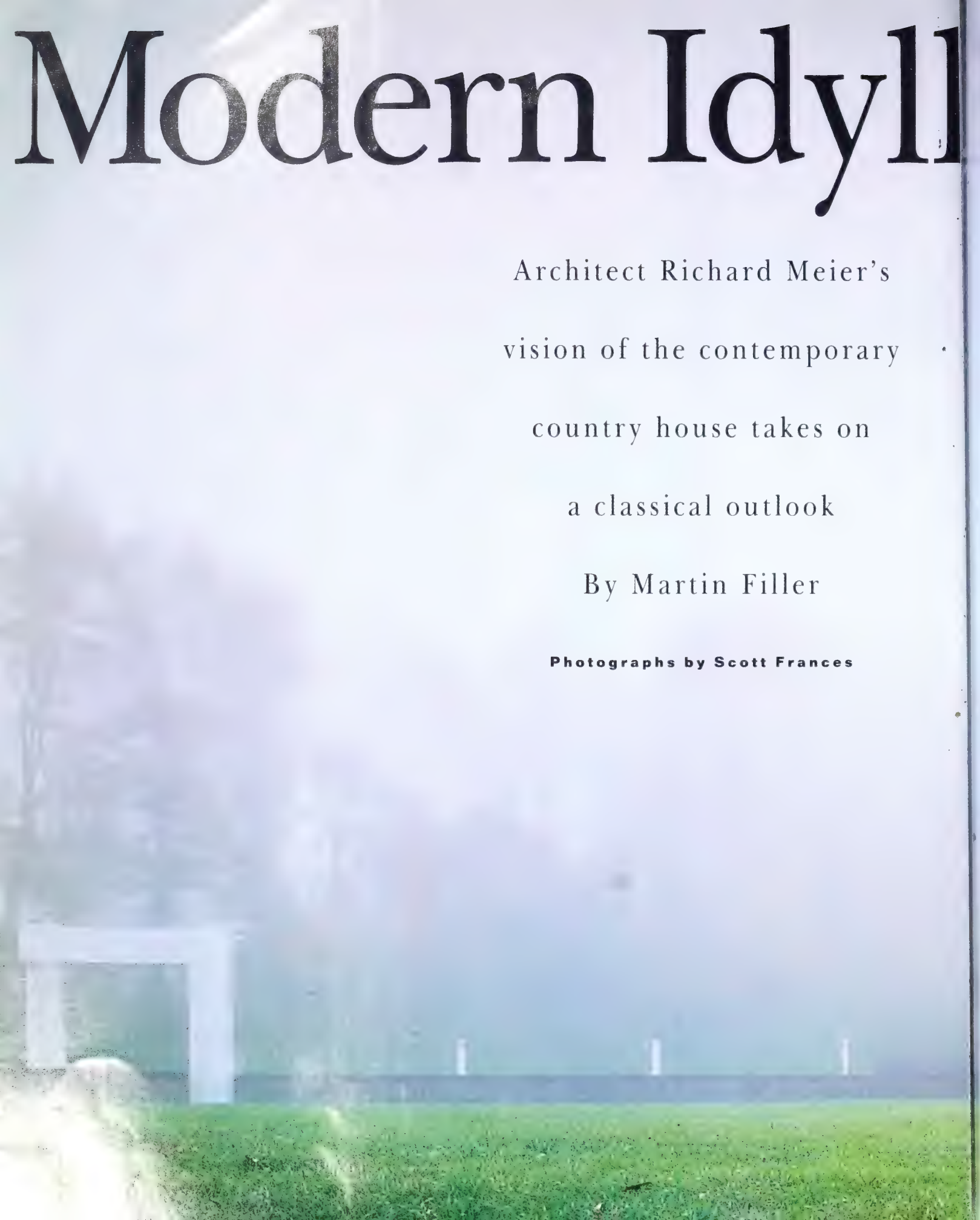
The point is, when certain people say, "We go away on weekends," they are not Walden Pond bound. ♠

Modern Idyll

Architect Richard Meier's vision of the contemporary country house takes on a classical outlook

By Martin Filler

Photographs by Scott Frances





CAN A BUILDING BE BOTH CLASSICAL AND MODERN AT THE same time? For hundreds of years that was thought to be possible. Even the neoclassical architects of the eighteenth century believed they were working in a contemporary idiom rather than trying to re-create the ancient past. And for those who have looked beyond the misinformed notion that modern architecture completely dispensed with more than two thousand years of architectural history, it has long been known that the classical tradition played an important part in some of the most radical buildings of this century. In his influential 1947 essay "The Mathematics of the Ideal Villa," the English architectural scholar Colin Rowe pointed out the striking similarities between the neoclassical country houses of the late Renaissance architect Andrea Palladio and the modernist villas of Le Corbusier. Although the columns, pediments, and domes of Palladio were not used by Le Corbusier in his severe machinelike houses, he did employ the same system of classical proportions, giving his buildings a timelessness and repose without resorting to historical detailing. Le Corbusier, who was much more concerned with the essence of classicism than with its superficial symbols, delved deeper into its true nature than current copyists who consider themselves the guardians of that great heritage.

Among contemporary American architects, none has remained more unapologetically faithful to the principles of Le Corbusier than Richard Meier. But Meier's designs, especially his houses, have always been more American than European, however much they might recall those of his Swiss-French hero. In the way it relates to the classical tradition as it has developed here since colonial times, Meier's latest country house seems particularly American rather than Mediterranean in the manner of Le Corbusier's villas, which respond to a very different landscape. Like that of the great early modern master, Meier's implicit classicism is more powerful for being less specific and more subtle for being less literal.

Approached along a wooded road in a rural section of northern New Jersey, the Grotta house is first glimpsed as a gleaming white apparition on the brow of a grassy terraced hillside backed by trees. With its graceful bowed façade and outstretched wings, this is a virtual diagram of an American Palladian country house, transformed for the late twentieth century but basically recognizable as the same symmetrical axial scheme with a curving centerpiece and low pavilions popularized around 1800 by the architects Charles Bulfinch and Benjamin Latrobe. Yet as one draws nearer, there is no question that this uncompromisingly modern vision of coun-





The Grotta house in northern New Jersey is oriented like a precision instrument around the four points of the compass. The east-west axis leads from the chimney at the center of the curving east front, *above center*, to the bridge bisecting the west [illegible] *above left*. The north-south axis is defined by the covered [illegible] arcade extending from the north-facing garage to the [illegible] or, *right*, and moving along an imaginary line toward [illegible] standing arch on the south side of the ho[illegible] *preceding pages:* The house, seen from the front, [illegible] ited on the terraced slope of a wooded ridge.

Meier is almost alone in his abilit



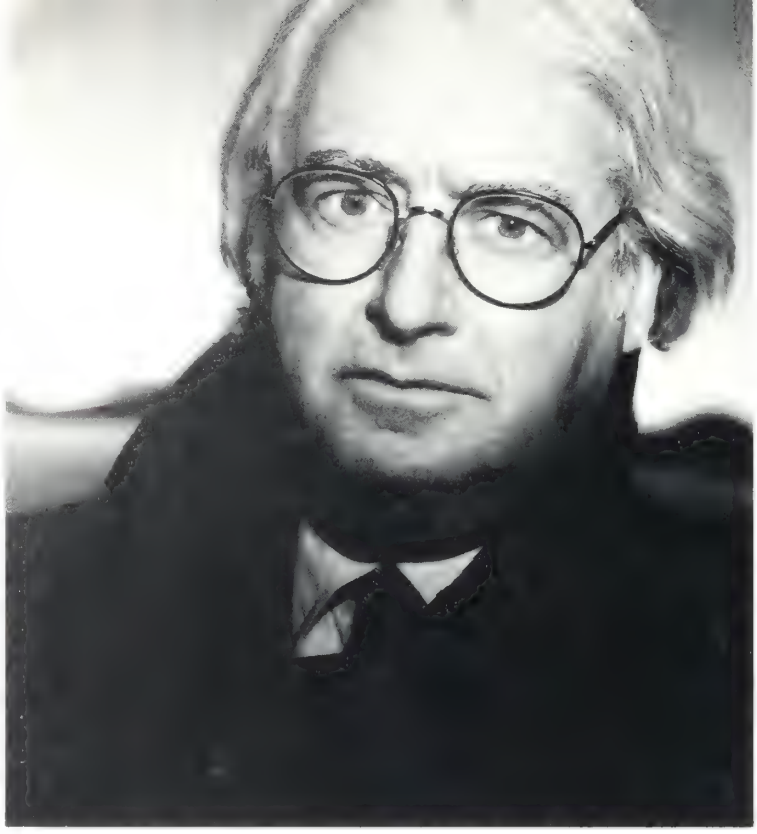




o carry off this level of perfection both in the whole and all its parts

try life must be the work of Richard Meier, who is almost alone today in his ability to carry off this level of perfect precision both in the whole and all of its parts.

This is the sixteenth house Meier has designed, and in it he continues to employ recurrent themes, but some of them reappear with significant new twists. For example, there is the characteristic way in which he sites a house in relation to its view. In several of his early houses of the sixties and seventies, Meier made the actual front into the veritable back. Entered via a narrow bridge from a hillside arrival point, those houses had almost anonymous entry façades played down in telling contrast to the spectacular façades looking out over the principal vistas, in the American picturesque tradition. At the Grotta house, there is a similar configuration. The bridge bisecting the west façade is not, after all, the front door but merely a rear exit. As Meier notes, "We've finally put the back in the back."



On arrival, one is led from the detached two-car garage to the front door along a covered porcelain-enamel paneled walkway arcade that extends out from the middle of the house like the colonnaded wing of a classical villa. Originally there was to have been a symmetrical pair of arcades flanking the pivotal cylindrical volume to emphasize the north-south axis as strongly as the east-west alignment between the chimney and the hillside bridge. Meier revised his initial scheme to eliminate the south arcade and decided instead to erect a single freestanding arch at the farthest extent of where that twin wing would have reached; the rest of it is now only suggested when the entire composition is read as a whole. This ghost wing, as it were, gives a more intriguing aspect to the design, allowing the eye to complete what is not there, a favorite idea of the early modernists.

Despite such sophisticated games, the Grotta house is firmly grounded in reality by very solid geometry, declared with unusual clarity even for Meier and reemphasized by contrasting exterior materials and colors. The circle and the square—or cylinder and cube—are the primary forms the architect uses here, yet as always he overlaps, cuts into, and rotates them to give them greater spatial complexity and visual surprise. The cylindrical volume of the house—the two-story glass and porcelain-enamel paneled drum enclosing the typical Meier double-height living room—is set off on the east front overlooked by a single-story gray porcelain-enamel paneled cube enclosing a more intimate sitting room. The contrasting cube motif is expressed again in an interesting variation on the opposite side of the house. There the west façade is composed of two equal squares of gray concrete block, identical save for the placement of windows and inserts of glass block. Slicing between those twin squares is a white-paneled catwalk connecting the wooded hillside with a door on the second floor of the house. That elevation possesses an austerely elegant minimalism so convincing that one wishes Meier would take that low-key approach even further in the future.

The owners—Louis Grotta, a childhood friend of the architect, and his wife, Sandra, an interior designer—have assembled a first-rate survey of crafts by most of the leading American masters of the postwar period (basket makers John McQueen and Ed Rossbach, ceramists Karen Karnes, Toshiko Takaezu, Robert Turner, Peter Voulkos, Beatrice Wood, and William Wyman, furniture makers Joyce and Edgar Anderson, fiber artists Sheila Hicks, Kay Sekimachi, and the Canadian Mariette Rousseau-Vermette) and their European counterparts (Hans Coper, Lucie Rie, Hans Wegner, and Tapio Wirkkala). Those rough-hewn, earth-toned objects are strikingly effective against the pristine white surfaces by Meier, who consulted closely with the clients in designing the house to display their collection. This is one of the architect's simplest houses but also one of his most accessible and appealing. If the Grotta house lacks the staggering excitement of Meier's vertiginous Douglas house perched high above Lake Michigan or the sprawling splendor of the house in Old Westbury, New York, it also provides a calmer view of country life than those famous antecedents. Meier is one of the few architects of international reputation who, having moved up to buildings on the civic scale, continues to design houses as a matter of principle. Architects inevitably find that the amount of care required to produce a house of this quality cannot be rewarding in any sense but artistically. And at that Richard Meier, solitary traveler on a narrow but ever-extending pathway, has succeeded once again. ▲

Richard Meier in a portrait by Hiro, *above*. *Opposite above:* Wood bowls by Bob Stocksdale, Del Stubbs, and Tapio Wirkkala along a ledge in the master bedroom overlooking the two-story-high living room. *Opposite below:* In the kitchen, walnut stools by Joyce and Edgar Anderson, teapots by crafts ceramists.







Opposite. Curving glass panes frame pottery by Toshiko Takaezu



Back to Mack




kinac
GENERATIONS OF MIDWESTERNERS
HAVE FOUND TRANQUILLITY ON AN
ISLAND IN THE GREAT LAKES
BY EDMUND WHITE
CAL CHEVALLIER



On Mackinac Island in northern Michigan, Fort Mackinac offers a bird's-eye view of the village and the straits, *above*. *Right*: Sailboats berth in Mackinac Harbor after the annual Chicago-Mackinac race. *Far right*: Bride and bridesmaids in the wedding of Missy Chrimie and Dan Musser III arrive in horse-drawn taxis. *Preceding pages*: Guests at the Chri



ASCAL CHEVALLIER

WHEN I WAS CHILD FORTY YEARS AGO WE always summered in northern Michigan because the doctor had declared that my sister suffered from rose fever and must spend July and August above the "pollen zone." As a result of this mysterious, attractive-sounding malady (it made me think of *Sleeping Beauty*), our shamelessly indolent summers were given a rigorous medical excuse.

The odor of wet wool swimsuits and burning wood (we had a separate wood oven just for baking bread, fed with the driest, neatest kindling), the sound of the lake water lapping itself like a sleeping dog, the endless warm days at the beach and the cool nights around the card table, the nearly mythological glowing beauty of my father's powerful bow (he thought hunting deer with guns wasn't sporting enough), the dusty kerosene lamps we'd light when a sudden storm would put the electricity out, the smell of mildew that had worked its way into the canvas covers grommeted over the speedboat's weather-beaten leather seats, the icy brook that kept seeping out over the lawn, the communal dinners once a week at the country club, the visits to the fish man, who seemed at once gruesome and pure, a slop bucket beside him filled with horrid eyes and sacs but the fillets he rendered up as clean as lake water itself—oh, all those memories came crowding back recently when I went to Mackinac Island (pronounced "Mackinaw"), the goal of a pilgrimage every summer so long ago.

We'd drive up to Mackinaw City, which my mother always described as the "uppermost point of the lower peninsula," and then take the big white ferryboat, throbbing and immaculate in a cloud of crying birds, across the straits that connect Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. The island fascinated me because its Grand Hotel had the "largest porch of any summer hotel in the world" (my mother again) and because cars were banned from it and one had to get around in carriages or on horseback or bicycles. Mackinac was famous for its fudge, and the little shopping street next to the harbor, which looked like the set of a Wild West film, smelled pleasantly of chocolate and horse manure.

This was a world of massive Victorian "cottages" built high on the bluffs, of blond women who looked like the becalmed beauties in Breck ads, who wore madras shirts and silver barrettes, and whose strongest expletive was "Oh, golly." This was a place of picnics out of wicker hampers, of croquet games on mint-sauce lawns, of carriage rides through sun-baked fields and on into birch and pine forests as cool as a Gothic cathedral in August, a place where lilac trees grew by the water and the woods were carpeted with lady's slippers and laburnum. I was terrified this world would have been paved over, motorized, franchised, and subdivided or, worse, that it had never been as intoxicating as I'd imagined.

My doubts were immediately banished. I quickly saw that Mackinac Island remains one of the last great Victorian resorts in America, a smaller—and purer—version of Martha's Vineyard or Kennebunkport. And unlike its East Coast big sisters, Mackinac is never shabbily genteel or oppressively



gentile. It is naively content with its wealth, its wholesomeness, and its century-old rituals.

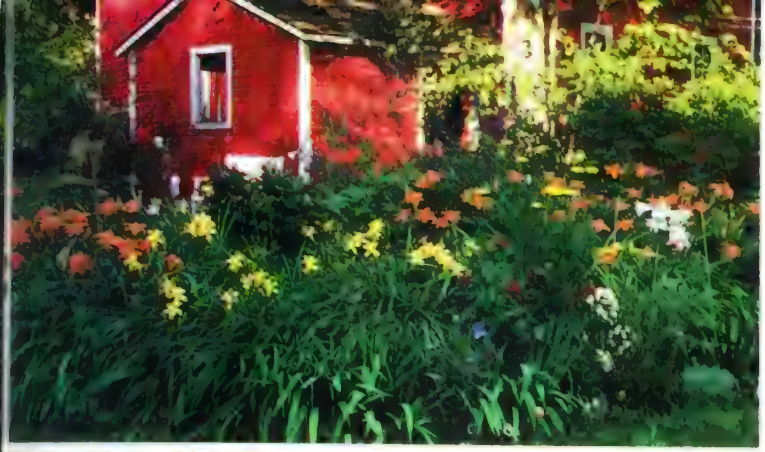
The island is less than nine miles around. It's served by ferryboats that come up from Mackinaw City or down from Saint Ignace, although small jets and private planes also land on its airstrip, and scores of private yachts and sailboats dock at its port after the annual races from Chicago and Port Huron. There may be plenty of activities for the young and energetic, everything from golf on two nine-hole courses to sailing and horseback riding, but the real specialty of the place is elegant laziness, which may express itself best in a carriage ride to inspect the curiosities—the British Landing, where English troops gained access to the island in the War of 1812, the Devil's Kitchen (a cave), and other natural wonders such as Wishing Spring, Lover's Leap, and Arch Rock.

Of course, the most interesting things to see are the mammoth centennial cottages. They are so perfectly preserved that the island verges on the edge of twee, but the majesty of the cottages (some have as many as fourteen bedrooms) warrants the curatorial pride. Pointed and scalloped shingles, painted a blinding white, pick out patterns across the ulating exteriors, reminding me of the white piqué waist- under tails by the rotund Victorian gentlemen mansions. Many of the cottages have wood- into the stone foundations and de- ezes into the base nents to cool off the air that a nineteenth-century doctor said was so beneficial for "chlerotic girls and puny boys."

There was nothing spartan about the medical regime, however. Protruding bays and towers contrast with receding porches and verandas to create an effect of generous comfort. Some of the cottages are separated by a lane from their stables and servants' quarters and, out behind them, their extensive gardens. People plant lots of annuals to keep the color going all season. Some brave souls do the gardening themselves, but most cottagers have regular help. In fact, the conversation most often revolves around the burning question of where to find the gardeners, plumbers, electricians, and maids needed to groom these white elephants.

The microcosm of Mackinac is divided into rather neat categories: the cottagers (fewer than a hundred families, some of whom go back five generations); the business and service community, many of whom are of Chippewa descent or mixed blood and who live here year-round; and the tourists, who come over for a buggy ride or a week at one of the old

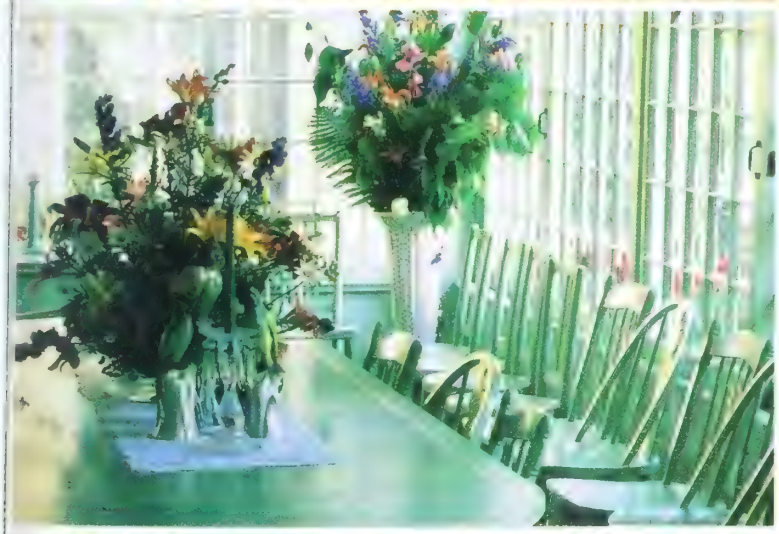
Willow seats take the sun on the sloping waterfront lawn of Corner Cottage, the Musser residence, *above*. *Opposite left, top to bottom:* The bucolic charms of the Straus cottage include a little red horse barn, a wicker-filled front porch, an informal dining room on the side porch, and a restored pergola in the garden. *Opposite right, top to bottom:* At the Goodwin cottage, a pair of gliders overlook the Straits of Mackinac; Victoria Bankard-Riel hitches up for an afternoon surrey ride; the shaded porch of Eileen Croghan's cottage commands another water view; florist Don Vanderbrook is surrounded by a forest of wedding flowers.



















The cottagers are unostentatious people who prefe



mple pleasures like bird-watching, biking, and horseback riding



hotels, such as the Island House, the Chippewa, the Iroquois, or, preeminently, the Grand.

Now the lines are beginning to blur a bit. In the past the cottagers never sold their places. They were unostentatious people who liked simple pleasures such as bird-watching and biking and could most often be found in faded Bermudas and old cashmere cardigan sweaters, though they might spiff up a little for a jazz concert at the Grand. Typical of this group is Lornie Porter, who now lives year-round on the island. She's active in the book club and the Bible study group at Trinity Episcopal (built in 1882). She and her husband, Bill, receive friends at big cocktail parties and would be the first to invite newcomers over for a drink—though they're careful to point out that the cottagers are anything but a hard-drinking bunch. Since their son, the historian Phil Porter, works at Fort Mackinac, he might send over its kilted pipers to serenade their guests. Lorna Straus, whose parents and grandparents were cottagers, is a biology professor at the University of Chicago in the winter—but in the summer she's an avid horsewoman and tireless leader of the Mackinac social scene. She lives with her family in a house built by Charles W. Caskey, an amazingly rapid worker (he put up his own Mackinac cottage in just one week).

If Lornie Porter and Lorna Straus represent old Mackinac, the new tone is being set by what one old-timer describes as "high rollers from Detroit," scions of that city's "automobility." Last year one cottage sold for over $1 million and now another is being offered for $2 million. An 87-year-old woman just sold her East Bluff cottage to a building contractor. But the island isn't really in danger. Some 82 percent of it is under state protection—Mackinac was one of the first parks in America—and this sanctuary will never be overbuilt.

Most islanders are proud of their heritage, and historical plaques and markers abound. There's Marquette Park, named after Jacques Marquette, the French priest who established a mission here in 1671. There's a memorial to a Chippewa chief in the Mussers' backyard (the Mussers own the Grand Hotel); the Indians first used the island as a sacred burial place and named it Michilimackinac, which means great turtle, appropriate for a round island in the middle of the straits. There's the local fort, built by the British during the American Revolution, surrendered to the Americans in 1796, and briefly recaptured by the Brits in the War of 1812. On Market Street there's the former headquarters of John Jacob Astor's fur company—the place that made Astor the first American millionaire. By the middle of the nineteenth century Mackinac had become a center for fishing, but in the 1880s the cottages began to be built and tourism arrived in a big way.

In 1886 two local railroads and a steamship line joined

Bicycles, horses, and carriages are the only forms of transportation on the island. Victoria Bankard-Riel owns a wicker Landau brougham, c. 1895, *left. Opposite, clockwise from top right:* The Musser house on Main Street; Lornie Porter and six grandchildren; a cottage designed by Charles W. Caskey, architect of the Grand Hotel; detail of a typically preserved Victorian cottage; a fountain in the Straus garden.











forces to construct one of the world's great summer hotels, the Grand Hotel of Mackinac Island. The Grand dominates the straits with its porch, which is twice as long as a football field and lined with Greek columns of white pine that survey the Esther Williams Pool (the star made *This Time for Keeps* here and came back in 1987 to dedicate the pool). The hotel was thrown together with great speed by the ever-busy Charles Caskey in the spring of 1887 for a July 10 opening; the notable first guests included Adolphus Busch, the brewer from Saint Louis, and the Chicago meat-packers the Armours and the Swifts. It's still the dressiest spot on the island during its six-month season. Last summer Dan Musser III—whose great-uncle bought the hotel in 1931 and who now manages it himself —married Missy Christie, and the wedding reception was held at the Grand. Since Missy's great-grandfather was the chairman of General Motors, the event represented Michigan at its most characteristic. There were bridesmaids, bunting, champagne, and a horde of guests spilling out onto the great porch or invading the fresh cheerful interiors.

The timeless quality of the hotel's public rooms, designed by Carlton Varney, also made it the perfect setting for the recent Christopher Reeve period film *Somewhere in Time*. The film bombed, but the hotel got rave reviews. As well it might. In fact, after this, my own trip somewhere in time, my raves go not just to the Grand but to the whole island.

COTTAGES IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN ARE SELDOM HEATED OR even insulated, and in July the nights are cool enough to require a light blanket. By the end of August the cool of the nights would extend into the mornings. After Labor Day most of the cottagers would drive off to Detroit or Chicago, leaving behind their big houses. Locked up, their shutters bolted, they were now the domain of a caretaker who would keep an eye out for fires or break-ins. Not that there was much to steal beyond pieces of rickety rattan furniture or the Chinese checkers board that had lost its marbles or the miniature birch bark tepees in which we'd place cones of pine incense. In early September my sister and I would go blueberry picking, hoping to see a deer and afraid of meeting a bear. The sailboats were dry-docked, the frogs had gone mute, and the wasps had vanished. We'd huddle closer and closer to the living room fire in the evenings. Then one day our parents would say we must go home, too. My sister and I knew we'd no longer be allowed to go barefoot and idle, free to explore the woods or read endlessly exciting adventure books in absolute torpor. Every fall we would lose once again our citizenship in a country without laws. Its motto was, "Do as you please," its flag was blond and tan, and it floated in the narrow but swift straits of the imagination. ♠

Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet and John Ryman



From the boardwalk in front of Amelia Musser's garden, islanders watch a ferryboat depart Mackinac—2,200 acres of pine forests, mint-sauce lawns, annual gardens, white shingled cottages, and Main Street hotels surrounded by the deep blue currents of Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, and Lake Superior.

JOSHUA GREENE

e last great Victorian resorts in America, a purer version of Martha's Vineyard



Lattice Be Seated

Wicker-inspired weaves are threading their way into the texture of furniture design. BY ANNE FOXLEY

Wicker is a continous strand in the fabric of our history, from Moses's bulrush basket to the seats that cushioned the first airplane flights to the creaky rockers that still hold the fort on every well-appointed porch. Of late, furniture designers are rediscovering the tactile charm and resilience of the warp and woof. Intertwining Victorian flourishes with bold modernist silhouettes, they have come up with an assortment of eminently comfortable chairs that criss-cross the border between the nostalgic and the contemporary.



Designs that loom large, clockwise from left, Tom Dixon's rush Sculpture chair at Modern Age, NYC; leather and rattan café chair from Walters Wicker on braided sisal rug from Rosecore; Tom Dixon's wicker Sculpture chair at Modern Age; John Hutton's Block Island armchair for Donghia; Eric Raffy's Shangai chair at Furniture of the Twentieth Century. Woven chintz rug by Facets at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges. Chinese Seagrass on wall and floor from Stark. Custom-colored sisal on partition and individual backdrops from Rosecore. Details see Resources.



Lattice-back stainless-steel chair by Pat Carpenter.



Copley armchair from Ralph Lauren Home Collection.



Parlor Square Back Game chair by Palecek.

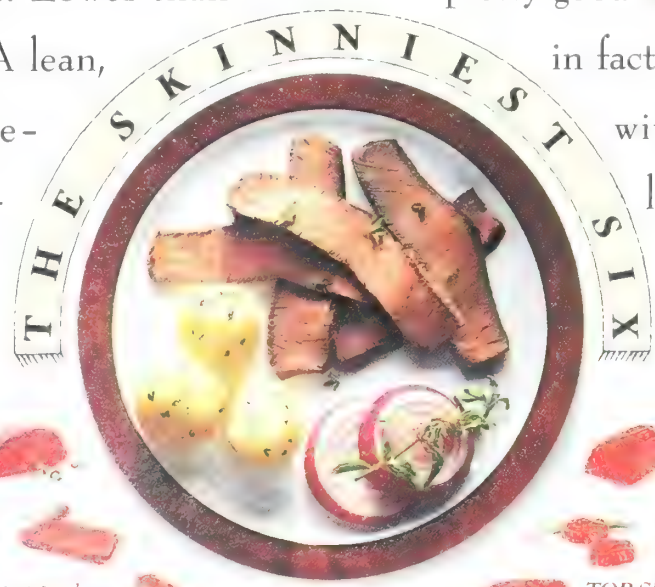


Borek Sipek's Helena chair at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC.



If you're looking for lean, you're in Luck.

I'd like to tell you a juicy story. A story everyone in Luck, Wisconsin knows. It's about herb marinated beef steak. It's about braised steak provençal and broiled steaks with company potatoes. But most of all, it's about good fortune. Because many cuts of beef are surprisingly low in calories. Lower than most people think. A lean, trimmed three-ounce serving averages less than 200 calories. Round tip, for example, hardly tops 149 calories. That's an inspiration to anyone holding a menu. Or following a diet. You know, according to legend, the town of Luck was named by Dan Smith, an early logger. Having faced much adversity in life, he solved the problem by always being "in Luck." Today, our luck is still pretty good —delicious, in fact. Where would we be without beef? Out of luck, I'd say. See you in the next town.



ROUND TIP 149 *calories*
5.0 gms total fat (1.8 gms sat. fat)*

TOP ROUND 169 *calories*
4.3 gms total fat (1.5 gms sat. fat)*

TOP LOIN 168 *calories*
7.1 gms total fat (2.7 gms sat. fat)*

EYE OF ROUND 141 *calories*
4.0 gms total fat (1.5 gms sat. fat)*

TENDERLOIN 175 *calories*
8.1 gms total fat (3.0 gms sat. fat)*

TOP SIRLOIN 162 *calories*
5.8 gms total fat (2.3 gms sat. fat)*

Beef.
Real food for real people.

**Source: USDA Handbook 8-13 1990 Rev. Figures are for a 3 oz. cooked serving. Beef trimmed before cooking. 4 oz. uncooked yield 3 oz. cooked.*
For a beef recipe booklet, write the Beef Dept. L 444 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Please enclose 50¢. ©1990 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.

Simple Virtues

(Continued from page 104) household. But on second glance I began to notice that some of these ordinary things weren't so ordinary after all. The clover-patterned blue and white kitchen tablecloth turned out to be Porthault and the crockery, which the family actually uses, proved on close inspection to consist mainly of old faience, Chinese porcelain, and English creamware, including a collection of pieces with gardening tool motifs.

Not everything here is fine or rare, however. Nancy has an astutely democratic way of mixing up the valuable with the simply charming or interesting, but there is also a subtle tension among objects that teases the viewer into looking more carefully than he otherwise might. Above all, Nancy hates the idea that anyone should feel he has to like something because he knows it is expected of him. Consequently she tends to treat her treasures as members of the family, with no special effort to make anything look important because it might actually be so by conventional standards. Nancy's attitude toward collecting is pragmatic. "I just buy things I like if I can afford them," she explains, but somehow everything she buys seems to have some special quality that makes it visually alluring as soon as she brings it home.

Some of Nancy's favorite things are family pieces or gifts, like the ivory leather-covered French cartonnier in the living room she received from her good friend the noted decorator Bunny Williams. Atop the cartonnier is a present from a grateful client, an eighteenth-century French bronze doré clock in the shape of a sunflower, a plant Nancy has always admired. The big pink sofa was purchased by another friend at a local flea market and traded in exchange for a garden consultation. And the unusual nineteenth-century English paisley needlepoint carpet was bought in New York from the dealer J. Garvin Mecking, who, when Nancy confessed to him that she loved the carpet but couldn't afford it, told her to take it and pay for it whenever she could. Long since paid for, it has become one of her most prized possessions. Like everything else here it announces its presence with understatement, yet still resonates provocatively in the subtle harmony of color and pattern that makes this house such an enchanting spot. ♠ *Editor: Carolyn Englefield*

Country's New Light

(Continued from page 98) considering that Swid's stated goal this third time around was to create a light and airy family beach house that would be simple but not austere, cozy but not claustrophobic, charming but not cute, pretty but not sweet, sophisticated but not intimidating.

Though Sills's first scheme for the house looked more like Scarsdale than Southampton to the Swids—"there were two very long faces at the presentation," the decorator recalls—his second scheme came closer to what the couple had in mind. "Not so many window treatments," recalls Swid. According to Sills, it was a screening of *My Fair Lady* that showed him the way, particularly Cecil Beaton's sets for Professor Higgins's mother's house. "That gave me the idea to do a sort of American version of a turn-of-the-century English garden house, mixing Viennese and French pieces with arts and crafts." That also gave him the idea for the wallpaper in the foyer, though where Beaton used a blue and white William Morris pattern, Sills chose to "edit" a blue and white Louis Comfort Tiffany pattern. "Morris was British, Tiffany was American," explains the decorator. The concept struck home for Swid, who was more than enthusiastic about assembling the wide range of furniture and accessories required to realize the decorative ideal and was even willing to indulge an ornamental flourish here and there, provided that Sills adhered to her keep-it-predominately-white mandate. Which, of course, he did.

Yet even though Sills reached back in time for his inspiration, the interior's true vintage is nonetheless apparent. There's a measured luxury to these fifteen elegant rooms that is altogether contemporary, pure 1990. "I guess I'm still a modernist at heart," admits Swid, who takes credit for her role as Sills's editor. "I like things clean, simple, and pure." She adds, however, that she is learning to love the polychromatic honeycomb pattern artisan Sally Colbert stenciled on the wide-plank wood floors Sills installed as a backdrop for his client's ever-expanding collection of American hooked rugs. This bodes well for Stephen Sills. Nan Swid plans to stay in touch. ♠

Nature Study

(Continued from page 114) anything, don't have to. The next year I turn the hay back in, so the soil is black. It's like Nebraska out there." In addition to the garden, Welliver has forty laying chickens, Araucanas from Chile, whose eggs are multicolored—just the sort of eggs a painter should have. A windmill next to the chicken coop generates electrical energy for the house.

Shaker pieces and other antiques are spread here and there throughout the spacious rooms. The house is large. Its 16,000 square feet are distributed over two stories and the cellar, in which an ample supply of wine is stored. The house is also uncluttered, but it never gives an impression of coldness. The ceilings—with the exception of the skylit ceiling of the studio, which was once the barn—are low.

The air of calm that permeates Welliver's house exists in distinct contrast to his paintings, which are dense, energized responses to a world of wild particulars. They do not soothe, as landscapes have traditionally done. They excite—the paintings are relentlessly descriptive, as various as the world they portray. In all sorts of weather, with a knapsack filled with paints and brushes, a folding easel on his back, and a small canvas in one hand, Welliver trudges out to his favorite sites. He sets up and paints, putting everything in—what one sees in the woods near his house, and also what one suspects is there. Thousands of snowflakes, leaves, branches, shadows, ripples, rocks, cracks, and grass blades become a vision of power endlessly restored, an allegory of the infinite. Welliver's house has an air of calm because it must. Its clean lines, its simplicity provide a refuge from the swirl of nature that surrounds it and that quickens the artist's canvases. ♠ *Editor: Amicia de Moubray*



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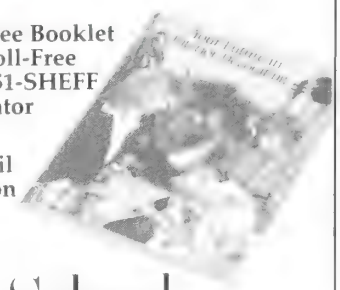
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ILLUSTRATION: MICHAEL THROCKMORTON

Peaceable Kingdom

(*Continued from page 119*) as well as impressionist and modern art.) And more and more Europeans and Americans are willing and able to bid in the $10–$15 million range. "I think the market is here to stay," says Lucy. "We have more to sell than we've ever had, and there's a higher level of quality and value."

Success has brought criticism. Many dealers charge that Sotheby's has artificially inflated the market, mainly by making huge loans to prospective buyers. Half of the $53 million that Alan Bond bid for Van Gogh's *Irises* in 1987 turned out to be a loan from Sotheby's; his inability to repay it caused an uproar in the art community, and put the painting back on the market. (*Irises* was bought by the Getty Museum this past March for an undisclosed sum.) Sotheby's has now changed its policy: the firm will no longer lend money against paintings that are up for sale. But the increasing tendency to see only the dollar signs in art troubles a lot of people, including Lucy. "Every collector—not just so-called speculators—has been forced by the rise in value of paintings to be aware that what they hang on the wall is also a significant asset. I don't think anybody can get away from it." The commercialization of art proceeds apace, and the auction houses, which are largely responsible, are taking a beating in the press, but the end of the auction boom is nowhere in sight.

Lucy has streamlined her life as much as possible. She uses a personal shopper for her clothes, and although she says she herself doesn't think in terms of interior decorating, she does use a decorator, Jane O'Keefe. "Jane's absolutely essential. She knows our taste." What is their taste? "Not too fancy. We really are interested in the works of art. Our paintings should take precedence. Not that it's such a stellar collection, but we don't want cabbage roses all over the place." In their New York apartment they have mostly contemporary drawings by Brice Marden, Donald Sultan, Susan Rothenberg, Joel Shapiro, Malcolm Morley, Dubuffet, and Baselitz, along with some nineteenth-century English paintings and a few antiquities and tribal pieces. In the country it's British naïve often anonymous farm animal paintings—[illegible]sm of David's

[illegible]y, who is thirty-something but looks twe[illegible]-something, grew up with a lot of animals in a small isolated village about fifty miles north of London, where her father was deputy chairman of J. Walter Thompson. She learned to ride when she was five and became a prizewinning equestrian. At the age of eight, she went off to boarding school. At eighteen, she went to the Courtauld Institute, where she spent the next four years specializing in contemporary art. Her first job was with Henry Moore, helping to put together a catalogue raisonné of his work. She did the same thing for Anthony Caro. After that she organized an auction for the British alternative-space organization Air & Space, and it was so successful that she earned a reputation as a crack fund-raiser. The Sotheby's job in London rescued her from fund-raising, and now Horsefly Farm rescues her every Friday from Sotheby's.

A big brown and white turkey that looks as though he just strutted off a bourbon label crosses in front of Lucy and Josephine as they emerge from the henhouse carrying freshly laid eggs. The donkeys are heehawing. Barnyard noises are the only sounds in this idyllic countryside—the farm adjoins 300 acres of foundation-owned meadows and lake on which no houses can ever be built. One of the pygmy goats they've named after a well-known European art dealer ("because he's small and ugly and thinks only about sex") is misbehaving again. Skirting their little eighteenth-century farmhouse, Lucy stops to pick a few weeds in the vegetable patch. The view across the lake is as bucolic as *The Garden of Eden*, a nineteenth-century English painting by Miles of Northleach that hangs in their unfastidious living room.

Lucy clomps through the mud in her moccasins, wearing faded jeans, a white T-shirt by Comme des Garçons, and an oversize sweater. Josephine, in OshKosh, is lugging Boo, a gray brown rabbit nearly as big as she is. Lucy and Josephine open the barn door and meander past the horses in their stalls. At the other end of the stable, they stop at the sty to check on supine Alice, their 300-pound pig. Last summer, a huge boar arrived and spent two weeks in the sty with Alice, but nothing happened. It appeared that Alice had a bad case of arthritis. How did they know? "She couldn't get up." The Nashes are trying again for piglets, but Lucy doubts very much that they'll arrive before the new baby does. The salesroom at Sotheby's, with its frenzied competition and prices in the millions, seems very far away. ♠



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DESIGN

Page 36 Delaney & Cochran Site 375, Box 77462, 375 Illinois St., San Francisco, CA 94107 (415) 495-5800. **38** Gazelle chairs, steel with baked epoxy finish, by Jonathan Crinion for AREA, $135, to the trade at AREA, Toronto; Dale Travis, NYC; Malcolm B. Weiss & Assocs., Atlanta; Stratus 2, Chicago; Jane Bander & Assocs., Dallas; Kristiansen, San Diego; Johnston Group, San Francisco. For U.S. retail suppliers, call (416) 299-0088.

DEALER'S EYE

Pages 56 Vallin Galleries, 516 Danbury Rd., Wilton, CT 06897; (203) 762-7441

COUNTRY'S NEW LIGHT

Page 93 Custom tufted sofa, tub chair in blue sitting room, to the trade to order at Stephen Sills & Assocs., NYC (212) 289-8180. Pumice cotton/silk on sofa, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; JEH/Denver, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Homespun linen (#PN-3) on tub chair, Sandy's Stone cotton (#PC-17) on sofa pillows, to the trade from Nantucket Looms, Nantucket (508) 228-1908. Setalana Sheer wool/silk for curtains, 54" wide, $60 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Richard Meier Ana silver-plate picture frames on far table, from a collection of Swid Powell items, available at Barneys New York, Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's, D. F. Sanders, all NYC; House of Denmark, Atlanta; Geary's, Beverly Hills; Studio 330, Birmingham; Metro-Designs of the 20th Century, Charlotte; Marshall Field's, Table of Contents, both Chicago; In-Tech Design, Denver; Urban Objects, Philadelphia; Macy's California, San Francisco; Fred Segal Zero Minus Plus, Santa Monica; American Hand, Washington, D.C.; Artafax, Westport; Neiman Marcus. **94–95** Custom-painted decorative floor, by decorative painter Sally Colbert, NYC (212) 219-1599. 18th-century Italian pietra dura top/painted frame table, similar items at Alexandre Biaggi, Paris (1) 42-86-08-40. Mies van der Rohe Collection glass/tubular-steel MR tables, to the trade from KnollStudio, a division of Knoll International, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Charlotte, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, New Brunswick, Philadelphia, Phoenix, Saint Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Washington, D.C. Wrought-iron 1930s floor lamps, similar items at Geffner-Schatzky Antiques, South Egremont (413) 528-0057. Custom tub chair, tufted sofa, tufted chair, to the trade to order at Stephen Sills & Assocs., NYC (212) 289-8180. Homespun linen (#PN-3) on chairs and sofa, ramie/linen fabric (#PN-25) on pillows on wicker chaise and tufted chair, to the trade from Nantucket Looms, Nantucket (508) 228-1908. Wedgwood Queen's Ware 18th-century dish on Mies van der Rohe table, Thonet ebonized-beech magazine rack, similar items at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. **96–97** Custom-painted dining room walls, by decorative painter Sally Colbert, NYC (212) 219-1599. American arts and crafts wooden candlesticks on mantel, to the trade at Joel Mathieson, NYC (212) 966-7332. Setalana Sheer wool/silk for curtains, 54" wide, $60 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Robert A. M. Stern Metropolitan silver-plate tall straight candlesticks, Robert Mapplethorpe Orchid porcelain coup plate, both for Swid Powell (see above). **98** Plissé linen/rayon/silk for curtains, 49" wide, $49.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Tick Tick cotton on wicker chair, 50" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **99** Late 19th century American cast-iron garden bench and chairs, similar items at Richard Kazarian Antiques, Newport (401) 846-3563. Michael Graves Little Dripper porcelain coffee pot, filter, lid, Graves porcelain sugar bowl, creamer, spoon set, Tigerman McCurry Wings porcelain bowl, George Sowden Rio porcelain buffet plates, Robert Venturi Notebook and Grandmother porcelain mugs, George Sowden Rio porcelain mug, Michael Graves Blue Corinth porcelain mugs, all for Swid Powell (see above). Terrace planting design by Ben Baldwin, 31 Palmar Ter., East Hampton, NY 11937.

SIMPLE VIRTUES

Page 100 Nancy McCabe Garden Design, Box 447, Salisbury, CT 06068. **102** Clover cotton, 94" wide, $175 yd, as tablecloth, $300–$500, to special order from Porthault, NYC (212) 688-1660. **104–05** Petronella cotton on armchairs, from Chesham Collection, 54" wide, $35 yd, to special order from Liberty of London, NYC, Ardmore, Chicago, Washington, D.C. **106** Reproduction Lutyens Clifton garden chairs, seasoned English oak, £540 ea, from Clifton Little Venice, London (1) 289-7894. **107** Bramble Leaf cotton as tablecloth, by Hodsoll McKenzie, 54" wide, $75 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 93). Scalloped linen pillow shams, $204 ea std or sq, $136 ea boudoir size, linen top sheet, $471 queen size, from Porthault, NYC (212) 688-1660. Carnation cotton on bedroom armchair, 54" wide, $35 yd, to special order from Liberty of London (see above).



NATURE STUDY

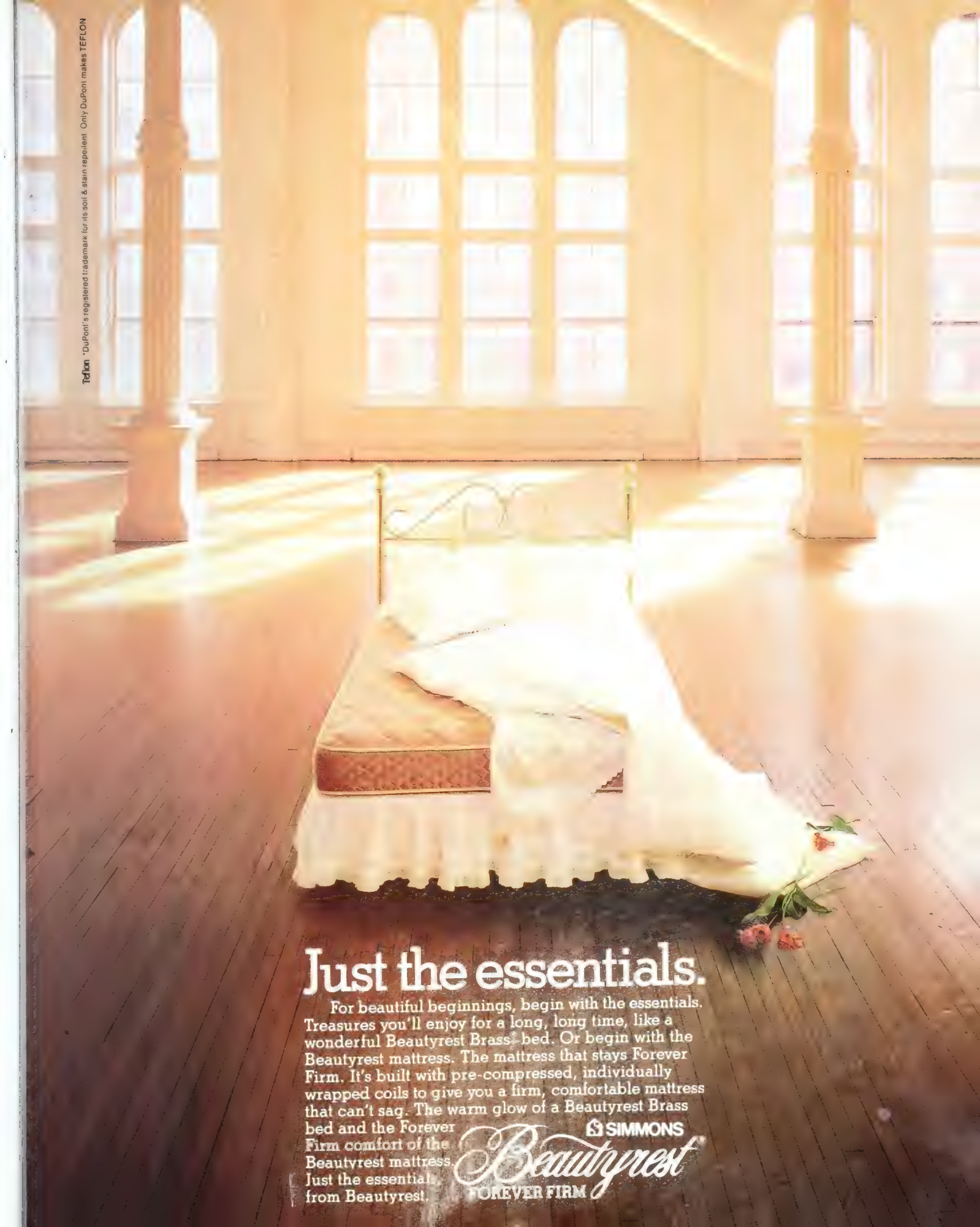
Pages 110–11 Harbor Duck cotton on sofa and pillows, to the trade at Schumacher, for showrooms call (800) 423-5881. Breuer Collection Wassily tubular-steel/leather chair, to the trade from KnollStudio, a division of Knoll International (see above for pgs 94–95). Cowhide rugs from Chile at Tandy Leather, for nearest store call (800) 433-5546, in TX (817) 551-9621 (collect).

THE NEW FRONTIER

Page 124 *Re-incarnation Piece* against V-shaped window, *Weeper* standing figure by doorway, by Rhonda Saboff, work available through L.A. Eyeworks, Los Angeles (213) 653-8255. Custom dining table with plastic laminate top and Douglas fir legs, designed by Josh Schweitzer, fabricated by Cameron Aston, to order from Schweitzer BIM, Hollywood (213) 962-5530. Custom CITY stained maple chairs, chandelier with fabricated foam-core shade, lamp cord, lamp holder, designed by Josh Schweitzer, to order from Schweitzer BIM, Hollywood (213) 962-5530.

DOUBLE BILLING

Pages 126–31 Eucalyptus stump tables with gold-leaf-edged glass tops on casters, $300 ea, to special order from BAM Construction/Design, Santa Monica (213) 393-3252. **128–29** Lamp, rusted steel diamond-plate base on skateboard wheels with electrical hardware, $1,000, to special order from BAM (see above). **130** *Chula Vista*, 1985, lithograph by Peter Alexander, from James Corcoran Gallery, Santa Monica (213) 451-4666. **131**


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Kitchen mosaic floor, to special order from BAM (see above). Mandarin Rose cotton on sofa, by Gianni Versace, to the trade at China Seas, NYC, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Hinson & Co., Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Taggart-Zwiebel, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Aluminum baseball bat tables, $500 ea, to special order from BAM (see above). Fiberglass cow, designed by Richard Mulligan, to the trade to special order from Richard Mulligan, Los Angeles (213) 653-0204.

OUT OF BOUNDS
Page 138 Steel garden archway, similar gatework from Bob Keating, (203) 263-0104.

NANTUCKET FEDERAL
Pages 140–44 Carpentry, by Frank Psaradelis, Nantucket (508) 228-2656. **142–44** Jacquard Madras cotton lace (#32560) for curtains, 70" wide, $85 yd, to the trade from E. C. Carter, a division of Greeff Fabrics, for showrooms call (800) 223-0357. **142** Pompeian Stripe hand-printed wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beachwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. Valeria Medallion cotton/silk on sofa, to the trade to special order at Scalamandré (see above for pg 93). **146** Strobel Relief hand-printed wallpaper, Strobel Frieze hand-printed border wallpaper, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above for pg 93). **147** Charlotte cotton/polyester comforter, $375 full/queen size, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, La Jolla, Minneapolis, Palm Beach, Palo Alto, Princeton, San Francisco.

FORECASTS
Page 170 Sculpture rush/metal chair, designed by Tom Dixon, $1,764, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 353-3450. Woven leather on rattan frame chair (#WAC-10), $650, to the trade at Walters Wicker, NYC; Reagan & Assocs., Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, Chicago; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Walters/Rosecore, Dania; C. W. Stockwell, Los Angeles; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Pacific Showrooms West, San Francisco; Collins-Draheim, Seattle; Habert, Toronto; Billi Born, Troy. Custom woven sisal area rug, from Waldo Collection, to the trade to order at Rosecore Carpet, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Phillips-Crawford, Beachwood; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Linn Ledford Showroom, Denver; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Richard Guillen Showroom, Laguna Niguel; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Collins-Draheim, Seattle; Wade Carter, Tempe; H & I Carpet, Toronto; Ghiordes Knot, Troy. Sculpture wicker/metal chair, designed by Tom Dixon, $1,764, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 353-3450. Block Island armchair, rattan woven over hardwood frame with cotton/down cushion, designed by John Hutton for Donghia, $1,440 COM, to the trade at Donghia Furniture, NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Telio & Cie., Montreal, Toronto; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. Shangai armchair, rattan seat/hammered tubing frame, designed by Eric Raffy, $580, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Custom Rondele Twill Woven Cotton Chintz rug, by Facets/Textile Designs, $4,674 COM, to the trade to order at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, NYC, Chicago; Designer Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Trade Winds, Washington, D.C.; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Chinese Seagrass, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Custom-colored sisal (#M-7 Lemon) on partition, from Rainbow-Mirage Collection, to the trade to order at Rosecore (see above). Lattice chair, stainless steel with suede seat, $900, from Pat Carpenter Design, High Point, to order call (919) 885-9322. Custom-colored sisal (#M-7 Lemon) on backdrop, from Rainbow-Mirage Collection, to the trade to order at Rosecore (see above). Copley mahogany armchair with woven peal rattan back, Chino Ghurka fabric on seat, $2,810, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection (see above for pg 147). Parlor Square Back Game chair, wicker seat/rattan frame, $296, from Palecek, for stores call (800) 227-2538, in CA (415) 236-7730. Custom-colored sisal (#M-8 Forget-Me-Not) on backdrop, from Rainbow-Mirage Collection, to the trade to order at Rosecore (see above). Helena rattan chair, designed by Borek Sipek, $660, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Custom-colored sisal (#M-6 Cherry) on backdrop, from Rainbow-Mirage Collection, to the trade to order at Rosecore (see above).
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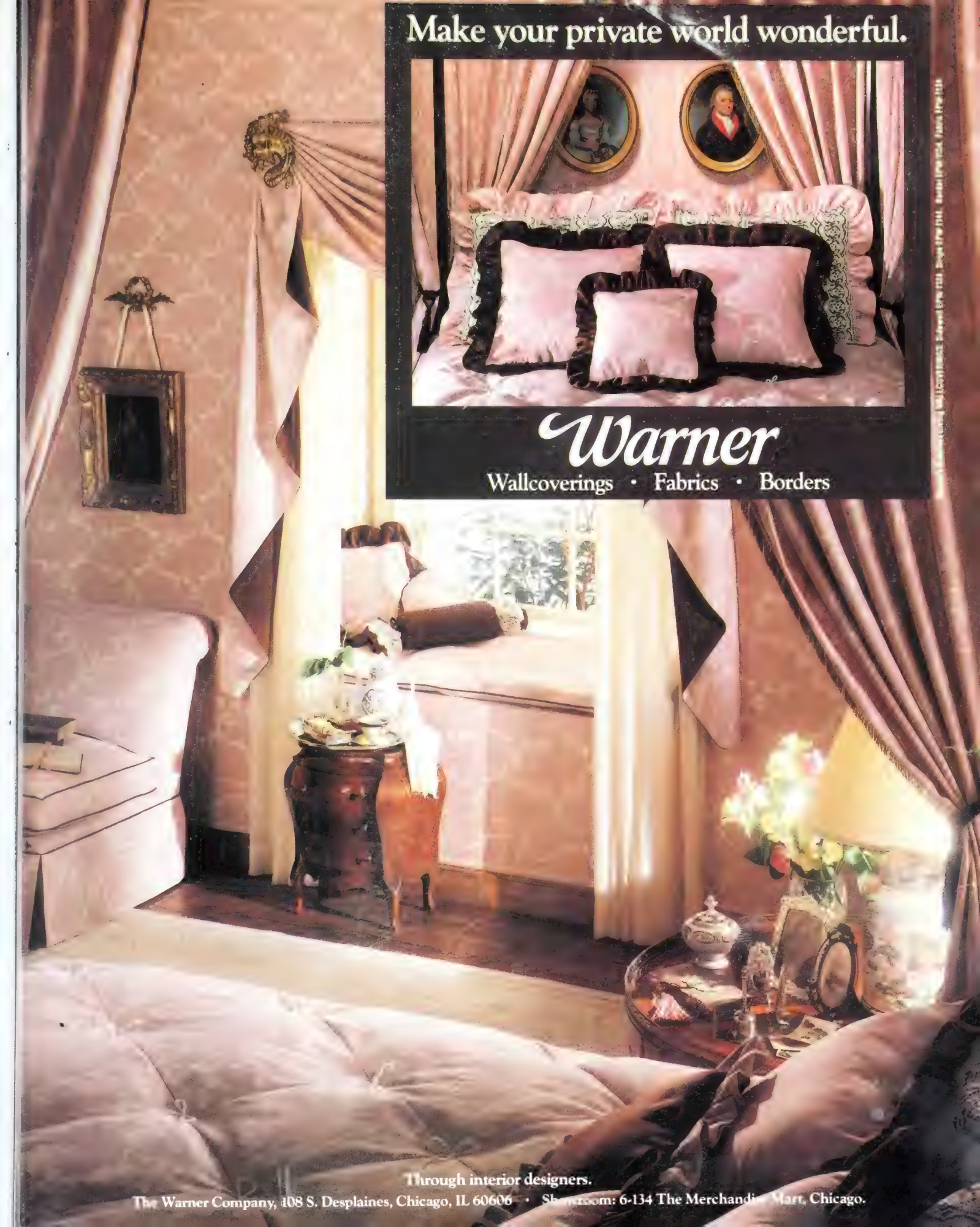
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Gandee AT LARGE

Arts advocate Cee Brown is taking it to the streets

The streets of New York City are a little more lively, colorful, provocative, engaging, controversial, memorable, and rich, thanks to Cee Brown, executive director of Creative Time. Since taking the reins of the not-for-profit "guerrilla arts organization" three and a half years ago, the 37-year-old son of a Yakima, Washington, cattle rancher has spent seventy hours of every week helping "emerging and underrecognized artists" realize some four hundred works for public spaces, not only in Manhattan but also in Queens, Brooklyn, and the Bronx.

Although Brown previously spent four years at the Museum of Modern Art and five years at the Holly Solomon Gallery, he ultimately decided that his commitment was to the public, not the private, sector. "You shouldn't have to go to the hallowed halls of some museum or gallery for an 'art experience,'" he explains. "Art shouldn't be ghettoized. We should take art to people, not try to bring people to art."

The kind of art Brown is intent on bringing to people may be either performed or purely visual, but as times goes by it is increasingly socially oriented. Although these are difficult days for art that packs a political, social, or sexual punch, Brown is not one to back down from a fight. Consider, for example, the giant photographic poster he succeeded in persuading the Metropolitan Transit Authority to mount on the side of 38 New York City buses last winter. Created by Gran Fury, a collective of AIDS activists, the Benetton-inspired moving billboard depicted three interracial, but not uniformly intergender, couples kissing under a banner line that read KISSING DOESN'T KILL: GREED AND INDIFFERENCE DO. An emphatic sidebar further explained: "Corporate greed, government inaction, and public indifference make AIDS a political crisis." Although Brown was more than willing to dip into his $600,000 annual operating budget to pay for the buses' display space, the powers-that-be at the MTA had to approve the poster—which, as you might imagine, took some doing. "I am proud to have been part of that project," notes Brown, who is also proud that the curators at the Whitney Museum chose to include Gran Fury's poster in the exhibition "Image World."

Also controversial, if for now only in theory, is the Christo-style wrapping of a vacant city-owned Lower East Side tenement which one of Brown's artists recently proposed to draw attention to the irony of "warehoused" apartments in a city beset with homelessness. Brown confesses that his chances of getting municipal permission are pretty slim: "So maybe this project will just happen."

No less timely, if somewhat less controversial, was the Pantheon-style greenhouse that Brown helped sculptor Bob Bingham build out of old refrigerators and air conditioners. Meant to call attention to "the destroyers of our environment," this odd structure was one of nine pieces included in an exhibition Brown installed last summer in the Anchorage, a cavelike public space inside the Brooklyn base of the Brooklyn Bridge. For the same space this summer, Brown has scheduled a series of performance artists, including Karen Finley whose work, says Brown, "traditionally deals with rape, institutionalized violence, and church and state issues."

Last spring Brown produced the "Poets in the Bars" series in an attempt to revitalize the all-but-lost tradition of public poetry readings practiced by the Beat poets of the late 1950s and early '60s. "It was a very simple, beautiful little idea," recalls the man who made it happen. Thirty-four poets and eight bars participated in the eight-night program, and on one evening the crowds were so great that Brown had to install loudspeakers outside Dylan Thomas's old haunt, the White Horse Tavern, to satisfy an overflow audience.

To make sure that he remains up-to-date on new developments in popular culture, Brown keeps his ear to the ground. Three years ago, for example, when he heard that a group of especially agile black and Hispanic youths in Harlem had introduced a stylized dance called voguing, based on classic modeling poses, Brown invited them to strut their stuff in a performance series called "UP Tiempo!" at El Museo del Barrio. "We're finally legit," screamed one of the young voguers on opening night. The program Brown lined up also offered performance pieces by artists exploring such timely themes as alcoholism among Native Americans, the plight of the homeless in Los Angeles, and racism everywhere.

Considering the current troubling state of governmental and corporate funding, I asked Brown if he ever got discouraged trying to drum up support for artists whose work falls outside the mainstream. "I believe in what I'm doing," he said. "I'm losing my hair, but I'm not losing my enthusiasm."

Charles Gandee



Cee Brown at work in his Tribeca office